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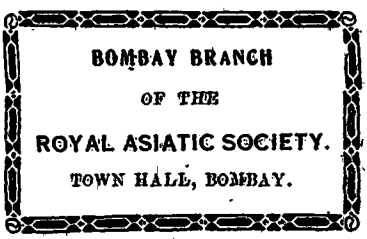

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BARRINGTON'S PERSONAL SKETCHES

SIR JONAH BARRINGTON K.C

PERSONAL SKETCHES

OF

HIS OWN TIMES

BY

SIR JONAH BARRINGTON

MEMBER OF THE IRISH PARLIAMENT,
JUDGE OF THE HIGH COURT OF ADMIRALTY IN IRELAND, AND AUTHOR OF
'THE RISE AND FALL OF THE IRISH NATION.'

THIRD EDITION

With a Memoir of the Author; an Essay on Irish Wit and Humour; and Notes and Corrections

BY TOWNSEND YOUNG, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF 'THE HISTORY OF IRELAND,' ETC.

IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. I.

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TO

JAMES MOLYNEUX CAULFIELD

EARL AND VISCOUNT CHARLEMONT

THIS THIRD EDITION

OF

Sir Jonah Barrington's Personal Sketches

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

AS A TRIBUTE TO HEREDITARY WORTH

BY

THE EDITOR.

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PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

THE first edition of the *Personal Sketches of his own Times*, by Sir Jonah Barrington, Member of the Irish Parliament, and Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Ireland, was published in 1827; a second edition appeared in 1830, and a supplementary volume in 1832. The third volume has become not only scarce but a curiosity. The whole work is now presented to the public complete, with such revision as circumstances required. Its value will be easily conceived. It amply presents the most striking features of a social state, such as never existed in any part of the civilised world, save in Ireland, in Barrington's time. The most wonderful portions of these *Sketches* are such as owe least to the author's invention or vivacity; and they will also be the most suggestive to the moralist and the legislator.

The additional matter has been limited to necessary illustration. The memoirs of Mrs. Jordan and of Sir Jonah have been drawn up with care, and from reliable sources, with a rejection of trivial gossip. The article on Irish Wit and Humour, it is hoped, will be acceptable as a contribution to the general temper of the work. The illustrations of this article are original, and have never been published till now. This edition is confidently entrusted to candid criticism.

An allusion to the original arrangement in three volumes has been, once or twice, fitly retained.

INTRODUCTION.

THE compilation by me of a medley of this description may appear rather singular. Indeed, I myself think it so, and had got nearly half-way through it before I could reasonably account for the thing;—more especially as it was by no means commenced for mercenary purposes. The fact is, I had long since engaged my mind and time on a work of real public importance; and so far as that work was circulated, my literary ambition was *more* than gratified by the approbation it received. But it has so happened, that my publishers, one after another, have been wanting in the qualification of stability; and hence, my *Historic Memoirs of Ireland* have been lying fast asleep, in their own sheets, on the shelves of three successive booksellers or their assignees; and so ingeniously were they scattered about, that I found it impossible for some years to collect them. This was rather provoking, as there were circumstances connected with the work, which, be its merits what they may, would, in my opinion, have ensured it an extensive circulation. However, I have at length finished the Memoirs in question, which I verily believe are now about to be published in reality, and will probably excite sundry differences of opinion and shades of praise or condemnation (both of the book and the author) among his Majesty's liege subjects.

For the purpose of completing that work, I had lately re-assumed my habit of writing; and being tired of so serious and responsible a concern as *Memoirs of Ireland and the Union,* I began to consider what species of employment might lightly wear away the long and tedious winter evenings of a demi-invalid; and recollecting that I could neither live for ever nor was *sure* of being the "last man," I conceived the idea of looking over and burning a horse-load or two of letters, papers, and fragments of all descriptions, which I had been carrying about in old trunks (not choosing to leave them at anybody's mercy), and to which I had been perpetually adding.

The execution of this *inflammatory* project I immediately set about with vast assiduity and corresponding success; and doubtless, with very great advantage to the literary reputation of an immense number of my former correspondents as well as my own. After having made considerable progress, I found that some of the fragments amused myself, and I therefore began to consider whether they might not also amuse other people. I was advised to make selections from my store, particularly as I had for near half-a-century kept—not a diary —but a sort of rambling chronicle, wherein I made notes of matters which, from time to time, struck my fancy. Some of these memoranda were illegible; others just sufficient to set my memory working; some were sad, and some were cheerful; some very old, others recent. In fine, I began to *select;* but I soon found that anything like a regular series was out of the question; so I took a heap indiscriminately, picked out the subjects that amused me most, wrote a list of their several headings,

which were very numerous; and, as his Majesty pricks for sheriffs, so did I for subjects, and thereby gathered as many as I conceived would make two or three volumes. My next process was to make up *court-dresses* for my Sketches and Fragments, such as might facilitate their introduction into respectable company, without observing strict *chronological sequence*, to which I am aware light readers have a rooted aversion.

This laudable occupation served to amuse me and to fill up the blanks of the winter evenings; and being finished, the residue of the papers re-deposited, and the trunks locked again, I requested the publisher of my *Historic Memoirs* also to set my *Personal Sketches* afloat. This he undertook to do: and they are now sent out to the public—the *world*, as it is called; and the reader (*gentle* reader is too hackneyed a term to be employed by me) is fully at liberty to draw from them whatever deductions he pleases. All I have to say is, that the several matters contained herein are neither fictions nor essays, but relate to real matters of fact, and personages composed of flesh and blood. I have aimed at no display of either fancy or imagination; nor have I set down long dialogues, which could not possibly be recorded except when heroes and heroines carried short-hand writers in their pockets, which must have been peculiarly inconvenient. In speaking of *fanciful* matters, by-the-by, I may as well except my own opinions on certain subjects here and there interspersed, which I freely leave to the mercy of any one who is disposed to esteem them visionary.

However, be it understood that I by no means intend this disclaimer as an assault on, but on the

contrary as a distinguished compliment to, writers and to works of pure imagination—of improbability and impossibility!—inasmuch as such works prove an unlimited range of intellect and talent, on the part of the authors, for inventing *matters of fact* that never could have occurred, and *conversations* that never could have taken place—a talent which, when duly cultivated and practised for the use of friends and private families, seldom fails to bring an author's name into most *extensive circulation;* and if perchance he should get himself into any scrape by it, nothing is so likely as the exercise of the same talent of *invention* to get him out of it again.

On the other hand, I must own, even against myself, that the writing of mere commonplace truths requires no talent whatsoever; it is quite a *humdrum* straightforward acquirement, which any person may attain. Besides, matter of fact is not at all in vogue just now; the disrepute under which truth in general at present labours in all departments and branches of literature has put it quite out of fashion even amongst the *savans*—so that chemistry and mathematics are almost the only subjects on the certainty of which the "nobility, gentry, and the public at large," appear to place any very considerable reliance.

Having thus, I hope, proved my candour at my own cost, the deduction is self-evident—namely, that the unfortunate authenticity of these sketches must debar them from any competition with the tales and tattle of unsophisticated invention; when, for instance, *scandal* is *true*, it is (as some ladies have assured me) considered by the whole sex as scarcely worth listening to, and actually requiring, at least very considerable exaggeration to

render it at all amusing! I therefore greatly fear I may not, in this instance, experience so much of their favour as I am always anxious to obtain; my only consolation is, that when their desire to indulge an amiable appetite for scandal is very ardent, they may find ample materials in every bookseller's shop and *haut-ton* society to gratify the passion.

I feel now necessitated to recur to another point, and I do it at the risk of being accused of egotism. I hope, however, I can advance a good reason for my proceeding—namely, that on reading over some of the articles whereof this *mélange* is composed, I freely admit, that if I were not *very* intimately acquainted with myself, I might be led at least into a puzzle as to the writer's genuine sentiments on many points of theology and politics. Now, I wish, seriously speaking, to avoid on these subjects all ambiguity; and therefore, as responsible for the opinions put forth in the following sketches, I beg to state that I consider myself strictly orthodox both in politics and theology—that is to say, I profess to be a sound Protestant without bigotry, and an hereditary royalist without ultraism. Liberty I love—Democracy I hate—Fanaticism I denounce! These principles I have ever held and avowed, and they are confirmed by time and observation. I own that I have been what is generally called a *loyalist*, and I have been also what is generally called a *patriot*; but I never was either *unqualifiedly*. I always thought, and I think still, that they never should and never need be (upon fair principles) opposed to each other. I can also see no reason why there may not be patriot kings as well as patriot subjects—a patriot *minister*, indeed, may be more problematical. In my public life I have met

with but one transaction that even *threatened* to make my patriotism overbalance my loyalty—I allude to the purchase and sale of the Irish Parliament, called a Union, which I ever regarded as one of the most flagrant public acts of corruption on the records of history, and certainly the most mischievous to this empire—except our absurdities at Vienna. I believe very few men sleep the sounder for having supported either the former or the latter measures, though some, it is true, *went to sleep* a good deal sooner than they expected when they carried those measures into execution.

I must also observe that, as to the *detail* of politics, I feel now very considerable apathy. My day for actual duty is past, and I shall only further allude, as a simple casuist, to the slang terms in which it has become the fashion to dress up the most important subjects of British statistics—subjects on which certain of these sketches appear to have a remote bearing, and on which my ideas may possibly be misunderstood.

I wish it therefore to be considered as my humble opinion, that what in political slang is termed *Radical Reform* is in reality *proximate revolution*; *Universal Suffrage* appears to me to be *inextinguishable uproar*; *Annual Parliaments* nothing less than *periodical bloodshed*. My doubts as a casuist, with these impressions on my mind, must naturally be, how the orderly folks of Great Britain would relish proximate revolution, inextinguishable uproar, and periodical bloodshed? I do not extend the query to the natives of my own country, because since his Majesty was there nobody has taken much notice of them; and besides the people in Ireland having very little to eat and no amusement at all, the

aforesaid pastimes might divert them, or at least their hunger, and of course be extremely acceptable to a great body of the population.

As I also perceive some articles in these sketches touching upon matters relative to Popes, Catholic countries, etc., lest I may be misconstrued or misrepresented on that head, I beg to observe, that I meddle not at all in the controversy of Catholic Emancipation. The *Doctors* employed *differ* so essentially in opinion that, as it frequently falls out on many other consultations, they may lose their patient whilst debating on the prescription; in truth, I don't see how the Doctors *can* ever agree, as the prescribers must necessarily take the *assay*, and one half of them verily believe that they should be poisoned thereby!—"Amongst ye be it, blind harpers!"

I apprehend I have now touched on most of the topics which occurred to me as requiring a word of explanation. I repeat that this book is only to be considered as a desultory *mélange*—the whim of a winter's evening—a mere chance-selection. I shall therefore make no sort of apology for inaccuracies as to unity of time, for defective connection, or the like. It amused my leisure hours, and if it fortunately amuses those of other people I shall receive a great deal of satisfaction.

JONAH BARRINGTON.

May 28, 1827.

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MEMOIR OF SIR JONAH BARRINGTON,

JUDGE OF THE HIGH COURT OF ADMIRALTY IN IRELAND.

JONAH BARRINGTON, born 1760, was the fourth of sixteen children of John Barrington of Knapton, near Abbeyleix, Queen's County, Ireland. He is principally remembered for his *Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*, *Memoirs of Ireland*, and *Personal Sketches of his own Times*; the last being at once an autobiography and an assemblage of contemporaneous portraits.

These Personal Sketches were, at the period of their publication, what would now be called a sensational book.

They referred to so many events and so many persons of note that they were sought for by all polite society. The author was at the time himself a notability, and too much so for his own rest. He had held a high post; had been intimate with the foremost men of his period; and, strange to say, difficult and perilous as it was, he was trusted by both sides. It has been supposed that he acted a second Leonard M'Nally, but there is no proof of this, except indeed what may be derived by a misinterpretation of his position. In the literal sense it was impossible; for he was not engaged in the trials at all.

His hostility to the proposed measure of the Union was decided; yet he became the channel of corruption to

others who resisted government, and actually bought over one at least. This he admits in his *Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*. To defend such laxity of principle is impossible, for his conduct shows that he was a Mr. Secretary Cooke; a good tool for a tyrant, as James I. said of Sir Francis Bacon. It does not follow, however, that he acted M'Nally's part. The English reader requires to be told something of this person. M'Nally was a smart barrister in 1798, and was famous with the movement party by the warmth of his zeal in public and private. When the *causes célèbres* came on he was selected by the unfortunates as counsel for defence. As such, he became possessed of secrets of the highest importance to the accused. These he betrayed to the crown-prosecutors, and thus dipped his hands in the blood of bosom friends for £300 a-year. The blood curdles at such relations. He was an able, vulgar, subtle man. Magan was paid merely to set and hang his friend Lord Edward Fitzgerald. M'Nally was paid to defend those who trusted in him most, was also paid by their political foes to hang them, and earned his fee and renown both ways.

Sir Jonah Barrington bought a friend for the minister, but I cannot find any grounds of suspicion that he ever sold one. On the contrary, he did a good deal to save some, as we shall see in these *Sketches*, which in particulars of the kind are reliable.

Sir Jonah Barrington in these pages tells his own history very minutely and facetiously. There are a few points on which he is reserved, as he had reason to be. He had ten brothers, of whom he mentions but four. The rest dwindled into obscurity by the decay of his

house,* which was one of some condition in the Queen's County, where they had obtained considerable settlements in the time of Elizabeth. Of his impeachment for malversation in the High Court of Admiralty in Ireland I shall have to speak at the close. His relations are now of great interest, for he recalls a period of vital importance, and is a sincere painter of the manners of a people into whom the statesmen of England are examining with laudable curiosity and interest. His style is gossiping but piquant. Many parts of the first editions would now be utterly trivial, and some offensive; these have been retrenched, not only in deference to an improved feeling, but to suit the better judgment of the times. Besides, a mere reprint would be forty years in arrear. What I have added has been derived from personal acquaintance with the contemporaries of some of the parties mentioned by the author. The anecdotes are genuine, being simply selected from my private memoranda.

The publishers have spared no trouble or expense in placing at my command whatever was thought necessary to insure the interest and value of this edition, so as to make it such a contribution to literature and political history as may stand the test of a fair criticism.

The gaiety of Barrington's life plunged him into embarrassment, from which he sought relief by many stratagems, such as are recorded of Sheridan and his son, but more dangerous. How he extricated his plate from Stevenson, a pawnbroker, by asking him to dine with the grandees, and mortgaged his official salary, sunk

* The estate of Cullenaghmore was sold to Sir John Parnell, and by him to Lord Norbury. The mansion is now a ruin; and the "fighting" Barringtons are no more heard of.

three times over, to one Collins, a saddler, are familiar stories in Dublin, but of no public interest.

Notwithstanding his wide mixture with society, he cultivated letters with much success if not diligence. No man of his time has left better evidence that, although he was not a powerful orator, he was adroit in composition of that peculiar kind which Johnson brought into repute, and Burke and Grattan spoke—glittering indeed, but in them with the light of genius. It has had many imitators, but its value depends on the intellect that supplies the materials and adjusts the ornaments. To illustrate fair literary power, I shall select from the *Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation* a passage not of his very florid kind, but of a sort more in keeping with genuine good writing, making allowance for some inaccuracies of phrase. It will show that the *Sketches* were thrown off as such, by the hands of an ancient master.

"The public characters of the Bishop of Derry and his more moderate rival were so extremely dissimilar, and their composition so totally repugnant, that any amalgamation of sentiment was utterly impossible. A cautious attachment to regularity and order, a sincere love for the people, a polished courtly respect for the aristocracy, with a degree of popular ambition and a proportion of individual vanities, were the governing principles of Lord Charlemont during the whole of his political conduct. But, unfortunately, these were accompanied by a strong taint of that religious intolerance which has since been proved the interruption of Irish tranquillity.

"No man in Ireland could do the honours of a review better; and though his personal courage was undoubted, no man in Ireland was likely to do the duties of a battle

worse, than Lord Charlemont. He guessed the extent of his own powers, and sedulously avoided any situation to which they might prove inadequate. If the people had not respected his virtues, they would not have submitted to his weakness; and if he had not loved the people, he would not have sacrificed his tranquillity to command them. He was an excellent *nurse*, tender of the constitution, but dreading every effective remedy prescribed for its disorders.

"Lord Charlemont saw clearly that the presidency of the National Convention was of vital consequence to the country, and the master-key of his own importance. He had his little as well as his great feelings, and both were set into action by this dilemma. He knew full well that if the bold and enterprising prelate were at the head of the Convention, he would lose all weight with the government and all influence with the people. The measure was altogether too strong for the character of Lord Charlemont: he knew he would be incapable of governing this body if it once got into any leading-strings but his own; and it was obvious that if his Lordship should get one step beyond his depth, he never could regain his position. His friends, therefore, anticipated every means to ensure his nomination to the presidency. And the Bishop of Derry, before he was aware that there would be any effectual opposition to himself, found Lord Charlemont actually placed in that situation, where he might restrain, if not counteract, the ultra energies of the reforming party. This was the very step the government desired; Earl Charlemont might be managed, but the Bishop of Derry would have been intractable. Lord Charlemont involuntarily became the tool of Govern-

ment, whilst he fancied he was labouring in the service of the people. From this moment the neutralising system, by which its president wished to conduct that assembly, became obvious. Everybody might foresee that, not only the Convention, but perhaps the Volunteer Associations, were likely to drop.

"Many sensible men had apprehended that the bishop's politics might be too strong; the very act of his attaching himself to Ireland, proved at once their vigour and eccentricity; and hence the presidency of the Convention, in every point of view, became a measure of extreme importance.

"A few of the members of the House of Commons had declined their election to the Convention, but some of the ablest and most respectable members performed their duties alternately in both assemblies. The Lord-Lieutenant and his Privy Council at the same time held their sittings at the Castle, exactly midway between the two Parliaments. They received alternate reports from each, and undecided whether the strong or the passive system were least, or rather most, fraught with danger, they at length wisely adopted their accustomed course, and determined to take advantage of the chance of division, and of the moderation, ductility, and pride of Lord Charlemont.

"It was artfully insinuated to Lord Charlemont, by the friends of Government, that the peace of the country was considered to be in his hands, and that he had accepted a situation of the most responsible nature, and that if he did not possess sufficient influence to curb the Convention he ought at once to resign the trust, and thereby give the Parliament a ground

of requiring the immediate dissolution of its unconstitutional rival.

"Lord Charlemont found himself in a situation of great embarrassment. If he held the presidency, he was responsible for having countenanced the organisation of the assembly. The bishop would succeed him in his chair, and he would still be considered the inceptive promoter of whatever might be adopted by his successor. Lord Charlemont's pride resisted his resignation. He was too high to be commanded; he was too feeble to control; and he found himself in a state of great perplexity. After some deliberation, he adopted the suggestions of the courtiers, and was led blindfold to that deceptious course, which might answer his tranquil objects for the moment, but was beneath his character, and which must eventually have extinguished all the popular influence of the Volunteers, and have destroyed that of the country. In fact, he lost himself, he sacrificed his country, and determined on a line of proceeding entirely unworthy of his former conduct. If he could not govern, he resolved to temporise, divide, neutralise, and dissolve the assembly."

This, it must be observed, is not a candid estimate of Charlemont. Grattan, who of all others knew him best, has transmitted to us a deliberate, unqualified, and ardent eulogium on "the good and gracious Earl."

The advantages of birth, a pleasing countenance, a lively conversation, cultivated talents, and a pushing activity, contributed largely to Barrington's rapid strides in public life. Called to the bar in 1787, he was made K.C. in 1793, and Judge of the Admiralty in 1798. He was returned to Parliament for the borough of Tuam in

1792. He lost this seat in 1798; but sat for Banagher in 1799, till he witnessed the extinction of the Irish legislature; against which he boldly recorded a vote that deprived him of a lucrative sinecure, and put a stop to his preferment.

The most remarkable event of Sir Jonah's life was the address of both Houses to the crown in 1830, praying for his removal from office. The Commissioners of Inquiry into the Courts of Justice in Ireland discovered that, in 1805-1806 and 1810, he had appropriated monies which had come into his hands by his own adjudication in certain derelict cases. The Nancy derelict was the first of these cases, and evidence was given that two sums amounting to £682 : 8 : 8 disappeared. In 1810, January 12, it was proved that the marshal of his court received £200 in the case of another derelict, paid into the registry of said court, and not accounted for, but in this way. By order of the judge, the registrar paid into Newcomen's bank the said sum to the account of Sir Jonah. This was daring dealing with public funds.

The event immediately connected with his departure from Ireland was this:—At foot of a petition of a salvager, Mr. H. Pyne Masters, dated 29th May 1810, he signed an order for payment of £40. Meanwhile, he wrote to Masters requesting that he would not press his order for two months. Masters complied; Sir Jonah, under this and other pressure, fled, and was not able to retrieve his disasters. The commissioners and the Government gave him several chances of clearing himself, but all the evidence was against him; for the registrar was substantiated by the judge's own handwriting.

In this state of affairs a select committee was ap-

pointed to review the report of the commissioners; and the House resolved that Sir Jonah Barrington has been guilty of serious malversation in the discharge of his office of Judge of the High Court of Admiralty, and that it is unfit, and would be of bad example, that he should continue to hold said office. He was heard by counsel at the bar of the House. The defence was able, but mostly technical. It was contended that the attaching of a judge by committee exposed his independence to the minister. The answer was—If the Commons have not the discretionary privilege of examining into the conduct of a judge, the very independence of a judge may become a nuisance and a moral infliction.

Sir Robert Wilson's proposition, that Sir Jonah Barrington be called to the bar to state what was the nature of the evidence he wished to produce in abatement, had only the support of four members. Sir R., then Mr. Secretary Peel, pushed the business forward, and the address for removal was carried. The Lords agreed with little reluctance, and Sir Jonah ended a gay, bright, prodigal life in exile in 1832. He raised a name to be the butt of many a worse man. He has left sentences, even pages, full of generous sentiments, never deficient in humanity, often resplendent with virtue.

Nevertheless what deplorable inconsistency in his conduct! Rather than vote for the Union he resisted all temptations, and sacrificed the lucrative office of Shipentries. Yet he did not disdain to act Government-broker with Mr. J. Bingham, to whom he was deputed to ascertain his price. He never fails to extol good principles and generous actions; yet does not hesitate to supply

necessities, created by imprudence, by discreditable practices. For his shortcomings he paid a bitter penalty in exile, solitude, and self-reproach. He sought consolation in his natural temperament, and in literary employment; and to this we are indebted for those curious *Sketches*, and their abundant hilarity and facetiousness.

PERSONAL SKETCHES

SIR JONAH BARRINGTON'S PERSONAL SKETCHES.

MY FAMILY CONNECTIONS.

I was born at Knapton, near Abbeyleix, in the Queen's County, at that time the seat of my father, but now of Sir George Pigott. I am the third son and fourth child of John Barrington, who had himself neither brother nor sister; and at the period of my birth, my immediate connections were thus circumstanced.

My family, by ancient patents, by marriages, and by inheritance from their ancestors, possessed very extensive landed estates in Queen's County, and had almost unlimited influence over its population, returning two members to the Irish Parliament for Ballynakill, then a close borough.

Cullenaghmore, the mansion where my ancestors had resided from the reign of James the First, was then occupied by my grandfather, Colonel Jonah Barrington. He adopted me at my birth, brought me to his mansion, and I resided with him until his death.

The Great House, as Cullenaghmore was called, exhibited an uncouth mass, at war with every rule of architecture. The original castle had been demolished, and its materials converted to worse purposes. The front of the edifice which succeeded was particularly ungraceful: a Saracen's head, which was our crest, in coloured brick-work, was its only ornament; some of the apartments were wainscotted with brown oak, others with red deal, and some not at all. The walls of the large hall were decked, as is customary, with fishing-rods, fire-arms, stags' horns, foxes' brushes, powder-flasks, shot-pouches, nets, and dog-collars;

here and there relieved by the extended skin of a kite or a kingfisher, nailed up in the vanity of their destroyers: that of a monstrous eagle, which impressed itself indelibly on my mind, surmounted the chimney-piece, accompanied by a card announcing the name of its slaughterer—"Alexander Barrington"—who, not being a *rich* relation, was subsequently entertained in the Great House two years, as a compliment for his present. A large parlour on each side of the hall, the only embellishments of which were some old portraits, and a multiplicity of hunting, shooting, and racing prints, with red tape nailed round them by way of frames, completed the reception-rooms. I was the only child in the house, and an inquisitive brat I was.

I remained here till I was nine years old; I had no playfellows to take off my attention from whatever I observed or was taught; and so strongly do my early impressions remain, that even at this long distance of time I fancy I can see the entire place as it stood then, with its old inhabitants vividly moving before me.

The library was a gloomy closet, and rather scantily furnished with everything but dust and cobwebs. There were neither chairs nor tables. I recollect many of the principal books, because I read such of them as I could comprehend or found amusing; and looked over all the prints in them a hundred times. These prints, which I took delight in copying, made an indelible impression upon me; and hence I feel confident of the utility of embellishments in books intended for the instruction or amusement of children. I had many of the books long after my grandfather's death, and have some of them still. From my earliest days I felt an insatiable passion for reading, and it has occupied the greater proportion of my later life. Gulliver's Travels, Robinson Crusoe, Fairy Tales, and The History of the Bible, were my favourite authors. I believed every word except the fairies, and was not entirely sceptical as to those good people.

I fancy there was then but little variety in the libraries of most country gentlemen; and I mention, as a curiosity, the

following volumes, several of which, as already stated, I retained many years after my grandfather and grandmother died:—The Journals of the House of Commons; Clarendon's History; The Spectator and Guardian; Killing no Murder; The Patriot King; Bailey's Dictionary; some of Swift's Works; George Falkner's Newspapers; Quintus Curtius in English; Bishop Burnet; A Treatise on Tar-water, by some bishop;* Robinson Crusoe; Hudibras; History of the Bible, in folio; Nelson's Fasts and Feasts; Fairy Tales; The History of Peter Wilkins; Glums and Gouries; somebody's Justice of Peace; and a multiplicity of Farriery, Sporting, and Gardening Books, etc., which I lost piecemeal, when making room for law-books—probably not half so good, but much more experimental.

In those days very few mirrors adorned the houses of the country gentlemen. At my grandfather's a couple or three shaving-glasses for the gentlemen, and a couple of pretty large dressing-glasses, in black frames, for the ladies' use, composed nearly the entire stock of reflectors; except tubs of spring water, which answered for the maid-servants.

A large and productive, but not neatly dressed-up, garden adjoined the house. The whitewashed stone images; the broad flights of steps up and down; the terraces, with the round fish-pond—gave an impressive variety to this garden which I shall ever remember, as well as many curious incidents which I witnessed therein.

At the Great House all disputes amongst the tenants were in those days settled—quarrels reconciled—old debts arbitrated: a kind Irish landlord reigned despotic in the ardent affections of the tenantry, whose pride and pleasure it was to obey and support him.

But there existed a happy reciprocity of interests. The landlord of that period protected the tenant by his influence; a wanton injury to the latter being considered as an insult to his

* The celebrated Dr. George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, whose paradox of the non-existence of matter still keeps his memory alive. His "Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher," and other works, are fast falling into forgetfulness.

lord. If one of the landlord's sons were grown up, no time was lost by him in demanding satisfaction from any gentleman for maltreating even his father's blacksmith.

No gentleman of this degree ever distrained a tenant for rent:* indeed the parties appeared to be quite knit together. The greatest abhorrence, however, prevailed as to tithe-proctors, coupled with no great predilection for the clergy who employed them. These latter certainly were, in principle and practice, the real country tyrants of that day, and first caused the assembling of the White Boys.†

I have heard it often said that, at the time I speak of, every estated gentleman in the Queen's County was *honoured* by the gout. I have since considered that its extraordinary prevalence was not difficult to be accounted for, by the disproportionate quantity of acid contained in their seductive beverage called rum-shrub—which was then universally drunk in quantities nearly incredible, generally from supper-time till morning, by all country gentleman, as they said, to keep down their claret.‡

My grandfather could not refrain, and therefore suffered much,—he piqued himself on procuring, through the interest of Batty Lodge, a Dublin fruiterer, the very first importation of oranges and lemons to the Irish capital every season. Horseloads of these, packed in boxes, were immediately sent to the Great House of Cullenaghmore; and no sooner did they arrive, than the good news of *fresh fruit* was communicated to the Colonel's neighbouring friends, accompanied by the usual invitation.

* Strange as this sounds now, it is almost an absolute fact. I recollect a wealthy middle-man, who was a large holder under the father of the present Lord Fermoy, threatening his tenant with distraint in Mr. Roache's presence. "Jack," said the latter, "if you set a bad example it will be worse for us all in the end; and you and I are two for ever."

† The true origin of Whiteboyism was the general agricultural depression which prevailed eighty years ago. Tithes were a source of vexation and discontent. It does not appear that the Whiteboys had any special object but retaliation and revenge.

‡ Happy times! Claret is now kept *out* by the combined influence of thrift and temperance. Drinking habits have ceased to be the reproach of the Irish gentry—a fact worthy of the highest praise, and deserving commemoration.

Night after night the revel afforded uninterrupted pleasure to the joyous gentry: the festivity being subsequently renewed at some other mansion, till the Gout thought proper to put the whole party *hors de combat;* having the satisfaction of making cripples for a few months such as he did not kill.

Whilst the convivials bellowed with the agonies of only toe or finger, it was a mere bagatelle; but when Mr. Gout marched up the country, and invaded the head or the stomach, it was then *no joke;* and Drogheda usquebaugh,* the hottest-distilled liquor ever invented, was applied to for aid, and generally drove the tormentor in a few minutes to his former quarters. It was counted a specific; and I allude to it the more particularly, as my poor grandfather was finished thereby.

It was his custom to sit under a very large branching bay-tree, in his arm-chair, placed in a fine sunny aspect at the entrance of the garden. I kept his cloak for twelve years after his death: it was called a *cartouche* cloak, from a famous French robber who invented it for his gang for the purposes of evasion. It was made of very fine broadcloth, of a bright blue colour on one side, and a bright scarlet on the other; so that by turning it the pursuer was easily bewildered.

There my grandfather used to sit of a hot sunny day, receive any rents that came the way, and settle any accounts which his indifference permitted him to think of.

At one time he suspected a young rogue of having slipped some money off his table when paying rent; and therefore, when afterwards the tenants began to count out their money, he used to throw the focus of his large reading-glass upon their hands:—the smart, without any visible cause, astonished the ignorant creatures!—they shook their hands, and thought it must be the devil who was scorching them. The priest was let into the secret: he seriously told them all it *was* the devil, who had mistaken them for the fellow that had stolen the money from the colonel; but that if he (the priest) was *properly considered,* he

* This liquor was in repute till about thirty years ago. Its high price put an end to its consumption, though not to its character.

would say as many masses as would bother fifty devils, were it necessary. The priest got his fee; and another farthing never was taken from my grandfather.*

He was rather a short man, with a large red nose—strong made;† and wore an immense white wig, such as the portraits give to Dr. Johnson. He died at eighty-six years of age, of shrub-gout and usquebaugh, beloved and respected. I cried heartily for him; and then became the favourite of my grandmother, the best woman in the world, who went to reside in Dublin, and prepare me for college.

Colonel John Barrington, my great-grandfather, for some time before his death, and after I was born, resided at Ballyroan. My grandfather having married Margaret, the daughter of Sir John Byrne, Bart., had taken to the estates and mansion, and gave an annuity to my great-grandfather, who died, one hundred and four years old, of a fever, having never shown any of the usual decrepitudes of age. He was reputed the most respectable man of my family, and sat for more than seventy years in parliament.

Sir John Byrne, Bart., my maternal great-grandfather, lived at his old castle, Timogee, almost adjoining my grandfather Barrington: his domains, close to Stradbally, were nearly the most beautiful in the Queen's County. On his decease, his widow, Lady Dorothea Byrne, an Englishwoman, whose name had been Warren, I believe a grand-aunt to the late Lady Bulkley, resided there till her death; having previously seen her son give one of the first and most deeply to be regretted instances of what is called forming English connections. Sir John Byrne, my grand-uncle, having gone to England, married the heiress of the Leycester family:—the very name of Ireland was then odious to the English gentry; and previous terms were made with him that his children should take the cognomen of Ley-

* It is not certain that Sir Jonah has wilfully drawn the *long bow* here, as he sometimes does obviously enough. He may have believed in the ridiculous story, for the march of intellect did not much interfere with the march of a droll exaggeration at the close of last century.

† The man, it is to be presumed, not the nose.

cester, and drop that of Byrne ; that he should quit Ireland, sell all his paternal estates there, and become an Englishman. He assented ; and the last Lord Shelburne purchased, for less than half their value, all his fine estates, of which the Marquis of Lansdowne is now the proprietor.

After the father's death the son became, of course, Sir Peter Leycester, the predecessor of the present Sir John Fleming Leycester : thus the family of Byrne, descended from a long line of Irish princes and chieftains, condescended to become little amongst the rank of English commoners ; and so ended the connection between the Byrnes and Barringtons.

My mother was the daughter of Patrick French of Peterswell, county of Galway, wherein he had large estates : his wife, my grandmother, was one of the last remaining to the first house of the ancient O'Briens. Her brother, my great-uncle, Donatus, also emigrated to England, and died fifteen or sixteen years since at his mansion, Blatherwick, in Cheshire, in a species of voluntary obscurity, inconsistent with his birth and large fortune. He left great hereditary estates in both countries to the enjoyment of his *mistress*, excluding his family from all claims upon the manor or demesnes of their ancestors. The law enabled him to do what justice and pride should have interdicted.

The anomaly of political principles among the Irish country gentlemen at that period was very extraordinary. They professed what they called *unshaken loyalty*,* and yet they were unqualified partisans of Cromwell and William, two decided *usurpers*—one of them having dethroned his father-in-law, and the other decapitated his king.

The 5th of November was celebrated in Dublin for the preservation of a Scottish king from gunpowder: then the 30th of January was much approved of by a great number of Irish, as the anniversary of making his son, Charles the First, shorter by

* A great deal of this loyalty was founded in the traditions of confiscation, puritanism, and hate of popery. However tainted the origin, the principles were sound enough for all public or party purposes. The consistency of its supporters was of small importance to the House of Hanover.

the head; and then the very same Irish celebrated the restoration of Charles the Second, who was twice as bad as his father; and whilst they rejoiced in putting a crown upon the head of the son of the king who could not quietly keep his own head on, they never failed to drink bumpers to the memory of *Old Noll*,* who had cut that king's head off. To conclude, in order to commemorate the whole story, and make their children remember it, they dressed up a fat calf's head on every anniversary of King Charles's throat being cut, and with a smoked ham placed by the side of it, all parties partook thereof most happily, washing down the emblem and its accompaniment with as much claret as they could hold.

Having thus proved their loyalty to James the First, and their attachment to his son's murderer, and then their loyalty to one of his grandsons, to another of whom they were disloyal, they next proceeded to celebrate the birthday of William of Orange, a Dutchman, who turned their king, his father-in-law, out of the country, and who, in all probability, would have given the Irish another calf's head for their celebration, if his said father-in-law had not got out of the way with the utmost expedition, and gone to live upon charity in France, with the natural enemies of the British nation.

One part of the Irish people then invented a toast, called "The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of William, the Dutchman;" whilst another raised a counter-toast, called "The memory of the chestnut-horse," that broke the neck of the same King William.† But in my mind (if I am to judge of past times

* Oliver has few, if any, admirers now in Ireland. He had the misfortune of having been neither democrat, nor king, nor reformer. He propounded no scheme of government, nor exhibited any principles of policy capable of assuring or deceiving any individual or party. He could face danger, but could not support eminence, His abilities, like those of almost all partisan soldiers, commanded success in certain directions, but respect in none. In his whole character there is little admirable, except his affection for his family, his resoluteness, and early good fortune. In Ireland his memory is abhorred by the great majority.

† King William's neck was not broken; but it was said that he got a fall from a chestnut horse, which hurt him inwardly, and hastened his dissolution.—(*Author's note*).

William's character has been greatly mistaken, especially by his most zealous

by the corporation of Dublin) it was only to coin an excuse for getting loyally drunk as often as possible that they were so enthusiastically fond of *making sentiments*, as they called them.

As to the politics of my family, we had, no doubt, some very substantial reasons for being both Cromwellians and Williamites; the one confirmed our grants, and the other preserved them for us: my family, indeed, had certainly not only those, but other very special reasons to be pleased with King William. Though he gave them nothing, what they had might have been lost but for his usurpation.

During the short reign of James the Second in Ireland, those who were not for him were considered to be against him, and of course were subjected to the severities and confiscations usual in all civil wars. Amongst the rest, my great-grandfather, Colonel John Barrington, being a Protestant, and having no predilection for King James, was ousted from his mansion and estates at Cullenaghmore by one O'Fagan, a Jacobite wig-maker and violent partisan, from Ballynakill. He was, notwithstanding, rather respectfully treated, and was allowed forty pounds a-year so long as he behaved himself.

However, he only behaved well for a couple of months; at the end of which time, with a party of his faithful tenants, he surprised the wig-maker, cast him out of possession in his turn, and reinstated himself in his mansion and property.

The wig-maker, having escaped to Dublin, laid his complaint before the authorities; and a party of soldiers were ordered to make short work of it, if the colonel did not submit on the first summons.

The party demanded entrance, but were refused; and a little firing from the windows of the mansion took place. Not being, however, tenable, it was successfully stormed: the old game-

admirers. He was an insulting enemy of the English Church, and there is strong evidence of his having been, in principle, a friend of toleration and civil and religious liberty. He violated the treaty of Limerick reluctantly. He bestowed his uncle's property in Ireland on the infamous Countess of Orkney; who, however, was compelled by parliament to disgorge the gift in favour of the Irish Established Church. See Miss Strickland's *Queens of England*, and Townsend Young's *History of Ireland*, reign of William III.

keeper, John Neville, killed, and my great-grandfather taken prisoner, conveyed to the drum-head at Raheenduff, tried as a rebel by a certain Cornet M'Mahon, and in due form ordered to be hanged in an hour.

At the appointed time, execution was punctually proceeded on; and so far as tying up the colonel to the cross-bar of his own gate, the sentence was actually put in force. But at the moment the first haul was given to elevate him, Ned Doran, a tenant of the estate, who was a trooper in King James's army, rode up to the gate—himself and horse in a state of complete exhaustion. He saw with horror his landlord strung up, and exclaimed,—

"Holloa! holloa! blood and ouns, boys! cut down the colonel! cut down the colonel! or ye'll be all hanged yeerselves, ye villains of the world, ye! I am straight from the Boyne Water, through thick and thin; ough, by the hokys! we're all cut up and kilt. Jemmy's scampered, bad luck to him, without a 'good bye to yees!'"

My grandfather's hangmen lost no time in getting off, leaving the colonel slung fast by the neck to the gate-posts. But Doran soon cut him down, and fell on his knees to beg pardon of his landlord, the holy Virgin, and King William from the Boyne Water.

Doran was ever after a faithful adherent. He was the grandfather of Lieutenant-colonel Doran, of the Irish brigade, afterwards, if I recollect rightly, of the 47th regiment—the officer who cut a German colonel's head clean off in the mess-room at Lisbon, after dinner, with one slice of his sabre. He dined with me repeatedly at Paris about six years since, and was the most disfigured warrior that could possibly be imagined. When he left Cullenagh for the Continent, in 1783, he was as fine a clever-looking young farmer as could be seen; but he had been blown up once or twice in storming batteries, which, with a few gashes across his features, and the obvious aid of numerous pipes of wine, or something not weaker, had so spoiled his beauty, that he had become absolutely frightful.

This occurrence of my great-grandfather fixed the political creed of my family. On the 1st of July the orange lily was

sure to garnish every window in the mansion: the hereditary petereroes scarcely ceased cracking all the evening, to glorify the victory of the Boyne Water, till one of them burst, and killed the gardener's wife, who was tying an orange ribbon round the mouth of it, which she had *stopped* for fear of *accidents*.*

The tenantry, though to a man Papists, and at that time nearly in a state of slavery, joined heart and hand in these rejoicings, and forgot the victory of their enemy while commemorating the rescue of their landlord. A hundred times have I heard the story repeated by the "Cotchers" (cottiers), as they sat crouching on their hams, like Indians, around the big turf fire. Their only lament was for the death of old John Neville, the gamekeeper. His name I should well remember; for it was his grandson's wife, Debby Clarke, who nursed me.

This class of stories and incidents was well calculated to make indelible impressions on the mind of a child. The old people of Ireland, like the Asiatics, took the greatest delight in repeating their legendary tales to the children. By constant repetition their old stories became hereditary, and I dare say neither gained nor lost a sentence in the recital for a couple of hundred years. The massacres of Queen Elizabeth were quite familiar to them; and by an ancient custom of everybody throwing a stone on the spot where any celebrated murder had been committed, upon a certain day every year, it is wonderful what mounds were raised in numerous places, which no person, but such as were familiar with the customs of the poor creatures, would ever be able to account for.†

* It is evident that a useful operation may be performed here; but if such little extravagancies were amputated, the features of the text would be too much interfered with. The symmetry would be improved, but the quaintness, the Irish relish, somewhat impaired.

† The custom of adding a stone to the heap indicating the scene of a murder has long since disappeared. It was specially exercised on the anniversary of the deed, but the passers-by may have increased the heap at any time. There is no reason to think that those little accumulations were the progeny of the great Pagan cairns; but were simple memorials of a sanguinary event, whose enormity deserved to be perpetuated; or, perhaps, intended as a sort of cenotaph, for I have seen some surmounted by a small wooden cross.

ELIZABETH FITZGERALD.

A GREAT-AUNT of mine, Elizabeth Fitzgerald, whose husband, Stephen, possessed the castle of Moret, near Bally-Brittis and not very far fram Cullenagh, did not fare quite so well as my great-grandfather before mentioned.

She and her husband held their castle firmly during the troubles. They had forty good warders; their local enemies had no cannon, and but few muskets. The warders, protected by the battlements, pelted their adversaries with large stones when they ventured to approach the walls; and in front of each of that description of castles there was a hole right over the entrance, wherefrom every species of defensive material could be dropped upon assailants.

About the year 1690, when Ireland was in a state of great disorder, and no laws were really regarded, numerous factious bodies were formed in every part of the country, to claim old rights and seize upon estates under legal pretences.

My uncle and aunt, or rather my aunt and uncle, for she was said to be far the most effective of the two, at one time suffered the enemy (who were of the O'Cahils, and claimed my uncle's property, out of which they said Queen Elizabeth had turned them) to approach the gate in the night time. As there were neither outworks nor wet fosse, the assailants brought fire to consume the gate. My aunt, aware of their designs, drew her warders to one spot, heaps of great stones being ready to their hands at the top of the castle.

When the O'Cahils had got close to the gate, and were directly under the loop-hole, on a sudden streams of boiling water, heated in the castle coppers, came showering down upon their heads. This extinguished the fire and cruelly scalded many of the besiegers.

The multitude fled; but whilst one part of the warders hurled volleys of weighty stones *beyond* the fugitives, to deter them from *retreating*, another party dropped stones more ponderous still on the heads of those who crouched close under the castle-walls. The lady of the castle meantime, with all her maids, assisted the chief body of the warders in pelting the Jacobites with destructive missiles till all seemed pretty still; but wherever a groan was heard a volley quickly ended the troubles of the sufferer.

The old traditionists often told me that at daybreak there were lying above one hundred of the assailants under the castle-walls—some scalded, some battered to pieces, and many badly lamed. My good aunt kindly ordered them all to be put out of misery as fast as ropes and a long gallows could perform that piece of humanity.

After the victory the warders had a feast on the castle-top, whereat each of them recounted his own feats. Squire Fitzgerald, a quiet easy man, who hated fighting, and who had told my aunt at the beginning that they would surely kill him, having seated himself all night under one of the parapets, was quite delighted when the fray was over. He had walked into his garden outside the walls to take some tranquil air, when an ambuscade of the truculent enemy surrounded and carried him off. In vain his warders sallied—the squire was gone past all redemption!

It was supposed he had paid his debts to Nature—if any he owed*—when, next day, a large body of the O'Cahil faction appeared near the castle. Their force was too great to be attacked by the warders, who durst not sally; and the former assault had been too calamitous to the O'Cahils to warrant them in attempting another. Both were therefore standing at bay, when, to the great joy of the garrison, Squire Fitzgerald was produced, and one of the assailants, with a white cloth on a pike, advanced to parley.

The lady attended his proposals, which were very laconic. "I'm a truce, lady!—Look here (showing the terrified squire)

* If this be a joke, it is a dead dull one.

we have your husband in hoult—yee's have yeer castle *sure* enough. Now we'll change, if you please; we'll render the squire and you'll render the keep; and if yee's won't do that same, the squire will be throttled before your two eyes in half-an-hour."

"Flag of truce!" said the heroine, with due dignity and without hesitation; "mark the words of Elizabeth Fitzgerald of Moret Castle: they may serve for your own wife upon some future occasion. Flag of truce! I *won't* render my keep, and I'll tell you why—Elizabeth Fitzgerald may get another husband, but Elizabeth Fitzgerald may never get another castle; so I'll keep what I have, and if you can't get off faster than your legs can readily carry you, my warders will try which is hardest, your skull or a stonebullet."

The O'Cahils kept their word, and old Squire Stephen Fitzgerald, in a short time, was seen dangling and performing various evolutions in the air, to the great amusement of the Jacobites, the mortification of the warders, and chagrin, not, however, without a mixture of consolation, of my great-aunt Elizabeth.

This magnanimous lady, after Squire Stephen had been cut down, waked, and deposited in a neighbouring garden, conceived that she might enjoy her castle with tranquillity: but, to guard against mischances, she replenished her lapidary; had a wide trench dug before the castle-gate; and pit-falls, covered with green sods, having sharp stakes driven within, scattered round it on every side—the passage through them being only known to the faithful warders. She contrived, besides, a species of defence that I have not seen mentioned in the Peccata Hibernia,* or any of the murderous annals of Ireland. It consisted of a heavy beam of wood, well loaded with iron at the bottom, and suspended by a pulley and cord at the top of the castle. This could be let down through the projecting hole over the entrance, whereby the assailants could be pounded, as with a pestle and mortar, without the power of resistance on their part.

The castle-vaults were well victualled; and as the enemy

* Is this a humorous blunder or a typographical error, for the *Pacata Hibernia*, Ireland Appeased, etc., by Sir George Carew.

had none of those despotic engines called cannon, my aunt's garrison was in tolerable security. Indeed, fortunately for Elizabeth, there was not a single piece of ordnance in the country, except the few mounted in the Fort of Dunnally; and, moreover, there was not sufficient gunpowder among the people to hold an hour's hard fighting.

With such defences, Elizabeth imagined herself well armed against all marauders, and quietly awaited a change of times and a period of general security.

Close to the castle there was, and I believe still remains, a dribbling stream of water, in which there is a large stone with a deep indenture on the top. It was always full of limpid water, and called St. Bridget's Well,—that holy woman having been accustomed daily to kneel in prayer on one knee, till she wore a hole in the granite.

To this well old Jug Ogie, the oldest piece of furniture in Moret Castle, who was an hereditary cook, daily went for the purpose of drawing the sacred crystal to boil her mistress's dinner.

On one of these sallies of old Jug, some fellows (who, as it afterwards appeared, had with a very deep design lain in ambush) seized and were carrying her off, when they were perceived by one of the watchmen from the tower, who instantly gave an alarm, and some warders sallied after them. Jug was rescued, and the enemy fled through the swamps; but not before one of them had his head divided into two equal parts by the hatchet of Keeran Karry, who was always at the head of the warders, and the life and soul of the whole garrison.

The dead man turned out to be a son of Andrew M'Mahon, a faction-man of Reuben; but nobody could then guess the motive for endeavouring to carry off old Jug. However, that matter soon became developed.

Elizabeth was accounted to be very rich, and had a large demesne into the bargain. Having acquired a taste for the sweets of independence, she refused many matrimonial offers; but the country squires determined she *should* marry one of them, since marry willingly she would not. Almost every one of them had

previously put the question to her by *flag of truce*, as they all stood in too much awe of the lady to do it personally: and at length, teased by their importunities, she gave notice of her intention to hang the next flag of truce who brought proposals.

Upon this information, they finally agreed to decide by lot who should be the hero to surprise and carry off Elizabeth, which was considered a matter of danger on account of the warders, who would receive no other commandment.

Elizabeth got wind of their design and place of meeting, which was to be in the old castle of Reuben, near Athy. Eleven or twelve of the squires privately attended at the appointed hour, and it was determined that whoever should be the lucky winner was to receive the aid and assistance of the others in bearing away the prize, and gaining her hand. To this effect, a league offensive and defensive was entered into between them—one part of which went to destroy Elizabeth's warders root and branch; and, to forward their object, it was desirable, if possible, to procure some inmate of the castle who, by fair or foul means, would inform them of the best mode of entry: this caused the attempt to carry off old Jug Ogie.

However, they were not long in want of a spy: for Elizabeth, hearing of their plan from the gassoon* of Reuben (a nephew of Jug's), determined to take advantage of it. "My Lady," said Jug Ogie, "pretend to turn me adrift in a dark night, and give out that my gassoon here was found robbing you—they'll soon get wind of it, and I'll be the very person the squires want—and then you'll hear all."

The matter was agreed on, and old Jug Ogie and the gassoon were turned out, as thieves, to the great surprise of the warders and the country. But Jug was found and hired, as she expected; and soon comfortably seated in the kitchen at Castle Reuben, with the gassoon, whom she took in as kitchen-boy. She gave her tongue its full fling,—told a hundred stories about her "devil of a mistress,"—and undertook to inform the squires of the best way to get to her apartment.

* Or *gorsoon*, a grown boy or lad; the same as *garçon* in French.

Elizabeth was now sure to learn everything so soon as determined on. The faction had arranged all matters for the capture:—the night of its execution approached:—the old cook prepared a good supper for the quality—the squires arrived, and the gassoon had to run only three miles to give the lady the intelligence. Twelve cavaliers attended, each accompanied by one of the ablest of his faction, for they were all afraid of each other whenever the wine should rise upwards.

The lots, being formed of straws of different lengths, were held by the host, who was disinterested, and the person of Elizabeth, her fortune, and Moret Castle, fell to the lot of Cromarty O'Moore, one of the Cremorgan squires. The rest all swore to assist him till death; and one in the morning was the time appointed for the surprise of Elizabeth and her castle. Meantime they sat down to enjoy the good supper prepared by old Jug Ogie.

Castle Reuben had been one of the strongest places in the county, situated in the midst of a swamp, which rendered it nearly inaccessible. It had belonged to a natural son of one of the Geraldines, who had his throat cut by a gamekeeper of his own. Nobody choosing to interfere with the sportsman, he remained peaceably in possession of the castle, and now accommodated the squires with it for a rendezvous.

The heroic dame, on her part, was not inactive; she informed her warders of the scheme to force a new master on her and them; and many a round oath she swore that she would preserve her castle and her chastity to the last extremity.

The warders took fire at the attempt of the squires to subjugate their lady and themselves to an irresponsible tyranny and odious bondage.

"Arrah! lady," said Keeran Karry, "how many rogues 'ill there be at Reuben, as you larn, to-night?—arrah!"

"I hear only four-and-twenty," said Elizabeth, "besides the M'Mahons."

All then began to speak together, and join most heartily in discussing the meditated attack.

"Arrah! run for the priest," says Ned Regan; "may be you'd like a touch of his reverence's office first, for fear there might be any sin in it."

"I thought you'd like him with your brandy, warders," said Elizabeth with dignity; "I have him below: he's praying a little, and will be up directly. The whole plan is ready for you, and Jug Ogie has the signal. Here, Keeran," giving him a green ribbon with a daub of old Squire Fitzgerald, who was hanged, dangling to the ribbon, "if you and the warders do not bring me their captain's ear, you have neither the courage of a weasel, nor —nor" (striking her breast hard with her able hand) "even the revenge of a woman in you."

"Arrah, be asy, my lady!" said Keeran, "be asy! by my sowl, we'll bring you four-and-twenty pair, if your ladyship have any longing for the ears of such villains."

"Now, warders," said Elizabeth, who was too cautious to leave her castle totally unguarded, "as we are going to be just, let us be also generous; there's only twenty-four of them, besides the M'Mahons, will be there. Now it would be an eternal disgrace to Moret, if we went to overpower them by numbers: twenty-four chosen warders, Father Murphy and the corporal, the gassoon and the piper, are all that shall leave the castle to-night; and if Castle Reuben is let to stand till daybreak to-morrow, I hope none of you will come back to me again."

The priest now made his appearance, and all was in a bustle. The brandy circulated merrily, and each warder had in his own mind made mince-meat of three or four of the Reuben faction, whose ears they fancied already in their pockets. Every man took his skeen in his belt—had a thick club, with a strong spike at the end of it, slung with a stout leather thong to his wrist; and under his coat, a sharp, broad hatchet with a black blade and a crooked handle. And thus, in silence, the twenty-five Moret warders set out with their priest, the piper, and the gassoon with a copper pot slung over his shoulders, and a piece of a poker in his hand, on their expedition to the castle of Reuben.

Before twelve o'clock, the warders, the priest, Keeran Kelly,

and the castle piper, had arrived in the utmost silence and secrecy. In that sort of large inhabited castle, the principal entrance was through the farm-yard, which was, indeed, generally the only assailable quarter. In the present instance, the gate was half open, and the house-lights appeared to have been collected in the rear, as was judged from their reflection in the water of the Barrow, which ran close under the windows. A noise was heard, but not of drunkenness;—it was a sound as of preparation for battle. The warders foresaw it would not be so easy a business as they had contemplated, and regretted that they had not brought a more numerous force.

It was concerted that ten men should creep upon their hands and feet to the front entrance, and await there until, by some accident, it might be sufficiently open for the ferocious rush which was to surprise their opponents.

But Keeran, always discreet, had some forethought that more than usual caution would be requisite. He had counted on dangers which the others had never dreamt of, and his prudence, in all probability, saved the lives of many of the warders. He preceded his men, crawling nearly on his breast; he had suspected that a dog overheard them, and a bark soon confirmed the truth of that suspicion. Keeran, however, was prepared for this circumstance; he had filled his pockets with pieces of bacon impregnated with nux vomica. The savoury morsels took immediate effect on two great mastiffs and a wolf-dog who roamed about the yard at nights.

Keeran advanced crawling to the door; he found it fast, but having listened, he soon had reason to conjecture that the inmates were too well armed and numerous to make the result of the battle at all certain. He crept back to the hedge, and having informed the warders of the situation in which they were placed, they one and all swore that they would enter or die. The priest had lain down under a hay-stack in the outer hay-yard, and the piper had retired nobody knew where.

Keeran now desired the warders to handle their hatchets, and be prepared for an attack so soon as they should see the front

door open and hear three strokes on the copper kettle. The gassoon had left that machine on a spot which he had described near the gate, and Keeran requested that, in case they should see fire, they should not mind it till the kettle sounded. He then crawled away, and they saw no more of him.

The moments were precious. At one o'clock a body armed possibly better than themselves, and probably more numerous, would surely issue from the castle on their road to Moret, well prepared for combat. The result in such a case might be very precarious. The warders by no means felt pleased with their situation; and the absence of their leader, priest, and piper, gave no additional sensations of conquest or security. In this state of things near half-an-hour had elapsed, when of a sudden they perceived, on the side of the hay-yard towards their own position, a small blaze of fire issue from a corn-stack—in a moment another, and another! The conflagration was impetuous; it appeared to be devouring everything, but as yet was not perceived by the inmates at the rear of the house. At length volumes of flame illuminated by reflection the waters of the river under the back windows. The warders, now expecting the sally, grasped tightly their hatchets, yet moved not; but breathless, with a ferocious anxiety, awaited the event in almost maddening suspense. A loud noise now issued from the interior of the house; the fire was perceived by the garrison—still it might be accidental—the front door was thrown open, and near thirty of the inmates poured out, some fully, others not fully armed.

At that moment the copper kettle was beaten rapidly and with force: a responsive sound issued from the house; the garrison hesitated, but hesitation was quickly banished. On the first blow of the kettle, the warders, in a compact body, with hideous yells, rushed on the astonished garrison, as yet ignorant as to who their enemies could be. Every hatchet found its victim;—limbs, features, hands, were chopped off without mercy—death or dismemberment followed nearly every blow of that brutal weapon, whilst the broad sharp skeens soon searched the bodies of the wounded. Almost half the garrison was annihilated

before the foe was known. The survivors, however, soon learned the cause of their comrades' slaughter. The war-cry of "A Gerald!—a Gerald!—a Gerald!"—which now accompanied every crash of the murderous hatchet, or every plunge of the broad-bladed skeen, informed them with whom they were fighting. Fifteen or sixteen of the garrison still remained unwounded, but their case was desperate. Keeran Karry now headed his warders. The gassoon rapidly and fiercely struck the copper, in unison with the sound of the fatal weapons, whilst the old and decrepid Jug Ogie, within the castle, repeated the same sound, thereby leading the garrison to believe that to retreat inside the walls would only be to encounter a fresh enemy.

The affair, however, was far from being finished: the survivors rapidly retired, and got in a body to the position first occupied by Keeran's warders. They were desperate. The flames still raged with irresistible fury in the hay-yard. It was Keeran who had set fire to the corn and hay, which materials produced an almost supernatural conflagration. The remains of the garrison were at once fortified, and concealed from view, by a high holly hedge, and awaited their turn to become assailants: —it soon arrived. From the midst of the burning ricks in the hay-yard a shrill and piercing cry was heard to issue, of "Ough, murther—murther! Holy Virgin, save me! if there is any marcy, save me!" The voice was at once recognised by the warriors of Moret as that of their priest, who had fallen asleep under a hay-stack, and never awakened till the flames had seized upon his cloak. He knew not how to escape, being met, wherever he ran, by crackling masses. He roared to the full extent of his voice; and gave himself up for lost. Fortunately, as the materials of his habit were little combustible, he was not dangerously burned, although he suffered somewhat in his legs. No sooner did they perceive his situation, than the warders, each man forgetting himself, rushed to save his reverence, whose services might be so necessary to themselves. They now imagined that the fight was ended, and prepared to enjoy themselves by the plunder of Castle Reuben.

This was the moment for the defeated garrison :—with a loud yell of "A Moore! a Moore! a Moore!" they fell in their turn upon the entangled warders in the hay-yard, five of whom had been wounded and one killed in the first fray, whilst many had subsequently thrown down their hatchets to receive their pastor, and had only their spikes and skeens wherewith to defend themselves. The battle now became more serious, because more doubtful, than at its commencement. Several of the warders were wounded, and four more lay dead at the entrance to the hay-yard; their spirit was dashed, and their adversaries laid on with the fury of desperation. Keeran Karry had received two sword-thrusts through his shoulder and could fight no more; but he could do better—he could command. He called to the warders to retreat and take possession of the castle, which was now untenanted. This step saved them; they retired thither with all possible rapidity, pursued by the former garrison, who, however, were not able to enter with them. Keeran directed the thick planks and flagstones to be torn up, thereby leaving the hall open to the cellar beneath, as had been done at Moret. The enemy were at bay at the door, and could not advance. On the other hand, many of the warders having, as just stated, flung away their hatchets, were ill armed. The moment was critical: Keeran, however, was never at a loss for some expedient; he counted his men; five had been killed in the hay-yard, and one just outside the walls; several others were wounded, amongst whom was the piper, who had been asleep. Keeran told the warders that he feared the sun might rise on their destruction, if something were not immediately done. "Are there," said he, "five among ye, who are willing to swap your lives for the victory?" Every man cried out for himself; and I!—I!—I!—echoed through the hall. "Well!" said Keeran, who without delay directed five men, and the gassoon with the copper kettle, to steal out at the back of the castle, creep through the hedges, and get round directly into the rear of the foe before they attacked; having succeeded in which, they were immediately to advance beating the vessel strongly. "They will sup-

pose," said the warlike Keeran, "that it is a reinforcement, and we shall then return the sound from within. If they believe it to be a reinforcement, they will submit to mercy: if not, we'll attack them front and rear—and as our numbers are pretty equal, very few of us on either side will tell the story to our childer! but we'll have as good a chance as them villains."

This scheme was carried into immediate execution, and completely succeeded. The enemy, who were now grouped outside the door, hearing the kettle in the rear, supposed that they should be at once attacked by sally and from behind. Thinking that they had now only to choose between death and submission, the mercy, which was offered, they accepted;—and peep o' day being arrived, the vanquished agreed to throw their arms into the well,—to swear before the priest that they never would disturb, or aid in disturbing, Lady Elizabeth or the castle of Moret, —that no man on either side should be called upon by law for his fighting that night; and finally, that the person who had succeeded in drawing the lot for Elizabeth, should deliver up the lock of his hair that grew next his ear to testify his submission: this latter clause, however, was stipulated needlessly, as Cromarty O'Moore was discovered in the farm-yard, with nearly all his face cut off, and several skeen-wounds in his arms and body. Early in the morning the dead were buried without noise or disturbance, and both parties breakfasted together in perfect cordiality and good-humour: those who fell were mostly tenants of the squires. The yard was cleared of blood and havoc; the warders and garrison parted in perfect friendship; and the former returned to the castle, bringing back Jug Ogie to her impatient mistress. Of the warders, thirteen returned safe; six remained behind badly wounded, and six were dead. Keeran's wounds were severe, but they soon healed; and Elizabeth afterwards resided at Moret to a very late period in the reign of George the First. Reuben soon changed its occupant, M'Mahon, who was hanged for the murder of his master; and that part of the country has since become one of the most civilised of the whole province.

I have given the foregoing little history in full, inasmuch as it is but little known, is strictly matter of fact, and exhibits a curious picture of the state of Irish society and manners in or about the year 1690.*

* The last paragraphs of this contest are one of the greatest curiosities of literature, ancient or modern; but on that very account totally unworthy of being reprinted. Of the possibility of the event at the period, there needs be no dispute. The country was totally unsettled; and, to decide possession, appeals to force were not uncommon.

IRISH GENTRY AND THEIR RETAINERS.

THE numerous and remarkable instances which came within my own observation, of mutual attachment between the Irish peasantry and their landlords in former times, would fill volumes. A few will suffice, in addition to what has already been stated, to show the nature of that reciprocal good-will which, on many occasions, was singularly useful to both; and in selecting these instances from such as occurred in my own family, I neither mean to play the vain egotist, nor to determine generals by particulars; since good landlords and attached peasantry were then spread over the entire face of Ireland, and bore a great proportion to the whole country.

A very extensive field of corn of my father's had once become too ripe, inasmuch as all the reapers in the country were employed in getting in their own scanty crops. Some of the servants had heard my father regret that he could not by possibility get in his reapers without taking them from these little crops, and that he would sooner lose his own.

This field was within full view of our windows. My father had given up the idea of being able to cut his corn in time. One morning when he rose he looked—rubbed his eyes—called the servants, and asked them if they saw anything odd in the field. They certainly did. On our family retiring to rest the night before, the whole body of the peasantry of the country, after their hard labour during the day, had come upon the great field, and had reaped and stacked it before dawn! Similar instances of affection repeatedly took place. No tenant on any of the estates of my family was ever distrained, or even pressed, for rent. The only individuals who annoyed them were the parsons, by their proctors, and the tax-gatherers for hearth-money; and though

hard cash was scant with both landlord and tenant, and no small bank-notes had got into circulation, provisions were plentiful, and but little inconvenience was experienced by the peasantry from want of a circulating medium. There was constant residence and work, no banks and no machinery; and though the people might not be quite so refined, most undoubtedly they were vastly happier.*

But a much more characteristic proof than the foregoing of the extraordinary devotion of the lower to the higher orders in Ireland, in former times, occurred in my family, and is on record.

My grandfather, Mr. French of County Galway, was a remarkably small, nice little man, but of an extremely irritable temperament, an excellent swordsman, and, like all Galway gentlemen, proud to excess.

Some relics of feudal arrogance frequently set the neighbours and their adherents together by the ears. My grandfather had conceived a contempt for, and antipathy to, a sturdy *half-mounted* gentleman, one Mr. Dennis Bodkin, who entertained an equal aversion to the arrogance of my grandfather, and took every possible opportunity of irritating and opposing him.

My grandmother, an O'Brien, was high and proud, steady and sensible, but disposed to be rather violent at times in her contempts and animosities, and entirely agreed with her husband in his detestation of Mr. Dennis Bodkin.

* These observations may be disputed. Barrington, however, may be true in the main. The amount of money deposited to the credit of a few, even the general appearance of better clothing, etc., cannot be taken as decisive of increased private happiness or public prosperity. If steam and notes had had never an existence, happiness would not be one whit the less within the attainment of industry and simpler agencies. That part of bosom happiness which depends on morality has certainly been diminished by machinery. Banks and machines contribute to the augmentation of national wealth; but we know very well that the greatest amount of pauperism has for a long period co-existed with enormous riches. The whole question must be studied in two distinct branches—the tendency of machines to increase employment on the one hand, and to diminish it on the other hand. Two things are certain: we cannot stay mechanical inventions; and the conquest of civilisation will be achieved by them.

On some occasion or other Mr. Dennis had chagrined the squire and his lady most outrageously. A large company dined at my grandfather's, and my grandmother concluded her abuse of Dennis with an energetic expression that could not have been literally meant, in these words,—"I wish the fellow's ears were cut off! that might quiet him."

This passed over as usual: the subject was changed, and all went on comfortably till supper; at which time, when everybody was in full glee, the old butler, Ned Regan, who had drank enough, came in—joy was in his eye—and whispering something to his mistress which she did not comprehend, he put a large snuff-box into her hand. Fancying it was some whim of her old domestic, she opened the box and shook out its contents; when, lo! a considerable portion of a pair of bloody ears dropped on the table! Nothing could surpass the horror and surprise of the company. Old Ned exclaimed,—"Sure, my lady, you wished that Dennis Bodkin's ears were cut off; so I told old Gahagan (the gamekeeper), and he took a few boys with him, and brought back Dennis Bodkin's ears—and there they are; and I hope you are plazed, my lady!"

The scene may be imagined;—but its results had like to have been of a more serious nature. The sportsman and the boys were ordered to get off as fast as they could; but my grandfather and grandmother were held to heavy bail, and were tried at the ensuing assizes at Galway. The evidence of the entire company, however, united in proving that my grandmother never had an idea of any such order, and that it was a mistake on the part of the servants. They were, of course, acquitted. The sportsman never reappeared in the county till after the death of Dennis Bodkin, which took place three years subsequently.

This anecdote may give the reader an idea of the devotion of servants in those days to their masters. The order of things is now reversed, and the change of times cannot be better proved than by the propensity servants *now* have to rob (and, if convenient, murder*) the families from whom they derive their daily

* Here Barrington seems as thoughtless and extravagant as his grandmother.

bread. Where the remote error lies, I know not, but certainly the ancient fidelity of domestics seems to be totally out of fashion with those gentry at present.

A more recent instance of the devotion of the country people to old settlers and families occurred to myself, which, as I am upon the subject, I will now mention. I stood a contested election, in the year 1790, for the borough of Ballynakill, for which my ancestors had returned two members to Parliament during nearly 200 years. It was usurped by the Marquis of Drogheda, and I contested it.

On the day of the election, my eldest brother and myself being candidates, and the business preparing to begin, a cry was heard that the whole colliery was coming down from Donane, about ten miles off. The returning officer, Mr. French, lost no time: six voters were polled against me; mine were refused generally, in mass; the books were repacked and the poll declared; the election ended, and my opponents just retiring from the town, when seven or eight hundred colliers entered it with colours flying and pipers playing; their faces were all blackened, and a more tremendous assemblage was scarce ever seen. After the usual shoutings, etc., the chief captain came up to me—"Counsellor, dear!" said he, "we're all come from Donane to help your honour against the villains that oppose you;—we're the boys that can *tittivate!**—Barrington for ever! hurra!" Then coming close to me, and lowering his tone, he added,—"Counsellor, jewel! which of the villains shall we *settle first?*"

To quiet him, I shook his black hand, told him nobody should be hurt, and that the gentlemen had all left the town.

He could have witnessed nothing, heard of nothing, in the whole course of his life, which could justify such a saying. The general fidelity of servants, in all ages and climes, is an honour to human nature. The existence of so much virtue in humble life is a proud boast in those times, when domestics are exposed to so many changes of masters, and their affections so little appreciated. Discoursing on this subject with the late amiable Lord Massareene, he assured me that nothing in the history of mankind struck him with more admiration than the fidelity of domestics, in spite of all discouragement.

* Still used in *genteel slang*, in the sense of *adorning, decking out* with nicety.

"Why then, counsellor," said he, "we'll be after overtaking them. Barrington for ever!—Donane, boys!"

I feared that I had no control over the riotous humour of the colliers, and knew but one mode of keeping them quiet. I desired Billy Howard, the innkeeper, to bring out all the ale he had; and having procured many barrels in addition, together with all the bread and cheese in the place, I set them at it as hard as might be. I told them I was sure of being elected in Dublin, and "*to stay asy*" (their own language); and in a little time I made them as tractable as lambs. They made a bonfire in the evening, and about ten o'clock I left them as happy and merry a set of colliers as ever existed. Such as were able strolled back in the night, and the others next morning, and not the slightest injury was done to anybody or anything.

This was a totally unexpected and voluntary proof of the disinterested and ardent attachment of the Irish country people to all who they thought would protect or procure them justice.

MY EDUCATION.

My godfathers were Mr. Pool of Ballyfin and Captain Pigott of Brocologh Park; and I must have been a very pleasant infant, for Mr. Pool, having no children, desired to take me home with him, in which case I should probably have cut out of feather a very good person and a very kind friend—the present Lord Maryborough, whom Mr. Pool afterwards adopted whilst a midshipman in the navy, and bequeathed him a noble demesne and a splendid estate near my father's. My family have always supported Lord Maryborough for Queen's County, and his lordship's tenants supported me in my hard-contested election for Maryborough in 1800.

No public functionary could act more laudably than Mr. Pool did whilst secretary in Ireland; and it must be a high gratification to him to reflect that, in the year 1800, he did not abet the degradation of his country.

Captain Pigott expressed the same desire to patronise me as Mr. Pool;—received a similar refusal, and left his property, I believe, to a parcel of hospitals: whilst I was submitted to the guardianship of Colonel Jonah Barrington, and the instructions of Mr. Michael Lodge, a person of very considerable consequence in my early memoirs, and to whose ideas and eccentricities I really believe I am indebted for a great proportion of my own, and certainly not the worst of them.

Mr. George Lodge had married a love-daughter of old Stephen Fitzgerald, Esq. of Bally Thomas, who, by affinity, was a relative of the house of Cullenaghmore, and from this union sprang Mr. Michael Lodge.

I never shall forget his figure!—he was a tall man with thin legs and great hands, and was generally biting one of his nails

whilst employed in teaching me. The top of his head was half bald; his hair was clubbed with a rose-ribbon; a tight stock, with a large silver buckle to it behind, appeared to be almost choking him: his chin and jaws were very long; and he used to hang his under jaw, shut one eye, and look up to the ceiling, when he was thinking or trying to recollect anything.

Mr. Michael Lodge had been what is called a matross in the artillery service. My grandfather had got him made a gauger; but he was turned adrift for letting a poor man do something wrong about distilling.* He then became a land-surveyor and architect for the farmers; he could farry, cure cows of the murrain, had numerous secrets about cattle and physic, and was accounted the best bleeder and bone-setter in that county: all of which healing accomplishments he exercised gratis. He was also a famous brewer and accountant. In fine, he was everything at Cullenagh: steward, agent, caterer, farmer, sportsman, secretary, clerk to the colonel as a magistrate, and also clerk to Mr. Barret as the parson; but he would not sing a stave in church, though he'd chant indefatigably in the hall. He had the greatest contempt for women, and used to beat the maid-servants; whilst the men durst not vex him, as he was quite despotic! He had a turning-lathe, a number of grinding-stones, and a carpenter's bench, in his room. He used to tin the sauce-pans, which act he called *chymistry;* and I have seen him, like a tailor, putting a new cape to his riding-coat! He made all sorts of nets, and knit stockings; but above all he piqued himself on the variety and depth of his *learning.*

Under the tuition of this Mr. Michael Lodge, who was surnamed the "wise man of Cullenaghmore," I was placed at four years of age, to learn as much of the foregoing as he could teach me in the next five years: at the expiration of which period he had no doubt of my knowing as much as himself, and then, he said, I should go to school "*to teach the master.*"

This idea of teaching the master was the greatest possible

* The simple principle of composition violated in this sentence by the needless and awkward change of case seems to have been long neglected.

incitement to me; and as there was no other child in the house, I never was idle, but was as inquisitive and troublesome as can be imagined. Everything was explained to me; and I not only got on surprisingly, but my memory was found to be so strong, that Mr. Michael Lodge told my grandfather *half learning* would answer me as well as *whole learning* would another child. In truth, before my sixth year, I was making a very great hole in Mr. Lodge's stock of information, fortification and gunnery excepted; and I verily believe he only began to learn many things himself when he commenced teaching them to me.

He took me a regular course by horn-book, primer, spelling-book, reading-made-easy, Æsop's Fables, etc.; but I soon aspired to such of the old library books as had pictures in them. A very large History of the Bible, with cuts, was my constant study. Hence I learned how every saint was murdered; and Mr. Lodge not only told me that each martyr had a painter to take his likeness before death, but also explained to me how they had all sat for their pictures, and assured me that most of them had been murdered by the *Papists*.

Mr. Michael Lodge zealously used his heart, head, and hands, to teach me most things that he did know, and many things he did not know; but with a skill which none of our schoolmasters practise, he made me think he was only amusing instead of giving me a task. The old man tried to make me *inquisitive*, and inclined to ask about the thing which he wished to explain to me; and, consequently,* at eight years old I could read prose and poetry, write text, draw a house, a horse, and a game-cock,† tin a copper saucepan, and turn my own tops. I could do the manual exercise with my grandfather's crutch; and had learnt, besides, how to make bullets, pens, and black ball; to dance a jig, sing a cronane, and play the jew's harp. Michael also showed me, out of Scripture, how the world stood stock still

* This *consequently* is intended, no doubt, as a shade for the effulgent egotism. After all, Sir Jonah Barrington boasts of little.

† "And the *long bow*," cried Counsellor Oulton as I was reading this place to him many years ago.

whilst the sun was galloping round it; so that it was no easy matter at college to satisfy me as to the Copernican system.

This course of education I most sedulously followed until it pleased God to suspend my learning by the death of my grandfather, on whom I doated. He had taught me the broadsword exercise with his cane, how to snap a pistol, and shoot with the bow and arrow; and had bespoken a little quarter-staff to perfect me in that favourite exercise of his youth, by which he had been enabled to knock a gentleman's brains out for a wager, on the ridge of Maryborough, in company with the grandfather of the present Judge Arthur Moore,* of the Common Pleas of Ireland. It is a whimsical gratification to me to think that I do not at this moment forget much of the said instruction which I received either from Michael Lodge the Matross, or from Colonel Jonah Barrington—though after a lapse of nearly sixty years!

A new scene was now to be opened to me. I was carried to Dublin, and put to the famous schoolmaster of that day, Dr. Ball, of St. Michael-a-Powell's, Ship Street; and here my puzzling commenced in good earnest. I was required to learn the English Grammar in the Latin tongue; and to translate languages without understanding any of them. I was taught prosody without verse, and rhetoric without composition; and before I had ever heard any oration except a sermon, I was flogged for not minding my emphasis in recitation. To complete my satisfaction,—for fear I should be idle during the course of the week, castigation was regularly administered every Monday morning, to give me, by anticipation, a sample of what the repetition-day might produce†.

* One of the famous band who opposed the Union in the Irish parliament. He was a man of talent; and outshone Grattan himself in that antithetical eloquence which was so prevalent in his time. I asked him once his opinion of Bully Egan, of whom I had heard so much, but read nothing: "He was an honest man," replied the old judge; "he had but one eye, like Polyphemus, which saw straight ahead, like the barrel of a pistol. In genius, he was a tar-barrel, which readily took fire and then smelt abominably. He was a bit of a comedian, but no more comic than Lysaght."

† I saw or suffered as much whimsical and cruel discipline as any youth of my

However, notwithstanding all this, I worked my way, got two premiums, and at length was reported fit to be placed under the hands of a private tutor, by whom I was to be *finished* for the University.

That tutor was well known many years in Digges Street, Dublin, and cut a still more extraordinary figure than the Matross. He was the Rev. Patrick Crawly, Rector of Killgobbin. My tutor's person was, in my imagination, of the same genus as that of Caliban. His feet covered a considerable space of any room wherein he stood, and his thumbs were so large that he could scarcely hold a book without hiding more than half the page of it:—though bulky himself, his clothes doubled the dimensions proper to suit his body; and an immense frowzy wig, powdered once a-week, covered a head which, for size and form, might vie with a quarter-cask.

Yet this was as good-hearted a parson as ever lived:—affectionate, friendly, and, so far as Greek, Latin, Prosody, and Euclid went, excelled by few; and under him I acquired, in one year, more classical knowledge than I had done during the former six.

The college course at that time, though a very learned one, was ill arranged, pedantic, and totally out of sequence. Students were examined in "Locke on the Human Understanding," before their own had arrived at the first stage of maturity; and Euclid was pressed upon their reason before any one of them could comprehend a single problem. We were set to work at the most abstruse sciences before we had well digested the simpler ones, and posed ourselves at optics, natural philosophy, ethics, astronomy, mathematics, metaphysics, etc. etc., without the least relief from belles-lettres, modern history, geography, or poetry; in short, without regard to any of those acquirements—the classics excepted, which form essential parts of a gentleman's education.*

time, but never knew a Rhadamanthus whose scourge forestalled delinquency. I am sure that recourse was sometimes had to a fasciculus of nettles!

* Mr. Hutchinson, a later provost, father of Lord Donoughmore, went into the

Nevertheless, I jogged on with *bene* for the classics, *satis* for the sciences, and *mediocriter* for mathematics. I had, however, the mortification of seeing the stupidest fellows I ever met, at school or college, beat me out of the field in some of the examinations, and very justly obtain premiums for sciences which I could not bring within the scope of my comprehension.

My consolation is that many men of superior talent to myself came off no better; and I had the *satisfaction* of knowing that some of the most erudite, studious, and distinguished of my contemporary collegians, went raving—and others melancholy—mad; and I do believe that there are at this moment five or six of the most eminent of my academic rivals roaring in asylums for lunatics.*

opposite extreme; a most excellent classic scholar himself, he wished to introduce every elegant branch of erudition:—to cultivate the modern languages,—in short, to adapt the course to the education of men of rank as well as men of science. The plan was most laudable, but was voted not monastic enough—indeed, a polished gentleman would have operated like a ghost amongst those pedantic fellows.

Mr. Hutchinson went too far in proposing a riding-house. The scheme drew forth from Dr. Duigenan a pamphlet called "Pranceriana," which turned the project and projector into most consummate, but very coarse and ill-natured ridicule.

Doctor Barrett, late vice-provost, dining at the table of the new provost, who lived in a style of elegance attempted by none of his predecessors, helped himself to what he thought a peach, but which happened to be a shape made of ice. On taking it into his mouth, never having tasted ice before, he supposed, from the pang given to his teeth, and the shock which his tongue and mouth instantly received, that the sensation was produced by heat. Starting up, therefore, he cried out, swore he was scalded, and roared for an apothecary. [Sir Jonah would be surprised to hear that the books of mathematics which *stunned* him would now be regarded as rubbish by boys of fifteen in the Dublin University. To the present curriculum little is wanted but the encouraged cultivation of English. Not derivations, not the hunting of archaisms, not grammatical analysis, not rhetorical themes, constitute the teaching of English. These are but the garments of a charming art sadly neglected, and but dimly perceived.]

* The tone of this passage is shocking; but that it is not serious is easily discoverable. If it were, there would have been no need to have put "satisfaction" in italics. Again, the next paragraph is a generous one. What I blame Barrington for is, that he has fallen into the vulgar idea that "wit and madness nearly are allied." The history of literature shows but one example—Tasso—of mental

When I seek amusement by tracing the fate of such of my school and college friends as I can get information about, I find that many of the most promising and conspicuous have met untimely ends; and that most of those men whose great talents distinguished them first in the university and afterwards at the bar, had entered, as sizers, for provision as well as for learning. Indigence and genius were thus jointly concerned in their merited elevation; and I am convinced that the finest abilities are frequently buried alive in affluence and in luxury.

The death of my grandmother, which now took place, made a very considerable change in my situation, and I had sense enough, though still very young, to see the necessity of turning my mind towards a preparation for some lucrative profession—either law, physic, divinity, or war.

I debated on all these, as I thought, with great impartiality:—the pedantry of college disgusted me with clericals; wooden legs put me out of conceit with warfare; the horror of death made me shudder at medicine; and whilst the law was but a lottery-trade, too precarious for my taste, manufacture was too humiliating for my pride. Nothing, on the other hand, could induce me to remain a walking gentleman; and so, every occupation that I could think of having its peculiar disqualification, I remained a considerable time in a state of great uncertainty and disquietude.

Meanwhile, although my choice had nothing to do with the matter, I got almost imperceptibly engaged in that species of profession exercised by a young sportsman, whereby I was initiated into a number of accomplishments ten times worse than the negative ones of the walking gentleman—namely, riding, drinking, dancing, carousing, hunting, shooting, fishing, fighting, racing, cock-fighting, etc. etc.

After my grandmother's death, as my father's country-house was my home, so my two elder brothers became my tutors—the

disorder amongst men of high intellectual endowments. I have had fifty times the amount of opportunity that Barrington had to speak on this matter with some authority, yet I have not to record a single instance of youthful genius blighted by disease.

rustics my precedents—and a newspaper my literature. However, the foundation for my propensities had been too well laid to be easily rooted up; and though for a while I indulged in the habits of those around me, I did not neglect the pursuits I had been previously accustomed to. I had a pretty good assortment of books of my own, and seldom passed a day without devoting some part of it to reading or letter-writing. I certainly somewhat mis-spent, but cannot accuse myself of having lost, the period I passed at Bladsfort, since I obtained there a full insight into the manners, habits, and dispositions of the different classes of the Irish, in situations and under circumstances which permitted nature to exhibit her traits without restraint or caution.

It is quite impossible I can give a better idea of the dissipation of that period, into which I was thus plunged, than by describing an incident I shall never forget, and which occurred very soon after my first *entrée* into the sporting sphere.

IRISH DISSIPATION IN 1778.

CLOSE to the kennel of my father's hounds he had built a small cottage, which was occupied solely by an old huntsman, his older wife, and his nephew, a whipper-in. The chase, the bottle, and the piper, were the enjoyments of winter; and nothing could recompense a suspension of these enjoyments.

My elder brother, justly apprehending that the frost and snow of Christmas might probably prevent their usual occupation of the chase, determined to provide against any listlessness during the shut-up period, by an uninterrupted match of what was called "hard going," till the weather should break up.

A hogshead of superior claret was therefore sent to the cottage of old Quin the huntsman; and a fat cow, killed, and plundered of her skin, was hung up by the heels. All the windows were closed to keep out the light. One room, filled with straw and numerous blankets, was destined for a bed-chamber in common; and another was prepared as a kitchen for the use of the servants. Claret, cold, mulled, or buttered, was to be the beverage for the whole company; and in addition to the cow above mentioned, chickens, bacon, and bread, were the only admitted viands. Wallace and Hosey, my father's and my brother's pipers, and Doyle, a blind but a famous fiddler, were employed to enliven the banquet, which it was determined should continue till the cow became a skeleton, and the claret should be on its stoop.

My two elder brothers; two gentlemen of the name of Taylor, one of them afterwards became a writer in India; a Mr. Barrington Lodge, a rough songster; Frank Skelton, a jester and a butt; Jemmy Moffat, the most knowing sportsman of the neighbourhood; and two other sporting gentlemen of the

country;—these composed the *permanent* bacchanalians. A few visitors were occasionally admitted.

As for myself, I was too unseasoned to go through more than the first ordeal, which was on a frosty St. Stephen's day, when the "*hard goers*" partook of their opening banquet, and several neighbours were invited, to honour the commencement of what they called their "*shut-up pilgrimage.*"

The old huntsman was the only male attendant; and his ancient spouse, once a kitchen-maid in the family, now somewhat resembling the amiable Leonarda in Gil Blas, was the cook; whilst the drudgery fell to the lot of the whipper-in. A long knife was prepared to cut collops from the cow; a large turf fire seemed to court the gridiron; the pot bubbled up as if proud of its contents, whilst plump white chickens floated in crowds upon the surface of the water; the simmering potatoes, just bursting their drab surtouts, exposed the delicate whiteness of their mealy bosoms; the claret was tapped, and the long earthen wide-mouthed pitchers stood gaping under the impatient cock, to receive their portions.

I shall never forget the attraction this novelty had for my youthful mind. All thoughts but those of good cheer were for the time totally obliterated. A few curses were, it is true, requisite to spur on old Leonarda's skill, but at length the banquet entered: the luscious smoked bacon, bedded on its cabbage mattress, and partly obscured by its own savoury steam, might have tempted the most fastidious of epicures; whilst the round trussed chickens, ranged by the half-dozen on hot pewter dishes, turned up their white plump merry-thoughts exciting equally the eye and appetite; fat collops of the hanging cow, sliced indiscriminately from her tenderest points, grilled over the clear embers upon a shining gridiron, half-drowned in their own luscious juices, and garnished with little pyramids of congenial shalots, smoked at the bottom of the well-furnished board. A prologue of cherry-bounce (brandy) preceded the entertainment, which was enlivened by hob-nobs and joyous toasts.

Numerous toasts, in fact, as was customary in those days,

intervened to prolong and give zest to the repast—every man shouted forth his fair favourite, or convivial pledge; and each voluntarily surrendered a portion of his own reason, in bumpers to the beauty of his neighbour's toast. The pipers jerked from their bags appropriate planxties to every jolly sentiment; the fiddler sawed his merriest jigs; the old huntsman sounded his horn, and thrusting his forefinger into his ear (to aid the quaver), gave the *view holloa!* of nearly ten minutes' duration; to which melody *Tally ho!* was responded by every stentorian voice. A fox's brush stuck into a candlestick, in the centre of the table, was worshipped as a divinity!

My reason gradually began to lighten me of its burden, and in its last efforts kindly suggested the straw-chamber as my asylum. Just as I was closing my eyes to a twelve hours' slumber, I distinguished the general roar of "*Stole away!*" which rose almost up to the very roof of old Quin's cottage.

At noon, next day, a scene of a different nature was exhibited. I found, on waking, two associates by my side, in as perfect insensibility as that from which I had just aroused. Our piper seemed indubitably dead! but the fiddler, who had the privilege of age and blindness, had taken a hearty nap, and seemed as much alive as ever.

The room of banquet had been re-arranged by the old woman: spitchcocked chickens, fried rashers, and broiled marrow-bones, appeared struggling for precedence. The clean cloth looked, itself, fresh and exciting; jugs of mulled and buttered claret foamed hot upon the refurnished table, and a better or heartier breakfast I never in my life enjoyed.

A few members of the jovial crew had remained all night at their posts; but I suppose alternately took some rest, as they seemed not at all affected by their repletion. Soap and hot water restored at once their spirits and their persons; and it was determined that the rooms should be ventilated and cleared out for a cock-fight, to pass time till the approach of dinner.

In this battle-royal every man backed his own bird; twelve of which courageous animals were set down together to fight it

out—the survivor to gain all. In point of principle, the battle of the Horatii and Curiatii was re-acted; and in about an hour one cock crowed out his triumph over the mangled body of his last opponent;—being himself, strange to say, but little wounded. The other eleven lay dead; and to the victor was unanimously voted a writ of ease, with sole monarchy over the hen-roost for the remainder of his days; and I remember him, for many years, the proud commandant of his poultry-yard and seraglio. Fresh visitors were introduced each successive day, and the seventh morning had arisen before the feast broke up. As that day advanced, the cow was proclaimed to have furnished her full quantum of good dishes; the claret was upon its stoop, and the last gallon, mulled with a pound of spices, was drunk in tumblers to the next merry meeting! All now retired to their *natural* rest, until the evening announced a different scene.

An early supper, to be partaken of by all the young folks, of both sexes, in the neighbourhood, was provided in the dwelling-house, to terminate the festivities. A dance, as usual, wound up the entertainment; and what was then termed a "raking pot of tea," put a finishing stroke, in jollity and good-humour, to such a revel as I never saw before, and, I am sure, shall never see again.

When I compare with the foregoing the habits of the present day, and see the grandsons of those joyous and vigorous sportsmen mincing their fish and tit-bits at their favourite box in Bond Street, amalgamating their ounce of salad on a silver saucer, employing six sauces to coax one appetite, burning up the palate to make its enjoyments the more exquisite, sipping their acid claret, disguised by an olive or neutralised by a chestnut; lisping out for the scented waiter, and paying him the price of a feast for the modicum of a Lilliputian, and the pay of a captain for the attendance of a blackguard—it amuses me extremely, and makes me speculate on what their forefathers would have done to those admirable Epicenes, if they had had them at the "Pilgrimage" in the huntsman's cot.

To these extremes of former roughness and modern affec-

tation, it would require the pen of such a writer as Fielding to do ample justice. It may, however, afford our reader some diversion to trace the degrees which led from the grossness of the former down to the effeminacy of the latter; and these may, in a great measure, be collected from the various incidents which will be found scattered throughout these sketches of sixty annual orbits.

Nothing, indeed, can better illustrate the sensation which the grandfathers, or even aged fathers, of these slim lads of the Bond Street establishments, must have felt upon finding their offspring in the occupation I have just mentioned, than a story relating to Captain Parsons Hoye of County Wicklow, who several years since met with an instance of the kind at Hudson's, in Covent Garden.

A nephew of his, an effeminate young fellow, who had returned from travelling, and who expected to be his heir, accidentally came into the coffee-room. Neither uncle nor nephew knew each other; but old Parsons' disgust at the dandified manners, language, and dress of the youth, gave rise to an occurrence which drew from the bluff seaman epithets rather too coarse to record; the end of it was, that, when Parsons discovered the relationship of the stranger, he struck him out of a will which he had made, and died very soon after, as if on purpose to mortify the macaroni!

We will take this opportunity of subjoining an accurate description of the person of Captain Parsons Hoye, thereby enabling our reader to estimate the singularity of his collision with the dandy.

Commodore Trunnion was a civilised man, and a beauty, compared to Parsons Hoye. He had a moderate hereditary property near Wicklow; had been a captain in the royal navy; was a bad farmer, a worse sportsman, and a blustering justice of peace; but great at potation! and what was called, "in the main, a capital fellow." He was nearly as boisterous as his adopted element: his voice was always as if on the quarter-deck; and the whistle of an old boatswain, who had been decapitated

by his side, hung as a memento, by a thong of leather, to his waistcoat button-hole. It was frequently had recourse to, and, whenever he wanted a word, supplied the deficiency.

In form the Captain was squat, broad, and coarse. A large purple nose, with a broad crimson chin to match, were the only features of any consequence in his countenance, except a couple of good enough bloodshot eyes, screened by most exuberant grizzle eyelashes. His powdered wig had behind it a queue in the form of a handspike, and a couple of rolled-up paste curls, like a pair of carronades, adorned its broad-sides; a blue coat, with slash cuffs and plenty of navy buttons, surmounted a scarlet waistcoat; a black Barcelona adorned his neck; and an old round hat bordered with gold lace, and turned up on one side, with a huge cockade stuck into a buttonless loop, gave him a swaggering air. He bore a shillelagh, the growth of his own estate, in a fist which would cover more ground than the best shoulder of wether mutton in a London market.* Yet the Captain had a look of generosity, good nature, benevolence, and hospitality, which his features did their very best to conceal, and which none but a good physiognomist could possibly discover.

* To tone down passages of this kind would be entirely without the editorial province. They must be preserved for their very extravagance.

MY BROTHER'S HUNTING-LODGE.

I MET with a ludicrous instance of the dissipation of even later days a few months after my marriage. Lady B—— and myself took a tour through some of the southern parts of Ireland, and among other places visited Castle Durrow, near which place my brother, Henry French Barrington, had built a hunting cottage, wherein he happened to have given a house-warming the previous day.

The company, as might be expected at such a place and on such an occasion, was not the most select:—in fact, they were "*hard-going*" sportsmen.

Amongst the rest, Mr. Joseph Kelly, of unfortunate fate, brother to Mr. Michael Kelly (who by-the-by does not say a word about him in his Reminiscences), had been invited, to add to the merriment by his pleasantry and voice, and had come down from Dublin for the purpose.

It may not be amiss to say something here of that remarkable person. I knew him from his early youth. His father was a dancing-master in Mary Street, Dublin; and I found in the newspapers of that period a number of puffs, in French and English, of Mr. O'Kelly's abilities in that way. What could put it into his son's head that his father had been *Master of the ceremonies at Dublin Castle* is rather perplexing! He became a wine-merchant latterly, dropped the O, and was a well-conducted and respectable man.*

Joe was a slender young man, remarkably handsome; but, with regard to character, always what in that part of the country

* But as he was a *Roman Catholic*, and as no Roman Catholic could *then* hold any office in the vice-regal establishment of Dublin Castle, Mr. M. Kelly must have been misinformed on that point as to his father, whom I have often seen.—(B.)

they emphatically styled "the *devil!*" He sang the songs of *Young Meadows,* in "Love in a Village," extremely well, as likewise those of *Macheath* and other parts; but he could never give the *acting* any effect. He was, strictly speaking, a bravura singer;—there was no *pathos*—nothing *touchant* in his cadences, but in drinking-songs, etc., he was unrivalled. The last conversation I had with him was on the Boulevard Italien, in Paris. I was walking with my son, then belonging to the 5th Dragoon Guards. Kelly came up and spoke to us, but my son remained silent. Kelly seemed surprised, and said, "Don't you know me, Barrington? why don't you speak to me?"—"'Tis because I *do* know you that I do *not* speak to you," replied my son. Kelly blushed, but turned it off with a laugh. I now know the sarcasm *well* merited. Joe Kelly killed his man in a duel, for which he was tried and *narrowly* escaped. According to his *own* account, indeed, he killed plenty more men at the battle of Waterloo and in other actions. He was himself shot at Paris by a commissary with whom he had quarrelled, and the humorists remarked thereupon that Joe had died a natural death.

Of this convivial assemblage at my brother's, he was, I suppose, the very life and soul. The dining-room had not been finished when the day of the dinner-party arrived, and the lower parts of the walls having only that morning received their last coat of plaster, were, of course, totally wet.

We had intended to surprise my brother; but had not calculated on the scene I was to witness. It was about ten in the morning; the room was strewed with empty bottles—some broken—some interspersed with glasses, plates, dishes, knives, spoons, etc., all in glorious confusion. Here and there were heaps of bones, relics of the former day's entertainment, which the dogs, seizing their opportunity, had cleanly picked. Three or four of the bacchanalians lay fast asleep upon chairs; one or two others were on the floor, among whom a piper lay on his back, apparently dead, with a table-cloth spread over him, and surrounded by four or five candles, burnt to the sockets; his chanter and bags were laid scientifically across his body, his mouth was quite open, and

his nose made ample amends for the silence of his drone. Joe Kelly and a Mr. Peter Alley were fast asleep in their chairs, close to the wall.

Had I never viewed such a scene before, it would have almost terrified me; but it was nothing more than the ordinary custom which we called *waking the piper*, when he had got too drunk to make any more music.

I went out, and sent away my carriage and its inmate to Castle Durrow, whence we had come, and afterwards proceeded to seek my brother. No servant was to be seen, man or woman. I went to the stables, wherein I found three or four more of the goodly company, who had just been able to reach their horses, but were seized by Morpheus before they could mount them, and so lay in the mangers awaiting a more favourable opportunity. Returning hence to the cottage, I found my brother, also asleep, on the only bed which it then afforded: he had no occasion to put on his clothes, since he had never taken them off.

I next waked Dan Tyron, a wood-ranger of Lord Ashbrook, who had acted as maître d'hôtel in making the arrangements, and providing a horse-load of game to fill up the banquet. I then inspected the parlour, and insisted on breakfast. Dan Tyron set to work: an old woman was called in from an adjoining cabin, the windows were opened, the room cleared, the floor swept, the relics removed, and the fire lighted in the kitchen. The piper was taken away senseless, but my brother would not suffer either Joe or Alley to be disturbed till breakfast was ready. After a brief interval, we had before us eggs, milk, brandy, sugar, nutmeg, a large loaf, fresh butter, a cold round of beef, red herrings, a dish of potatoes roasted on the turf-ashes, ale, whisky, and port. All being duly in order, we at length awakened Joe Kelly and Peter Alley, his neighbour: and my brother announced breakfast with a *view halloa!**

* The author elongated this chapter with four tiresome pages, the pointless absurdity of which I shall condense, not so much to reward the reader's curiosity as to give a lesson to the purveyors of Irish anecdotes. Joe and Peter, who had fallen asleep in their chairs, are represented as having made a pillow of the adjacent wall, to which their heads were invited by a soft coat of mortar, laid on the

I ate a hearty breakfast, returned to Durrow, and, having rejoined my companion, we pursued our journey to Waterford,—amusing ourselves the greater part of the way with the circumstances of the carouse,* which, however, I do not record merely as an abstract anecdote, but, as I observed in starting, to show the manners and habits of Irish country society and sportsmen, even so recently as thirty years ago; and to illustrate the changes of those habits and manners, and the advances towards civilisation, which, coupled with the extraordinary *want* of *corresponding prosperity*,† present phenomena I am desirous of impressing upon my reader's mind, throughout the whole of this miscellaneous collection of original anecdotes and observations.

same day. During the doze the noddles became imbedded in the cement, which "set fast from the heat and lights of an eighteen hours' carousal." Hair being the thing most calculated to amalgamate therewith, the entire of Joe's *stock*, together with his *queue*, and *half* his head, was thoroughly imbedded in the *greedy* cement. The effort to rise caused by the lusty summons to breakfast, drew forth a roar of distress, which accompanied repeated struggles for extrication. The assistance of a stone-cutter was proposed; melted butter and new milk were tried as solvents; and, with equal want of success, Hannibal's recipe of hot vinegar. At last Peter whetted two dinner-knives against each other, and "sawed away at cross corners till he was liberated with the loss only of half of his hair and a piece of his scalp." For Joe's relief Bob Casey, a wig-maker, "just dropped in." How fortunate! "In less than an hour's clipping with his scissors and rooting out with an *oyster-knife*," the skilful operator set Mr. Kelly at large, with "the exposure of a raw and bleeding occiput."

Such were the wild, incredible, and stupid stories which once passed for wit or humour, and shocked no one's common sense. The taste for these things has gravitated very much; so that Herbert's *Irish Varieties* is no longer popular.

* As given in the last note.

† On this subject I think Sir Jonah's information must have been imperfect, and his views somewhat extreme. Forty years ago, when those "Sketches" first appeared, the agricultural resources of the country were not nearly developed to the extent shown by the last returns of the Registrar-General. But there then existed a substantial and diffused prosperity, whose circumference has long been narrowing round the absolute owners of the soil. This is an incontestable fact, which admits of calm discussion, suggests charitable sentiments, and appeals to the wisdom of all honest statesmen. A desolate splendour, a wealth that spreads no human bliss, dominion over paupers, empire without people—these are melancholy and alarming contemplations; let them be removed from our apprehensions by a timely combination of goodwill, moderation, and intelligence.

CHOICE OF PROFESSION.

My veering opinion as to a choice of profession was nearly decided by that military ardour which seized all Ireland, when the whole country had entered into resolutions to free itself for ever from English domination. The entire kingdom took up arms—regiments were formed in every quarter—the highest, the lowest, and the middle orders, all entered the ranks of freedom; and every corporation, whether civil or military, pledged life and fortune to attain and establish Irish independence.

My father had raised and commanded two corps—a dragoon regiment called the Cullenagh Rangers, and the Ballyroan Light Infantry. My elder brother commanded the Kilkenny Horse and the Durrow Light Dragoons. The general enthusiasm caught me, and before I well knew what I was about, I found myself a military martinet and a red-hot patriot. Having been a university man, I was also considered to be of course a *writer*, and was accordingly called on to draw up resolutions for volunteer regiments all over the country. This was the first tirade I ever attempted on a political subject; and it being quite short enough and warm enough to be comprehended by all the parties, it was unanimously adopted—every man swearing, as he kissed the blade of his sword, that he would adhere to these resolutions to the last drop of his blood.

The national point was gained, but not without much difficulty and danger. The Irish parliament had refused to grant supplies to the crown for more than six months. The people had entered into resolutions to prevent the importation of British merchandise or manufactures. The entire kingdom had disavowed all English authority or jurisdiction, external or

internal; judges and magistrates had declined to act under British statutes; the flame spread rapidly, and became irresistible.

The British Government saw that either temporising or an appeal to force would occasion the final loss of Ireland—150,000 independent soldiers, well armed, well clothed, and well disciplined, were not to be coped with; and England yielded. Thus the volunteers kept their oaths, and did not lay down their arms until the independence of Ireland had been pronounced from the throne.

Having carried our point with the English, and having proposed to prove our independence by going to war with Portugal about our linens, we completely set up for ourselves, except that Ireland was bound, constitutionally and irrevocably, never to have any king but the King of Great Britain.

We were now in a fighting mood; and being in good humour with England, determined to fight the French, who had threatened to invade us. I recollect a volunteer belonging to one of my father's corps, a schoolmaster of the name of Beal, proposing a resolution to the Ballyroan Infantry, which purported "that they would never stop fighting the French till they had flogged every man of them into mincemeat!" This magnanimous resolution was adopted with cheers, and was, as usual, *sworn to*, each hero kissing the muzzle of his musket.

I am not going further into a history of those times, to which I have alluded in order to mention what fixed my determination, although but temporarily, to adopt the military profession.

On communicating this decision to my father, he procured me, from a friend and neighbour, General Hunt Walsh, a commission in that officer's own regiment, the 30th. The style of the thing pleased me very well; but, upon being informed that I should immediately join the regiment in America, my heroic tendencies received a serious check. I had not contemplated transatlantic emigration; and, feeling that I could get my head broken just as well in my own country, I perceived my military ardour grow cooler and cooler every hour, till it was obviously defunct. I therefore wrote to the General a

thankful letter, at the same time, "begging the favour of him to present my commission in his regiment to some hardier soldier." The General accepted my resignation, and presented my commission to a young friend of his, whose brains were blown out in the very first engagement.

Having thus rejected the military, I next turned my thoughts to that very opposite profession—the clerical. But, though preaching was certainly a much safer and more agreeable employment than bush-fighting, yet a curacy and a wooden leg being pretty much on a parallel in point of remuneration, and as I had the strongest objection to be half-starved in the service of either the king or the altar, I also declined the cassock, assuring my father that "I felt I was not steady enough to make an 'exemplary parson.'"

Medicine, therefore, was the next in the list of professions to which I had, abstractedly, some liking. I had attended several courses of anatomical lectures at Dublin, and, although with some repugnant feelings, I had studied that most sublime of all sciences, human organisation, by a persevering attention to the celebrated waxworks of that university. But my horror and disgust of *animal putridity* in all its branches was so great, inclusive even of ripe venison, that all surgical practice by me was necessarily out of the question; and medicine without surgery presenting no better chance than a curacy, it shared an equally bad fate with the sword and the pulpit.

Of the liberal and learned professions there now remained but one—namely, the law. Now, as to this, I was told by several old practitioners, who had retired into the country from having no business to do in town, that if I was even as wise as Alfred, or as learned as Lycurgus, nobody would give me sixpence for all my law, if I had a hundredweight of it, until I had spent at least ten years in watching the manufacture. However, they consoled me by saying that if I could put up with light eating and water-drinking during that period, I might then have a reasonable chance of getting some briefs, particularly after having a gang of attorneys to dine with me. Here I

was damped again! and though I should have broken my heart if condemned to remain much longer a walking gentleman, I determined to wait a while, and see if nature would open my propensities a little wider, and give me some more decisive indication of what she thought me fittest for.

Whilst in this comfortless state of indecision, my father, like other country gentlemen, to gratify his lady under the shape of educating his children, gave his consent to launch me into the new scenes and pleasures of a city residence. He accordingly purchased an excellent house in Clare Street, Merrion Square; left a steward in the country to *mis*manage his concerns there; made up new wardrobes for the servants; got a fierce three-cocked hat for himself; and removed his establishment, the hounds excepted, to the metropolis of Ireland.

Here my good and well-bred mother (for such she was) had her Galway pride revived and gratified; the green coach *de cérémonie* was regilt and regarnished, and four black horses, with two postilions and a sixteen-stone footman, completed her equipage.

I had my bit of blood in the stable; my elder brother, who had been in the 1st Horse, had plenty of them. My father had his old hunter, "Brown Jack;" and we set out at what is commonly called a *great rate*, but which great rates are generally, like a fox-chase, more hot than durable. However, the thing went on well enough; and during our city residence many pleasurable and many whimsical incidents occurred to me and other individuals of my family, one of which was most interesting to myself, and will form a leading feature in my subsequent Memoirs.

Before adverting to this, however, I will mention a lamentable event which occurred, during our stay in Clare Street, to a neighbour of ours, Captain O'Flaherty, brother to Sir John, whom I shall hereafter notice. The captain resided nearly facing us; and though the event I speak of, and the very extraordinary incident which succeeded it, are clearly digressions, yet the whole story is so interesting, that I will, without further apology, introduce it.

MURDER OF CAPTAIN O'FLAHERTY.

CAPTAIN O'FLAHERTY, a most respectable gentleman, resided in Clare Street, Dublin, exactly opposite my father's house. He had employed a person of the name of Lanegan, as tutor to the late John Burke O'Flaherty and his brothers. But after some little time Lanegan became more attentive to Mrs. O'Flaherty, the mother, than to her sons.

This woman had no charms either of appearance or address, which might be thought calculated to captivate any one; and there was a something indescribably repulsive in her general manners, in consequence whereof all acquaintance between her and our family soon terminated. Having encouraged Lanegan's attentions, she determined on enjoying his society without restraint. With this view she procured arsenic through her paramour's agency.

The murderous scheme was carried into execution by Mrs. O'Flaherty herself, and the captain was found dead in his bed! Some misgivings, however, were generated from the appearance of the body. A coroner's inquest was held, and the jury returned a verdict of *poisoned by arsenic.*

Mrs. O'Flaherty and Mr. Lanegan began now to suspect that they were in rather a ticklish situation, and determined to take a private journey into the country until they should discover how things were likely to go. The adulterous wife, full of crime and terror, conceived a suspicion that Lanegan, who had only purchased the poison by her directions, and had not administered it, might turn king's evidence, get the reward, and save himself by convicting her. Such a catastrophe she therefore determined if possible to prevent.

On their journey she told him that, upon full consideration,

she conceived there could be no possibility of bringing conclusive evidence against them, inasmuch as it would appear most probable that the captain had, by accident, taken the poison himself —and that she was determined to surrender and take her trial as soon as possible, recommending Mr. Lanegan to do the same. In pursuance of this decision, as they passed near the town of Gowran, County Kilkenny, she said, "There is the gate of a magistrate: do you go up first, put on a bold face, assure him of your entire innocence, and say that as infamous and false reports have been spread, both of yourself and me, you came expressly to surrender and take your trial;—and that you could not live in society under such vile imputations! Say, also, that you hear. Mrs. O'Flaherty intends likewise to surrender herself in the evening, and request that he will be at home to receive her."

Lanegan, suspecting no fraud, followed these instructions literally;—he was secured, though without roughness, and preparations were made for his being taken to Dublin next day in custody. The magistrate waited for Mrs. O'Flaherty, but she did not appear: he sent down to his gate-house to know if any lady had passed by: the porter informed him that a lady and gentleman had been near the gate in a carriage, in the morning, and that the gentleman got out and went up the avenue to the house, after which the lady had driven away.

It now appearing that they had been actually together, and that Lanegan had been telling falsehoods respecting his companion, strong suspicions arose in the mind of the magistrate. His prisoner was confined more closely, sent under a strong guard to Dublin, indicted for murder, and tried at the ensuing assizes.

Positive evidence was given of Lanegan's criminal intercourse with Mrs. O'Flaherty, coupled with the strongest circumstantial proof against him. He had not the courage boldly to deny the fact, and being found guilty was sentenced to be hanged and quartered; the former part of which sentence having been carried into execution, and his body cut on each limb, it was delivered up to his mother for burial. Mrs. O'Flaherty escaped beyond

sea, and has, I believe, never since been heard of in the country.

Such is the history which forms a prelude to an occurrence in which I was a party, several years after, and which may be regarded as a curious illustration of stories of supposed ghosts.

A Templar and a friend of mine, Mr. David Lander, a soft, fat, good-humoured superstitious young fellow, was sitting in his lodgings, Devereux Court, London, one evening at twilight. I was with him, and we were agreeably employed in eating strawberries and drinking Madeira. While thus chatting away in cheerful mood, my back being towards the door, I perceived my friend's colour suddenly change: his eyes seemed fixed and ready to start out of his head; his lips quivered convulsively; his teeth chattered; large drops of perspiration flowed down his forehead, and his hair stood nearly erect.

I naturally conceived my friend was seized with a fit, and rose to assist him. He did not regard my movements in the least, but seizing a knife which lay on the table, with the gait of a palsied man retreated backwards—his eyes still fixed—to the distant part of the room, where he stood shivering, and attempting to pray; but not at the moment recollecting any prayer, he began to repeat his catechism, thinking it the next best thing he could do: as—"What is your name? David Lander! Who gave you that name? My godfathers and godmothers in my baptism!"

I instantly concluded the man was mad; and turning about to go for some assistance, I was myself not a little startled at sight of a tall, rough-looking personage, many days unshaved, in a very shabby black dress, and altogether of the most uncouth appearance.

"Don't be frightened, Mr. Lander," said the figure; "sure 'tis me that's here."

When Davy Lander heard the voice, he fell on his knees, and subsequently flat upon his face, in which position he lay motionless.

The spectre, as I now began to imagine it, stalked towards

the door, and I was in hopes he intended to make his exit thereby; instead of which, however, having deliberately shut and bolted it, he sat himself down in the chair which I had previously occupied, with a countenance nearly as full of horror as that of Davy Lander himself.

I was now totally bewildered; and scarce knowing what to do, was about to throw a jug of water over my friend, to revive him if possible, when the stranger, in a harsh croaking voice, cried—

"For the love of God, give me some of that—for I am perishing!"

I accordingly did so, and he took the jug and drank immoderately.

My friend Davy now ventured to look up a little, and perceiving that I was becoming so familiar with the goblin, his courage revived. He grew ashamed of his former terror, and affected to be stout as a lion! though it was visible that he was not yet at his ease. He now roared out, in the broad Kerry dialect,—"Why then, blood and thunder! is that you, Lanegan?"

"Ah, sir, speak easy," said the wretched being.

"How the devil," resumed Davy, "did you get your four quarters stitched together again, after the hangman cut them off of you at Stephen's Green!"

"Ah, gentlemen!" exclaimed the poor culprit, "speak low. Have mercy on me, Master Davy: you know it was I taught you your Latin. I'm starving to death!"

"You shall not die in *that* way, you villanous schoolmaster!" said Davy, pushing towards him a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine that stood on the table.

The miserable creature having eaten the bread with avidity, and drunk two or three glasses of wine, the lamp of life once more seemed to brighten up. After a pause, he communicated every circumstance relating to his sudden appearance before us. He confessed having bought the arsenic at the desire of Mrs. O'Flaherty, and was aware of her design. He then informed us,

that after being duly hanged, the sheriff had delivered his body to his mother, but not until the executioner had given a cut on each limb, to save the law ; which cuts bled profusely, and were probably the means of preserving his life. His mother conceived that the vital spark was not extinct, and therefore had put him into bed, dressed his wounded limbs, and rubbed his neck with hot vinegar. Having steadily pursued this process, and accompanied it by pouring warm brandy and water down his throat, in the course of an hour he was quite sensible, but experienced horrid pains for several weeks before his final recovery. His mother filled the coffin he was brought home in with bricks, and got some men to bury it the same night in Kilmainham burial-ground, as if ashamed to inter him in open day. For a long time he was unable to depart, being every moment in dread of discovery. At length, however, he got off by night in a smuggling boat, which landed him on the Isle of Man, and from thence he contrived to reach London, bearing a letter from a priest at Kerry to another priest who had lived in the Borough, the purport of which was to get him admitted into a monastery in France. He found the Southwark priest was dead ; but recollecting that Mr. Lander, his old scholar, lived somewhere in the Temple, he got directed by a porter to the lodging.

My friend Davy suffered this poor devil to sit in the chamber till the following evening. He then procured him a place in the night coach to Rye, from whence he got to St. Vallery, and was received, as I afterwards learnt from a very grateful letter which he sent to Lander, into the monastery of La Trappe, near Abbeville, where he lived in strict seclusion, and died some years since.

This incident is not related as a mere isolated anecdote, unconnected with any serious general considerations ; but rather with a view to show how many deceptions a man's imagination may hastily subject him to ; and to impress the consideration, that nothing should be regarded as supernatural which can by *possibility* be the result of human interference.

In the present case, if Lanegan had withdrawn before Lander

had arisen and spoken to him, no reasoning upon earth could ever have convinced the Templar of the materiality of the vision. As Lanegan's restoration to life after execution had not at that time been spoken of, nor even suspected, Lander would have willingly deposed, upon the Holy Evangelists, that he had seen the *actual ghost* of the schoolmaster who had been hanged and quartered in Dublin a considerable time before; his identification of the man's person being rendered unequivocal from the circumstance of his having been formerly Lanegan's pupil. And I must confess, that I should myself have seen no reason to doubt Lander's assertions, had the man withdrawn from the chamber before he spoke to me—to do which, under the circumstances, it was by no means improbable fear might have induced him.

Thus, one of the "best authenticated ghost stories ever related" has been lost to the history of supernatural occurrences. The circumstance, however, did not cure Davy Lander in the least of his dread of apparitions, which was excessive.

My relations, whilst I was a boy, took it into their heads that I was a decided coward in this way. This I roundly denied, but freely admitted my coyness with regard to trying superstitious experiments on Allhallow-eve, or other mysterious days. One Allhallow-eve my father proposed to have a prayer-book, with a £5 bank-note in it, left on a certain tombstone in an old Catholic burial-ground, two or three fields' distance from the dwelling-house. The proposal was, that if I would go there at twelve o'clock at night, and bring back the book and a dead man's bone, many of which were scattered about the cemetery, the note should be mine.

The matter was fully arranged. The night proved very dark; the path was intricate, but I was accustomed to it. There were two or three stiles to be crossed; and the Irish always conceive that if a ghost is anywhere in the neighbourhood he invariably chooses a stile at which to waylay the passengers. At the appointed hour I set out. Having groped for some time in the dark, I found the book, but my hand at first refused to lift it. By degrees I obtained a little confidence, and I secured the book

snugly in my pocket, together with a dead man's thigh-bone, which I tied up in a cloth brought with me for the purpose.

Having reached the house in triumph, and taken a large tumbler of wine, I proceeded to exhibit my book, put the bank-note in my pocket, and, with an affectation of unconcern, untied my cloth, and flung my huge bone upon the supper-table. I had my full revenge. The women were cruelly shocked; and all, *una voce*, set up a loud shriek. My courage now grew rampant; I said, if they pleased they might leave the bone on the top of my bed till morning. We made merry till a late hour, when I retired joyously to bed; and sleep very soon began to make still further amends for my terrors.

While dreaming away most agreeably, I was suddenly aroused by a rustling noise for which I could not account. I sat up, and, upon listening, found it to proceed from the top of my bed, whereon something was in rapid motion. The dead man's thigh-bone immediately started into my recollection, and horrible ideas flashed across my mind. A profuse perspiration burst out at once on my forehead, my hair rose, the cramp seized both my legs, and just gathering power to call out "Murder, murder!—help, help!" I buried my head under the clothes. In this situation, I could neither hear nor see, and was besides almost suffocated: after a while, I began to think I might have been dreaming, and with that idea, thrusting my head fearfully out, the bone (for that it certainly was) sprang with a tremendous crash from the bed down beside me upon the floor, where it exhibited as many signs of life as when its owner was in existence. I first shook like a man in an ague, and then dropped back, nearly senseless, upon the pillow.

How long I lay thus I know not; I only remember that the bone still continued its movements, and now and then striking a chair or table, warned me of my probable fate from its justly enraged proprietor. Had the scene continued long, I actually believe I should scarce have survived it: but at last a loud laugh at the door clearly announced that I had been well played off upon by the ladies, for my abrupt display of a dead man's bone

on a supper-table. The whole of the young folks entered my room in a body, confessed the prank, and quickly restored my senses and courage by a tumbler of buttered white wine.

The device was simple enough: a couple of cords had been tied to the bone, and drawn under the door, which was at the bed's foot; and by pulling these alternately, the conspirators kept the bone in motion, until their good-humoured joke had well-nigh resulted in the loss of their kinsman's reason.*

* This is an old story that may be heard over all Europe. It was familiar to my childhood, long before its publication here; and I know it to be current in Germany, France, Italy, and Greece.

ADOPTION OF THE LAW.

My father still conceived that the military profession was best suited to my ardent and volatile spirit. I was myself, however, of a different opinion; and fortune shortly fixed my determination. An incident occurred, which, uniting passion, judgment, and ambition, led me to decide that the Bar was the only road to my happiness or celebrity; and accordingly I finally resolved that the law should be the future occupation of my life and studies.

The recollection of the incident to which I have alluded excites, even at this moment, all the sensibility and regret which can survive a grand climacteric, and four-and-forty years of vicissitude. I shall not dilate upon it extensively; and, in truth, were it not that these personal fragments would be otherwise still more incomplete, I should remain altogether silent on a subject which revives in my mind so many painful reflections.

My elder brother married the only daughter of Mr. Edwards, of Old Court, County Wicklow. The individuals of both families attended that marriage, which was indeed a public one. The bride-maid of Miss Edwards was the then admired Miss D. W. This lady was about my own age: her father had been a senior Fellow of Dublin University, and had retired on large church preferments. Her uncle, with whom she was at that time residing, was a very eminent barrister in the Irish capital. She had but one sister, and I was soon brought to think she had no equal whatever.

Those who read this will perhaps anticipate a story of a volatile lad struck, in the midst of an inspiring ceremony, by the beauty of a lively and engaging female, and surrendering without resistance his boyish heart to the wild impulse of the moment.

This supposition is, I admit, a natural one; but it is unfounded. Neither beauty, nor giddy passion, nor the glare of studied attractions, ever enveloped me in their labyrinths. Nobody admired female loveliness more than myself; but beauty in *the abstract* never excited within me that delirium which has so impartially made fools of kings and beggars—of heroes and cowards; and to which the wisest professors of law, physic, and divinity, have from time immemorial surrendered their liberty and their reason.

Regularity of feature is very distinct from expression of countenance, which I never yet saw mere symmetry successfully rival. I thank heaven that I never was either the captive or the victim of "perfect beauty;" in fact, I never loved any handsome woman save one, who still lives, and I hope will do so long: those whom I admired most, when, I was of an age to admire any, had no great reason to be grateful for the munificence of creating Nature.

Were I to describe the person of D. W., I should say that she had no beauty; but, on the contrary, seemed rather to have been selected as a foil to set off the almost transparent delicacy of the bride whom she attended. Her figure was graceful, it is true; but, generally speaking, I incline to think that few ladies would have envied her perfections. Her dark and rather deep-sunk, yet penetrating and animated eye, could never have reconciled their looking-glasses to the sombre and swarthy complexion which surrounded it; nor the carmine of her pouting lip to the disproportioned extent of feature which it tinted. In fine, as I began, so will I conclude my personal description—she had *no beauty*. But she seems this moment before me as in a vision. I see her countenance, busied in unceasing converse with her heart;—now illuminated by brilliant wit,* now softened down by sense and sensibility—the wild spirit of the former changing like magic into the steadier movements of the latter;—the serious

* A countenance illuminated by brilliant wit, is a truly romantic picture which may well defy the powers of a Guido, but presents no difficulties to the scientific and glowing vocabulary of the novelist. Sir Jonah was an adept in this copious dialect.

glance silently commanding restraint and caution, whilst the counteracting smile even at the same moment set caution at defiance. But upon this subject I shall desist, and only remark further, that before I was aware of the commencement of its passion, my whole heart was hers!

D. W. was at that time the fashion in society; many admired, but I know of none who loved her save myself, and it must have been through some attractive congeniality of mind that our attachment became mutual.

It will doubtless appear unaccountable to many, whence the spell arose by virtue of which I was thus bound to a female, from whom every personal attribute seems to have been withheld by Nature. But I am unable to solve the enigma. I once ventured myself to ask D. W. if she could tell me *why* I loved her? She *answered* by *returning the question;* and hence, neither of us being able to give an explicit reason, we mutually agreed that the query was unanswerable.

There are four short words in the French language which have a power of expressing what in English is inexplicable—"*Je ne sais quoi.*" I shall endeavour to characterise the "*Je ne sais quoi,*" as meaning a species of indefinable grace which gives despotic power to a female. When we praise in detail the abstract beauties or merits of a woman, each of them may form matter for argument, or subject for the exercise of various tastes; but of the "Je ne sais quoi" there is no specification, and upon it there can be no reasoning. It is that fascinating enigma which expresses *all* without expressing *anything;* that mysterious source of attraction which we can neither discover nor account for; and which nor beauty, nor wit, nor education, nor anything, in short, but *nature,* ever can create.

D. W. was the fashion; but she depended solely, as to fortune, on her father and her uncle. I was the third son of a largely estated, but not prudent family, and was entitled to a younger child's portion in addition to some exclusive property; but I had passed twenty-one, and had not even fixed on a profession—therefore, the only probable result of our attachment

seemed to be misery and disappointment. Notwithstanding, when in the same neighbourhood, we met—when separate, we corresponded; but her good sense at length perceived that some end must be put to this state of clandestine intercourse, from which, although equally condemning it, we had not been able to abstain. Her father died, and she became entitled to a third of his estate and effects; but this accession was insufficient to justify the accomplishment of our union. I saw, and with a half-broken heart acquiesced in, her view of its impossibility until I should have acquired some productive profession. She suggested that there was no other course but the Bar, which might conciliate her uncle. The hint was sufficient, and we then agreed to have a ceremony of betrothal performed, and to separate the next moment, never to meet again until fortune, if ever so disposed, should smile upon us.

The ceremony was accordingly performed by a Mr. Tay, and immediately afterwards I went on board a packet for England, determined, if it were possible, to succeed in a profession which held out a reward so essential to my happiness.

I did succeed at the Bar; but alas! she for whose sake my toil was pleasure had ceased to exist. I never saw her more! Her only sister still lives in Merrion Square, Dublin, and in her has centered all the property of both the father and uncle. She is the wife of one of my warmest friends, a King's Counsel.

I hasten to quit a subject to me so distressing. Some very peculiar circumstances attended, as I learned, the death of that most excellent of women; but a recital of these would only increase the impression which I fear I have already given grounds for, that I am deeply superstitious. However, I have not concealed so important an incident of my life hitherto not published, and I have done.

A DUBLIN BOARDING-HOUSE.

On my return to Dublin from London, before I could suit myself with a residence to my satisfaction, I lodged at the house of Mr. Kyle, in Frederick Street, uncle to the present provost of Dublin University. Mrs. Kyle was a remarkably plain woman, of the most curious figure, being round as a ball; but she was as good as she was ordinary. This worthy creature, who was a gentlewoman by birth, had married Kyle, who, though of good family, had been a trooper. She had lived many years, as companion, with my grandmother, and in fact regarded me as if I had been her own child.

In her abode so many human curiosities were collected, and so many anecdotes occurred, that, even at this distance of time, the recollection of it amuses me. Those who lodged in the house dined in company: the table was most plentifully served, and the party generally comprised from eight to ten select persons. I will endeavour to sketch the leading members of the society there at the period of which I speak; and first on the list I will place the late Lord Mountmorris, of celebrated memory. He was a very clever and well-informed, but eccentric man; one of the most ostentatious and at the same time parsimonious beings in the world. He considered himself by far the greatest orator and politician in Europe; and it was he who sent a florid speech, which he *intended* to have spoken in the Irish House of Lords, to the press. The debate on which it was to be spoken did not ensue; but his lordship having neglected to countermand the publication, his studied harangue appeared next day in the Dublin newspapers with all the supposititious *cheerings*, etc., duly interposed! I believe a similar *faux pas* has been committed by some English legislator.*

* Mr. Shiel was prevented delivering the speech with which he had furnished

His lordship, at the period in question, was patronising what is commonly ycleped a *Lcd Captain*—one Lieutenant Ham or Gam Johnson of the Royal Navy, brother to the two judges, and the attorney, of whom I shall speak hereafter. Without being absolutely disgusting, Lieutenant Johnson was certainly the ugliest man in Christendom. It was said of him that he need never fire a shot, since his countenance was sufficient to frighten the bravest enemy. Yet the man was civil and mild, and had withal a much higher character as an officer than his captain in the "Artois" frigate, Lord Charles Fitzgerald, who, it was at that time thought, preferred a sound nap to a hard battle.

Next in the company came Sir John O'Flaherty, Bart., and Lady O'Flaherty his *sposa*. He was a plain, agreeable country gentleman. Her Ladyship was to the full as *plain*, but not quite so agreeable. However, it was (as Mrs. Kyle said) *respectable*, at a boarding-house, to hear—"Sir John O'Flaherty's health!"—and "Lady O'Flaherty's health!" drunk or hobnobbed across the table. They formed, indeed, excellent make-weights to cram in between Lord Mountmorris and the *canaille*.

Lady Barry, widow of the late Sir Nathaniel Barry, Bart., and mother of Sir Edward, who was also an occasional guest, follows in my catalogue, and was as valuable a curiosity as any of the set.

Mrs. Wheeler, the grandmother of Sir Richard Jonah Denny Wheeler Cuffe, gave up her whole attention to lap-dogs. Lady Barry's only daughter, afterwards the unfortunate Mrs. Baldwin, was also of the party. Though this young female had not a beautiful face, it was yet peculiarly pleasing, and she certainly possessed one of the finest figures—tall, slender in its proportions, and exquisitely graceful—I had ever seen. Her father, Sir Nathaniel Barry, many years the principal physician of Dublin, adored his daughter, and had spared no pains or expense on her education. She profited by all the instruction she received, and was one of the most accomplished young women of her day.

the newspapers on the eve of his appearance at the great Kent meeting, and which was duly published, much to his mortification.

But unfortunately he had introduced her to the practice of one very objectionable accomplishment,—calculated rather to give unbounded latitude to, than check, the light and dangerous particles of a volatile and thoughtless disposition. He was himself enthusiastically fond of *theatricals*, and had fitted up a theatre in the upper storey of his own house. There the youthful mind of his daughter was initiated into all the schemes and deceptions of lovers and of libertines! At sixteen, with all the warmth of a sensitive constitution, she was taught to personify the vices, affect the passions, and assume the frivolities, of her giddy sex!

Thus, through the folly or vanity of her father, she was led to represent by turns the flirt, the jilt, the silly wife, the capricious mistress, and the frail maiden,—before her understanding had arrived at sufficient maturity, or his more serious instructions had made sufficient impression, to enable her to resist evil temptation. She saw the world's pleasures dancing gaily before her, and pursued the vision—until her mimicry, at length, became nature, and her personification identity. After two or three years, during which this mistaken course was pursued, Sir Nathaniel died, leaving his daughter in possession of all the powers of attraction without the guard of prudence.

The misfortunes which ensued should therefore be attributed rather to the folly of the parent than to the propensities of the child. Her heart once sunk into the vortex of thoughtless variety and folly, her mother was unable to restrain its downward progress; and as to her weak dissipated brother, Sir Edward, I have myself seen him, late at night, require her to come from her chamber to sing, or play, or spout, for the amusement of his inebriated companions;—conduct which the mother had not sufficient sense or resolution to control. However, good fortune still gave Miss Barry a fair chance of rescuing herself, and securing complete comfort and high respectability. She married well, being united to Colonel Baldwin, a gentleman of character and fortune; but alas! that delicacy of mind which is the best guardian of female conduct had been irrecoverably

lost by her pernicious education, and in a few years she sank beyond the possibility of regaining her station in society.

Long after the period of her unhappy fall, I saw Mrs. Baldwin at the house of a friend of mine, into which she had been received, under an assumed name, as governess. This effort, on her part, could not be blamed: on the contrary, it was most commendable; and it would have been both cruel and unjust, by discovering her, to have thwarted it. Though many years had elapsed, and her person had meanwhile undergone total alteration, her size being doubled, and her features grown coarse and common, I instantly recognised her as one whom I had known long before, but whose name I could not recollect. I had tact enough to perceive that she courted concealment, and, in consequence, I carefully abstained from any pointed observation. The mother of the children subsequently told me that her governess was an admirable musician, and took me to the door of her room to hear her play. She was sitting alone, at the piano. I listened with an anxiety I cannot describe, or indeed scarcely account for. She sang not with superiority, but in plaintive tones, which I was confident I had heard before, yet could not remember where, when an air which, from a very peculiar cause, had in early days impressed itself *indelibly* on my memory, brought Miss Barry at once to my recollection. Her image swam into my mind as she appeared when youth, grace, innocence, and accomplishments, made her a just subject for general admiration, and had particularly attracted a friend of mine, Mr. Vicars, the brother of Mrs. Peter Latouche, who loved her to distraction.

Her secret I kept inviolably; but some person, I believe, was afterwards less considerate, and she was discovered. Had I supposed it possible she could have then enfeebled the morals or injured the habits of my friend's children, I should myself have privately given her a hint to change her situation;—but I never should have *betrayed* the poor creature. However, I conceived her at that time to be trustworthy in the execution of the duties she had undertaken. She had suffered amply. Her own

daughter resided with her, and scarcely ever left her side. I then believed, nor have I now any reason to question the solidity of my judgment, that she was on the direct road to prudence and good conduct.

I have related these events, as I confess myself to be an avowed enemy to a dramatic education. That sexual familiarity which is indispensable upon the stage, undermines, and is, in my opinion, utterly inconsistent with, the delicacy of sentiment, the refinement of thought, and reserve of action, which constitute at once the surest guards and the most precious ornaments of female character. Strong minds and discriminating understandings may occasionally escape; but, what a vast majority of Thalia's daughters fall victims to the practices of their own calling!*

But let us return to Kyle's boarding-house. The different pursuits adopted by these curious members of the society assembled there were to me subjects of constant entertainment. I stood well with all parties.

One day, after dinner, Lord Mountmorris seemed rather less communicative than usual, but not less cheerful. He took out his watch; made a speech, as customary; drank his *tipple*, as he denominated the brandy and water; but seemed rather impatient. At length a loud rap announced somebody of consequence, and the Marquis of Ely was named.

Lord Mountmorris rose with his usual ceremony, made a very low bow to the company, looked again at his watch, repeated his congé, and made his exit. He entered the coach where Lord Ely was waiting, and away they drove. Kyle instantly decided that a duel was in agitation, and turned pale at the dread of losing so good a lodger. Lieutenant Gam Johnson was of the same opinion, and equally distressed by the fear of losing his Lordship's interest for a frigate. Each snatched up his beaver, and, with the utmost expedition, pursued the coach. I was also rather desirous to see *the fun*, as Gam, though with a sigh, called it; and made the best of my way after the two mourners,

* There may be different opinions upon this subject, but I am not at liberty to modify the virtuous sentiments of our author, much less to discuss them.

not, however, hurrying myself so much: as, whilst they kept the coach in view, I was contented with keeping them within sight. Our pursuit exceeded a mile; when, in the distance, I perceived that the coach had stopped at Donnybrook-fair green, where, on every eighth of June, many an eye seems to mourn for the broken skull that had protected it from expulsion. I took my time, as I was now sure of my game, and had just reached the field when I heard the firing. I then ran behind a large tree, to observe further.

Gam and Kyle had flown towards the spot, and nearly tumbled over my Lord, who had received a bullet from the Hon. Francis Hely Hutchinson, late collector for Dublin, on the right side, directly under his Lordship's pistol-arm. The peer had staggered and measured his length on the greensward, and I certainly thought it was all over with him. I stood snugly all the while behind my tree, not wishing to have anything to do at the coroner's inquest, which I considered inevitable. To my astonishment, however, I saw my Lord arise! and, after some colloquy, the combatants bowed to each other and separated; my Lord got back to his coach, with aid, and reached Frederick Street, if not in quite as good health, certainly with as high a character for bravery, as when he had left it. In fact, never did any person enjoy a wound more sincerely! He kept his chamber a month, and was inconceivably gratified by the number of inquiries daily made respecting his health, boasting ever after of the profusion of *friends* who thus proved their solicitude. His answer from first to last was—*No better.* To speak truth, one-half of the querists were sent in jest by those whom his singularity diverted.

IRISH BEAUTIES.

It is singular enough, but at the same time true, that female beauty has of late years kept pace in improvement with modern accomplishments. She who in the early part of my life would have been accounted a perfect beauty,—whose touch upon a harpsichord or spinnet, accompanied by a simple air sung with what they then called "judgment" (in tune), would have constituted her at once a Venus and a Siren,—would now be passed by merely as "a pretty girl, but such a confounded *bore* with her music!" In fact, women fifty years since, and even much later, not being, generally speaking, thrust into society till they had arrived at the age of maturity, were more respected, more beloved, and more sedulously attended, than in these days, when the men seem to have usurped the ladies' corsets, to affect their voices, practise their gait, imitate their small-talk, and, in surtouts and trowsers, hustle ladies off the footpaths, to save their own dog-skins from humidity.

This degradation of both sexes has arisen from various causes. Beauty is apparently become less rare, accomplishments more common, dress less distinguished, dignity worse preserved, and decorum less attended to, than in former times. It is a great mistake in women not to recollect their own importance, and keep up that just medium between reserve and familiarity which constitutes the best criterion whereby to appreciate the manners of a gentlewoman. But women are too apt to run into extremes in everything, and overlook the fact, that neither personal beauty nor drawing-room display is calculated to form permanent attractions, even to the most adoring lover. The *breakfast-table* in the morning, and *fireside* in the evening, must be the ultimate touchstones of connubial comfort; and this is a

maxim which any woman who intends to marry should never lose sight of.

To such lengths did respect for the sex extend, and so strong was the impression that men were bound to protect it even from accidental offence, that I remember, if any gentleman presumed to pass between a lady and the wall in walking the streets of Dublin, he was considered as offering a personal affront to her escort; and if the parties wore swords (as was then customary), it is probable the first salutation to the offender would be—"Draw, sir!". However, such affairs usually ended in an apology to the lady for inadvertence.*

But if a man ventured to intrude into the boxes of the theatre in his surtout, or boots, or with his hat on, it was regarded as a general insult to every lady present, and he had little chance of escaping without a shot or a thrust before the following night. Every gentleman then wore, in the evening, a sword, a queue, and a three-cocked hat—appointments rather too fierce-looking for the modern dandy! The morning dress consisted of what was then called a French frock, a waistcoat bordered with lace, and a *couteau de chasse*, with a short, curved, broad blade; the handle of green ivory, with a lion's head in silver or gilt, at the end; and a treble chain dangling loose from its mouth, terminating at an ornamented cross or guard, which surmounted the scabbard. Such was the Irish costume: but although either the male or female attire of that day might now appear rather grotesque, yet people of fashion had then the exclusive dress and air of such, and gentlewomen ran no risk of being copied in garb or manner by their pretty waiting-maids—now called "young persons!"†

The Irish court at that period was kept up with great state, and hence the parties who frequented it were more select. I recollect when the wives and daughters of the attorneys, who now, I believe, are the general occupiers of the red benches, were

* Without any of this rhodomontade, gentlemen were never more attentive and respectful to the fair sex than at present.

† There are some remarkable signs of progress in this direction. Milliners, advertising for "improving apprentices," call them "young ladies." Have they the heralds' sanction for this nomenclature?

never admitted to the vice-regal drawing-rooms. How far the present growing system of equality in appearance amongst different ranks will eventually benefit or injure society in general, is for casuists, not for me, to determine. I must, however, take occasion to own myself an admirer, and, whenever it is proper, a zealous contender, for distinction of ranks ; and to state my decided opinion that nothing but superior talents, learning, military reputation, or some other quality which raises men by general assent, should be permitted to amalgamate society.*

It is an observation I have always made, although it may be perhaps considered a frivolous one, that dress has a moral effect upon the conduct of mankind. Let any gentleman find himself with dirty boots, old surtout, soiled neckcloth, and a general negligence of dress, he will, in all probability find a corresponding disposition to negligence of address. He may, *en deshabille,* curse and swear, and speak roughly and *think* roughly ; but put the same man into full dress—powder him well—clap a sword by his side, give him an evening coat, breeches, and silk stockings—and he will feel himself quite another person ! To use the language of the blackguard would then be out of character : he will talk smoothly, affect politeness if he has it not, pique himself upon his good manners, and respect the women ; nor will the spell subside until, returning home, the old *robe de chambre,* or its substitute surtout, with other slovenly appendages, makes him lose again his brief consciousness of being a gentleman.†

Some women mistake the very nature and purposes of dress : glaring abroad, they are slatterns at home. The husband detests in his *sposa* what he is too apt to practise himself ; he rates a dirty wife,‡ she retorts upon a ruffianly husband, and each of

* I suppose he means, to fill up the interstices between the globules "of blood ;" or to mix freely among their betters. It is a good principle of aristocracy to admit merit alone to its familiarity, and it should labour hard to be worthy of the new acquaintance.

† What would Brummell think of this ?

‡ A dirty wife would now be considered a curiosity, if not a treasure. After all, it is not the ladies who are extravagant, but the prices. The *duck* of a bonnet is indispensable ; its cost indisputable.

them detests the other for neglect which neither will take the trouble of avoiding.

Three ladies, about the period of my return from London, became very conspicuous for their beauty, though extremely different in all points, both of appearance and manners. They still live:—two of them I greatly admired, not for beauty alone, but for an address the most captivating; and one of them, especially, for the kindest heart and the soundest sense, when she gave it fair play, that I have ever met with amongst females.

In admitting my great preference to this individual lady, I may, perhaps, by those who know her, be accused of partiality, less to herself than to a family;—be it so; she is the wife of my friend, and I esteem her for his sake; but she is also an excellent woman, and I esteem her for her own.

Another of the parties alluded to, Lady M——, is a gentlewoman of high birth, and was then, though not *quite* a beauty, in all points attractive. She passed her spring in misfortune, her summer in misery, her autumn without happiness! I hope the winter of her days is spent amidst every comfort. Of the third lady I have not yet spoken. Though far inferior to both the former, she has succeeded better in life than either; and beginning the world without any pretensions beyond mediocrity, is likely to end her days in ease and more than ordinary respectability.*

My first knowledge of Lady M—— arose from a circumstance which was to me of singular professional advantage; and, as it forms a curious anecdote respecting myself, I will proceed to relate it.

At the assizes of Wexford, whilst I was but young at the bar, I received a brief in a cause of Sir R—— M——, Bart., against a Mr. H——. On perusal, I found it was an action brought by the baronet against the latter gentleman respecting

* The mediocrities, male and female, possess an assurance and activity that surmount all obstacles. Mediocrity would be a merciful dispensation of Providence, if it fostered a great deal of patient humility and amiable resignation. If rewards were reserved to talent, there would be more daily suicides than births. Genius cannot envy the luck that obviates such calamities.

his lady, and that I was retained as advocate for the lady's honour. It was my "first appearance" in that town. But, alas! I had a senior in the business, and therefore was without opportunity of displaying my abilities. The ill-fated Bagenal Harvey* was that senior counsel, and he had prepared himself to make some exhibition in a cause of so much and such universal excitement. I felt dispirited, and would willingly have given up twenty fees in order to possess his opportunity.

The cause proceeded before Judge Kelly; the evidence was finished, and the proper time for the defence had arrived—everything as to the lady was at stake. Bagenal Harvey had gone out to take fresh air, and probably to read over some notes, or con some florid sentences and quotations with which he intended to interlard his elocution. At the moment the evidence closed, the Judge desired me to proceed. I replied that Mr. Harvey, my senior, would return into court directly.

Judge Kelly, who was my friend, and clearly saw my wish, said he would not delay public business one minute for anybody. I began to state her ladyship's case. I forgot poor Bagenal Harvey, and was just getting into the marrow and pathos of my case, when the crier shouted out, "Clear the way for Counsellor Harvey!" I instantly stopped, and begged his pardon, adding, that the Judge had said the public time could wait for nobody!

Bagenal became irritated as much as he was susceptible of being, and whispered me that he considered it as a personal insult; whilst old Judge Kelly gravely said,—"Go on, Mr. Barrington; go on. We can have no speeches by dividends. Go on, sir!" So on I went; and I believe (because everybody told me so) that my impromptu speech was entirely successful. I discredited the witnesses by ridicule, destroyed all sympathy with the husband, and interested everybody for the wife. In

* An unfortunate friend of mine, who was afterwards hanged and his head stuck over the door of the same court-house.—(*Author's note.*) [He was condemned for the part he took in the rebellion of 1798. He commanded 20,000 men at the battle of New Ross. He was a Protestant gentleman of good estate and family.—*Ed.*]

short, I got the judge and jury into good humour, and obtained a verdict.

Some time afterwards a reconciliation took place between the parties, so far that her ladyship consented to live with him again ; influenced much, I rather think, by having suffered great inconvenience, if not distress, from want of regularity in the receipt of her separate maintenance of £700 per annum. I had the pleasure of meeting her frequently at the Lady Lieutenant's parties.

The conclusion of the renewed intercourse is too curious to be omitted. Sir R—— had taken a house in the city of Dublin, and it was thought possible that he and his wife might, at any-rate, pass some time under the same roof, but fate decided otherwise.

Sir R—— was literally insane on all political subjects, his imagination being occupied night and day with nothing but Papists, Jesuits, and rebels. Once, in the dead of the night, his lady was awakened by a sense of positive suffocation, and, rousing herself, found that Sir R—— was in the very act of strangling her.

This crazy Orangeman had in his dream fancied that he was contesting with a rebel, whom he had better choke than suffer to escape, and poor Lady M—— was nearly sacrificed to his excess of loyalty. In her *robe de chambre* and slippers she contrived to get out of the house, and never more ventured to return.

Whilst Sir R—— was High Sheriff for the county of Waterford, an old man was sentenced to be whipped at the cart's tail for some political offence, when, the executioner not being in readiness, the *High Sheriff*, a baronet and Member of Parliament, took up the cat-o'-nine-tails, ordered the cart to move on slowly, and operated himself with admirable expertness, but much greater severity than the hangman would have used. †

Lady M—— was, in her own right, entitled to a fortune of

* I fear this story is a *venture*.

† I have heard this account contradicted in Waterford by those who knew and hated Musgrave well. But he was capable of worse deeds than flogging a political foe.

£15,000, to be paid on her marriage. Her father, a gentleman of rank and estate, had by some mismanagement become extremely embarrassed. Sir R—— M——, a man of family, but whose fortune was not large, cast his eye on her beauty—not totally overlooking her property. I have had the affecting narrative of her ladyship's wrongs and misfortunes related to me by herself in broken fragments and at several times.

"I was not aware (said she) what caused my dear father's obvious unhappiness, and often was I surprised at the pertinacity with which he pressed the Baronet upon my consideration. I rejected him over and over again; still his suit was renewed, still my father appeared more anxious on his behalf, whilst my mother seconded their wishes. My aversion increased; yet Sir R—— M——'s assiduities were redoubled with his repulses; and at length I contemplated the leaving my father's house, if I were longer persecuted by these addresses.

"But I discovered the whole of my father's more than pressing embarrassments; and understood that Sir R—— M—— had agreed to give up to him a considerable portion of my fortune if our marriage was effected. This shock to such a disposition as mine was cruel; and the dilemma was distracting, since it involved my father's ruin—or my own!

"Often, as we sat at our family repasts, have I perceived that dear parent lay down the fork he was conveying to his lips, and turn away to conceal the agitation of mind which might have betrayed to us his distresses.

"Gradually, I found that filial affection was taking the strongest hold of me. I thought I could endure unhappiness myself, but I could not bear to see my father miserable. I weighed the consequences, and reasoned so far as I possessed the faculty of reasoning. I saw his ruin or my own was inevitable!

"The struggle was, indeed, sharp—it was long—it was *very* painful: but at length filial piety prevailed over self; and I determined upon my own sacrifice. I communicated to my father my decision to admit the addresses of Sir R—— M——; but, at the same moment, I felt an indescribable change of character com-

mence, which, from that sad period, has more or less affected every action of my life. I felt a sort of harsh sensation arise within my mind, and operate upon my temper, to which they had previously been strangers. My spirits flagged, my pursuits grew insipid, and I perceived that the ice of indifference was chilling all the sensibility of my nature.

"From the moment of my assent, my father's disposition seemed to have undergone almost as radical a change as my own. He became once more cheerful, and I had at least the gratification of reflecting that, if I were myself lost, I had saved a parent! But I must remark that it was not so as to my mother —who, indeed, had never been kind to me.

"In due time the settlements were prepared, and my fortune, I learn, secretly divided. The ceremony was about to be performed, and Sir R—— M—— at that very hour appeared to me to be the most disagreeable of mankind. There was a sort of uncouth civility—an abrupt, fiery, coarse expression, even in his most conciliating manners, which seemed to set all feelings of respect or cordiality at defiance. As to love, he was not susceptible of the passion, whilst I was created to enjoy its tenderest blessings. He was half-mad by nature;—I had become so from misery! and in this state of mind we met to be united at the altar! I was determined, however, that he should learn by anticipation what he had to expect from me as a wife. 'Sir R—— M—— (said I to him), I am resolved to give you the last proof you will ever receive of my candour. I accept you, not only as a husband whom I never can love, and never will obey, but whom I absolutely detest!—now marry me at your peril and take the consequences! He laughed convulsively, took me by the hand, and having led me into the next room, that ceremony was performed to which I should have thought a sentence of death preferable. The moment we were united, I retired to my chamber, where tears flowing in torrents cooled my heated feelings. My purpose in marrying was effected; I therefore determined that, if possible, I never would live an hour in his society.

"Our residence together, of course, was short, and at twenty-

one I was thrown upon the world to avoid my husband's society. Being possessed of sufficient means, I travelled; and thus for the fourteen years maintained our separation. On a late occasion you were my counsel, and from you nothing has been concealed. You did me more than justice—you have defeated him, and preserved me!"

PATRICIANS AND PLEBEIANS.

I WILL now proceed to lay before the reader a brief but more general sketch of the state of Irish society at the period of my youth, reminding him of the principle which I have before assumed—namely, that of considering anecdotes, bon-mots, and such-like, valuable only as they tend to exemplify interesting facts relative to history or manners: many such I have inserted in these fragments; and as I have been careful throughout to avoid mere inventions, my reader need not, by any means, reserve their perusal for the study of his travelling-carriage.

Miss Edgeworth, in her admirable sketch of *Castle Rackrent*, gives a faithful picture of the Irish character under the circumstances which she has selected; and the account that I am about to give may serve as a kind of supplement to that little work, as well as an elucidation of the habits and manners of Irish country society about the period Miss Edgeworth alludes to, and somewhat later.

In those days, then, the common people ideally separated the gentry of the country into three classes, and treated each class according to the relative degree of respect to which they considered it was entitled.

They generally divided them thus:—

1. *Half-mounted* gentlemen.
2. Gentlemen every *inch of them.*
3. Gentlemen to the *backbone.*

The first-named class formed the only species of independent yeomanry then existing in Ireland. They were the descendants of the small grantees of Queen Elizabeth, Cromwell, and King William; possessed about 200 acres of land each, in fee-farm, from the Crown; and were occasionally admitted into the society

of gentlemen—particularly hunters—living at other times amongst each other, with an intermixture of their own servants, with whom they were always on terms of intimacy. They generally had good clever horses, which could leap over anything, but had never felt the trimming-scissors or currycomb. The riders commonly wore buckskin breeches, and boots well greased (blacking was never used in the country), and carried large thong whips heavily loaded with lead at the butt-end, so that they were always prepared either to horsewhip a man or knock his brains out, as circumstances might dictate. These half-mounted gentlemen exercised the hereditary authority of keeping the ground clear at horse-races, hurlings, and all public meetings (as the soldiers keep the lines at a review). Their business was to ride round the inside of the ground, which they generally did with becoming spirit, trampling over some, knocking down others, and slashing everybody who encroached on the proper limits. Bones being but very *seldom* broken, and skulls still seldomer fractured, everybody approved of their exertions, because all the bystanders gained therefrom a full view of the sport which was going forward.

The second class, or gentlemen every *inch of them*, were of excellent old families, whose finances were not in so good order as they might have been, but who were popular amongst all ranks. They were far above the first degree, somewhat inferior to the third; but had great influence, were much beloved, and carried more sway at popular elections and general county meetings than the other two classes put together.

The third class, or gentlemen to the *backbone*, were of the oldest families and settlers, universally respected, and idolised by the peasantry, although they also were generally a little out at elbows. Their word was law; their nod would have immediately collected an army of cottagers, or colliers, or whatever the population was composed of. Men, women, and children, were always ready and willing to execute anything "the squire" required, without the slightest consideration as to either its danger or propriety.

A curious circumstance perhaps rendered my family peculiarly popular. The common people had conceived the notion that the Lord of Cullenaghmore had a right to save a man's life every summer assizes at Maryborough; and it did frequently so happen, within my recollection, that my father's intercession in favour of some poor deluded creatures, when the White Boy system was in activity, was kindly attended to by the Government; and, certainly, besides this number, many others of his tenants owed their lives to similar interference.*

I recollect of Mr. Tom Flinter of Timahoe, one of the first-class gentlemen, who had speculated in cows and sheep, and everything he could buy up, till his establishment was reduced to one blunt faithful fellow, Dick Henesey, who stuck to him throughout all his vicissitudes. Flinter had once on a time got a trifle of money, which was burning in his greasy pocket, and he wanted to expend it at a neighbouring fair! where his whole history, as well as the history of every man of his half-mounted contemporaries, was told in a few verses,† by a fellow called Ned

* It should be remembered that at this time several minor breaches of honesty were punishable with death.

† They were considered as a standing joke for many years in that part of the country, and ran as follows:—

Dialogue between Tom Flinter and his man.

TOM FLINTER. Dick! said he;
DICK HENESEY. What? said he;
TOM FLINTER. Fetch me my hat: says he;
For I will go, says he;
To Timahoe, says he;
To buy the fair, says he;
And all that's there, says he.
DICK HENESEY. Arrah! *pay what you owe!* said he;
And *then* you may go, says he;
To Timahoe, says he;
To buy the fair, says he;
And all that's there, says he.
TOM FLINTER. Well! by this and by that! said he;
Dick! *hang up my hat!* says he.—(*Author's note.*)

(Not a bad lyric, as things go!—ED.)

the dog-stealer, but who was also a *great poet*, and resided in the neighbourhood.

In travelling through Ireland, a stranger is very frequently puzzled by the singular ways, and especially by the idiomatic equivocation, characteristic of every Irish peasant. Some years back, more particularly, these men were certainly originals—quite unlike any other people whatever. Many an hour of curious entertainment has been afforded me by their eccentricities; yet, though always fond of prying into the remote sources of these national peculiarities, I must frankly confess that, with all my pains, I never was able to develop half of them, except by one sweeping observation—namely, that the brains and tongues of the Irish are somehow differently formed or furnished from those of other people.*

One general hint which I beg to impress upon all travellers in Hibernia, is the following:—that if they show a disposition towards kindness, together with a moderate familiarity, and *affect* to be *inquisitive*, whether so or not, the Irish peasant will outdo them tenfold in every one of these dispositions. But if a man is haughty and overbearing, he had better take care of himself.

I have often heard it remarked and complained of by travellers and strangers, that they never could get a true answer from any Irish peasant as to *distances*, when on a journey. For many years I myself thought it most unaccountable. If you meet a peasant on your journey, and ask him how far, for instance, to Ballinrobe? he will probably say it is, "*three short* miles." You travel on, and are informed by the next peasant you meet, "that it is *five long* miles." On you go, and the next will tell "your honour" it is "*four miles*, or about that same." The fourth will swear "if your honour stops at *three* miles, you'll never get there!" But, on pointing to a town just before you, and inquiring what place that is, he replies,

* This, to my knowledge, and I have had as good means of knowing as Sir Jonah had, is a vague and erroneous representation of the intellectual features of the Irish peasantry. Inquisitiveness, shrewdness, promptitude, and wonderful perspicacity, have long been their most prominent characteristics. But I believe the author had but few opportunities of studying the pure Celt.

"Oh! plaze your honour, that's Ballinrobe, sure enough!"

"Why, you said it was more than three miles off."

"Oh yes! to be sure and sartain, that's from my *own cabin*, plaze your honour. We're no scholards in this country. Arrah! how can we tell any distance, plaze your honour, but from our own *little cabins?* Nobody but the schoolmaster knows that, plaze your honour."*

Thus is the mystery unravelled. When you ask any peasant the distance of the place you require, he never computes it from where you *then are*, but from his *own cabin;* so that, if you asked twenty, in all probability you would have as many different answers, and not one of them correct. But it is to be observed, that frequently you can get no reply at all, unless you understand *Irish.*

In parts of Kerry and Mayo, however, I have met with peasants who speak Latin not badly.† On the election of Sir John Brown for the County of Mayo, Counsellor Thomas Moore and I went down as his counsel. The weather was desperately severe. At a solitary inn, where we were obliged to stop for horses, we requested dinner; upon which the waiter laid a cloth that certainly exhibited every species of dirt ever invented. We called, and remonstrating with him, ordered a clean cloth. He was a low fat fellow, with a countenance perfectly immovable, and seeming to have scarcely a single muscle in it. He nodded, and on our return to the room, which we had quitted during the interval, we found, instead of a clean cloth, that he had only folded up the filthy one into the thickness of a cushion. We now scolded away in good earnest. He looked at us with the greatest sang-froid, and said sententiously, "*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"

He kept his word. When we had proceeded about four

* Many a caricature of the Celts, under the name of an Irish Tale, has been drawn on this outrageous model; and many a drunken dolt has been thought a genius for gathering together the slang of Dublin, Cork, and Belfast, and stuffing it into the vocal cavity of Paddy.

† When a youngster I often fell in with peasants who were familiar with Greek and Roman classics. But such curious incidents will surprise no more.

miles in deep snow, and through a desperate night, on a bleak road, one of the wheels came off the carriage, and down we went! We were at least two miles from *any* house. The driver cursed, in Irish, Michael the waiter, who, he said, had put a *new* wheel upon the carriage, which had turned out to be an *old* one, and had broken to pieces.

We had to march through the snow to a wretched cottage, and sit up all night to get a genuine *new wheel* ready for the morning.

The Irish peasant, also, never answers any question directly. In some districts, if you ask him where such a gentleman's house is, he will point and reply, "Does your honour see that large house there, all amongst the trees, with a green field before it?" You answer "Yes." "Well," says he, "plaze your honour, that's *not it.* But do you see the big brick house, with the cow-houses by the side of that same, and a pond of water?"

"Yes."

"Well, plaze your honour, *that's* not it. But, if you plaze, look quite to the right of that same house, and you'll see the top of a castle amongst the trees there, with a road going down to it betune the bushes."

"Yes."

"Well, plaze your honour, *that's not it* neither; but if your honour will come down this bit of a road a couple of miles, I'll show it you *sure enough;* and if your honour's in a hurry, I can run on *hot foot,* and tell the squire your honour's *galloping after me.* Ah! who shall I tell the squire, plaze your honour, is coming to see him? He's my own landlord, God save his honour day and night!"*

* There is some truth in this; but our philosophers have not explained the phenomena. The fact is, the peasant suspends his information that he may gain time to speculate on your character, business, or profession, etc. While withholding the information you want, he is endeavouring to pick out the information he wants. All the while he is fencing against a direct answer he is striving to open a communication with your private affairs by forming an opportunity for a sly question of his own. He usually succeeds, and begins pumping you with such quaint grace that you never get angry with him. There is a light for the tale-mongers, if we are to be exposed to any more of their philandering.

IRISH INNS.

AN Irish inn has been an eternal subject of ridicule to every writer upon the habits and appearances of my native country. It is true that, in the early period of my life, most of the inns in Ireland were nearly of the same quality—a composition of slovenliness, bad meat, worse cooking, and few vegetables save the royal Irish potato; but plenty of fine eggs, smoked bacon, often excellent chickens, and occasionally the hen, as soon as she had done hatching them—if you could chew her. They generally had capital claret, and plenty of civility in all its ramifications.

The poor people did their best to entertain their guests, but did not understand their trade; and, even had it been otherwise, they had neither furniture, nor money, nor credit, nor cattle, nor *customers* enough to keep things going well together. There were then no post-horses nor carriages, consequently very little travelling in Ireland; and if there had been much, the ruts and holes would have rendered thirty miles a-day a good journey. Yet I verily believe, on the whole, that the people in general were happier, at least they appeared vastly more contented, than at present. I certainly never met with so bad a thing in Ireland as the "Red Cow" in *John Bull;* for, whatever might have been the quality, there was plenty of something or other always to be had at the inns to assuage hunger and thirst.

One anecdote respecting an Irish inn may, with modifications, give some idea of others at that period. A Mrs. Moll Harding kept the *natest* inn at Ballyroan, close to my father's house. I recollect to have heard a passenger (they are very scarce there) telling her "that his sheets had not been aired."

With great civility Moll Harding begged his honour's pardon, and said, "they certainly were and *must* have been *well* aired, for there was not a gentleman came to the house the last fortnight that had not slept in them!"

Another incident which occurred in an Irish inn is, for very good reasons, much more firmly impressed on my recollection, and may give a hint worth having to some curious travellers in their peregrinations to Kerry, Killarney, etc.

The late Earl Farnham had a most beautiful demesne at a village called Newtown Barry, County Wexford. It is a choice spot, and his lordship resided in a very small house in the village. He was always so obliging as to make me dine with him on my circuit journey, and I slept at the little inn—in those days a very poor one indeed.

The day of my arrival was on one occasion wet, and a very large assemblage of barristers were necessitated to put up with any accommodation they could get. I was sure of a good dinner; but every bed was engaged. I dined with Lord F., took my wine merrily, and adjourned to the inn, determined to sit up all night at the kitchen fire. I found every one of my brethren in bed; the maid-servant full of good liquor, and the man and woman of the house quite as joyously provided for. The lady declared she could not think of permitting *my honour* to sit up; and if I would accept of their little snug cupboard-bed by the fireside, I should be warm and comfortable. This arrangement I thought a most agreeable one; the bed was let down from the niche into which it had been folded up, and in a few minutes I was in a comfortable slumber.

My first sensation in the morning was, however, one which it is not in my power to describe. I found myself in a state of suffocation, with my head down and my feet upwards! A convulsive effort probably saved me from a most inglorious death. On a sudden I felt my position change; and with a crash, sounding to me like thunder, down the bed and I came upon the floor. I cried out "Murder!" as vehemently as I could. The man, woman, and maid, by this time all sober, came running into

the room together. I soon learned the cause of my perilous situation.

The maid, having been drunk when I went to bed, had totally forgotten me. In the morning, to clear the kitchen, she hoisted up the bed into its proper niche, and turned the button at the top that kept it in its place; in consequence of which, down went my head and up went my heels! and as air is an article indispensably necessary to existence, death would very soon have ended the argument, had not my violent struggles caused the button to give way, and so brought me once more out of the position of the Antipodes. The poor woman was as much alarmed as I was!

FATAL DUEL OF MY BROTHER.

As the circumstances attending the death of my younger brother, William Barrington, by the hand of the celebrated General Gillespie, whom Government has honoured with a monument in Westminster Abbey, have been variously detailed, I think it right to take this opportunity of stating the *facts* of that most melancholy transaction. I will do so as concisely as may be, and as dispassionately as the *slaughter* of a beloved brother will admit of.

William Barrington had passed his twentieth year, and had intended, without delay, to embrace the military profession. He was active, lively, full of spirit and of animal courage;—his predominant traits were excessive good-nature and a most zealous attachment to the honour and individuals of his family.

Gillespie, then captain in a cavalry regiment, had shortly before the period in question married a Miss Taylor, an intimate friend of ours, and was quartered in Athy, where my mother resided.

A very close and daily intercourse sprung up between the families. After dinner, one day, at Gillespie's house, when every gentleman had taken more wine than was prudent, a dispute arose between my brother and a Mr. M'Kenzie, lieutenant in an infantry regiment, quartered at the same place. This dispute never should have been suffered to arise;—and, as it was totally private, should, at least, never have proceeded further. But no attempt was made either to reconcile or check it on the part of Captain Gillespie, although the thing occurred at his own table.

Gillespie was a very handsome person; but it was not that species of soldier-like and manly beauty which bespeaks the

union of courage and generosity. He had a fair and smooth countenance, wherein impetuosity appeared to be the prevailing feature. His, however, was not the rapid flow of transitory anger, which, rushing ingenuously from the heart, is instantly suppressed by reason and repentance. I admire that temper; it never inhabits the same mind with treachery or malice. On the contrary, a livid paleness overspread the countenance of Gillespie upon the slightest ruffle of his humour. The vulgar call such "*white-livered persons:*" they are no favourites with the world in general; and I have never, throughout the course of a long life, observed one man so constituted possessing a list of virtues.

I never could bear Gillespie! I had an *instinctive* dislike to him, which I strove, in vain, to conquer. I always considered him to be a dangerous man—an impetuous, unsafe companion—capable of anything in his anger. I know I ought not to speak with prejudice; yet, alas! if I do, who can blame me?

A cenotaph, voted by the British Parliament, has raised his fame; but it is the fame of a *sabreur*—erected on piles of slaughter, and cemented by the blood of Indians. No tale of social virtues appears to enrich the cornice of his monument. I wish there had! it would at any rate have indicated repentance.

To return to my story.—Midway between Athy and Carlow was agreed on for a meeting. I resided in Dublin, and was ignorant of the transaction till too late! A crowd, as usual, attended the combat; several gentlemen, and some relatives of mine, were, I regret to say, present. In a small verdant field, on the bank of the Barrow, my brother and M'Kenzie were placed. Gillespie, who had been considered as the friend and intimate of my family, *volunteered* as second to M'Kenzie (a comparative stranger), who was in no way adverse to an amicable arrangement. Gillespie, however, would hear of none; the honour of a military man, he said, must be satisfied, and nothing but *blood*, or at least every effort to draw it, could form that satisfaction.

The combatants fired and missed; they fired again; no mischief was the consequence. A reconciliation was now proposed, but objected to by Gillespie; and will it be believed that, in a civilised country, when both combatants were satisfied, one of the principals should be instantly slain by a *second?* Yet such was the case: my brother stood two fires from his opponent, and whilst professing his readiness to be reconciled, was shot dead by the hand of his opponent's second.

Gillespie himself is now departed: he died by the same death that he had inflicted. But he was more favoured by Providence; he died the death of a soldier; fell by the hand of the enemy, not by the weapon of an intimate.

William was my very beloved brother! The news soon reached me in Dublin. I could not, or rather I durst not, give utterance to the nature and excess of my feelings on the communication. But *sorrow* had the least share in those thoughts which predominated. A passion not naturally mine absorbed every other; I immediately set out post; but my brother had been interred prior to my arrival; and Gillespie, the sole object of my vengeance, had fled, nor was his retreat to be discovered. I lost no time in procuring a warrant for murder against him from Mr. Ryan, a magistrate. I sought him in every place; day and night my pursuit was continued, but, as it pleased God, in vain. I was not, indeed, in a fit state for such a rencontre; for had we met, he or I would surely have perished.

I returned to Dublin, and, as my mind grew cooler, thanked heaven that I had not personally found him. I, however, published advertisements widely, offering a reward for his apprehension; and at length he surrendered into the prison of Maryborough.

The assizes approached: and I cannot give the sequel of this melancholy story better than by a short recital of Gillespie's extraordinary trial, and the still more extraordinary incidents which terminated the transaction.

The judges arrived at the assize town—it was during the summer assizes of 1788—accompanied in the usual way by the

High Sheriff, Mr. Lyons of Watercastle, and escorted by numerous bailiffs and a grand cavalcade. Mr. Lyons was a gentleman of taste and elegance, who had travelled much; he possessed a small fortune, and a beautiful cottage *ornée* on the banks of the Nore, near Lord De Vesci's. Mr. Thomas Kemmis, afterwards crown solicitor of Ireland, was the attorney very judiciously selected by Captain Gillespie to conduct his defence.

The mode of choosing juries in criminal cases is well known to every lawyer, and its description would be uninteresting to an ordinary reader. Suffice it to say, that by the methods then used of selecting, arranging, and summoning the panel, a sheriff or sub-sheriff, in good understanding with a prisoner, might afford him very considerable if not decisive aid. And when it is considered that juries must be unanimous, even one dissentient or obstinate juror being capable of effectually preventing any conviction; and further, that the charge we are alluding to was that of murder or homicide, occurring in consequence of a duel, on the same ground and at the same time; it might fairly be expected that the culprit would stand a good chance of acquittal from military men.

To select, by management, a military jury, was therefore the natural object of the prisoner and his friends; and in fact, the list appeared with a number of half-pay officers at the head of it, who, as gentlemen, were naturally pained by seeing a brother-officer and a man of most prepossessing appearance, in the dock for murder. The two prisoners challenged forty-eight; the list was expended, and the prosecutor was driven back to show cause why he objected to the first thirteen. No *legal* ground for such objection could be supported, and thus, out of twelve jurors, no less than ten were military officers. The present Lord Downes, and the late Judge Fletcher, were the prisoner's counsel.

On this, perhaps, the most interesting trial ever known in that county, numerous witnesses having been examined, the principal facts proved for the prosecution were:—that after M'Kenzie and my brother had fired four shots without effect, the latter said he hoped enough had been done for both their honours,

at the same time holding out his hand to M'Kenzie, whose second, Captain Gillespie, exclaimed, that his friend *should not* be satisfied, and that the affair should proceed. The spectators combined in considering it concluded, and a small circle having been formed, my brother, who persisted in uttering his pacific wishes, interposed some harsh expressions towards Gillespie, who thereupon losing all control over his temper suddenly threw a handkerchief to William Barrington, asking if he dared to take a corner of that. The unfortunate boy, full of spirit and intrepidity, snatched at the handkerchief, and at the same moment received a ball from Gillespie through his body. So close were they together, that his coat appeared scorched by the powder.

He fell, and was carried to a cabin hard by, where he expired in great agony the same evening. As he was in the act of falling, his pistol went off. Gillespie immediately fled, and was followed by three of his own dragoons, whom he had brought with him, and who were present at the transaction, but whom he declined examining on the trial. The spectators were very numerous, and scarcely a dry eye left the field.

Capt. Gillespie's defence rested upon an assertion on his part of irritating expressions having been used by my brother, adding that the cock of his own pistol was knocked off by my brother's fire. But that very fact proved everything against him; because his shot *must* have been fired and have taken effect in my brother's body previously; for if the cock had been broken in the first place, Gillespie's pistol could not have gone off.

Judge Bradstreet, who tried the prisoners, held it to be clearly murder by law. A verdict of even manslaughter must, he contended, be returned by a forced or rather false construction;—but *acquit* Gillespie generally, the jury could not.

The prosecution was not followed up against M'Kenzie, whose conduct throughout had been that of an officer and a gentleman, and who had likewise desired reconciliation. Of course he was acquitted.

The jury had much difficulty in making up their verdict.

Some of them, being men of considerable reputation, hesitated long. They could not acquit; they *would* not convict—and hence a course was taken which corresponded neither with the law nor the evidence.—A verdict of "*justifiable homicide*" was returned, in consequence of which Captain Gillespie was discharged on his recognisance to appear in the court of King's Bench the ensuing term, and plead his Majesty's pardon.

Thus was compromised the justice of the country. Thus commenced the brilliant career of that general whom the munificence of the British nation has immortalised by a monument amongst her heroes! Thus did the blood of one of the finest youths of Ireland first whet Gillespie's appetite for that course of glorious butchery to which he owed his subsequent elevation. But conscience is retributive, and Heaven is just. I hear that he was never happy after; intrepid to excess, he often tempted fate; and his restless and remorseful existence was at length terminated by a Gentoo under the walls of Bangalore.*

Scarcely was the melancholy trial referred to over, when the case was succeeded by another almost in the opposite extreme; altogether too ludicrous to form the termination of so serious a business, but at the same time too extraordinary to be omitted. It was, in its way, as unparalleled an affair as that which gave rise to it.

On the evening of the trial, my second brother, Henry French Barrington, a gentleman of considerable estate, of good temper but irresistible impetuosity, came to me. He was a complete country gentleman, utterly ignorant of the law, its terms and proceedings; and as I was the first of my name who had ever followed any profession, the army excepted, my opinion, so soon as I became a counsellor, was considered by him as oracular.

Having called me aside out of the bar-room, my brother seemed greatly agitated, and informed me that a friend of ours, who had seen the jury-list, declared that it had been decidedly *packed!* He asked me what he ought to do? I told him, we

* The shallowness, incoherency, and bad taste of those ejaculations need no comment. Gillespie was killed in rashly storming a Ghoorka fort in Bengal.

should have "challenged the array." "That was my own opinion, Jonah," said he, "and I will do it now!"

He said no more, but departed instantly, and I did not think again upon the subject. An hour after, however, my brother sent in a second request to see me. I found him, to all appearance, quite cool and tranquil. "I have done it," cried he, exultingly; "'twas better late than never!" and with that he produced from his coat-pocket a long queue and a handful of powdered hair and curls. "See here!" continued he, "the cowardly rascal!"

"Heavens!" cried I, "French, are you mad?"

"Mad!" replied he, "no, no! I followed your own advice exactly. I went directly after I left you to the grand jury-room to '*challenge the array,*' and there I challenged the *head* of the array, that cowardly Lyons! He peremptorily refused to fight me, so I knocked him down before the grand jury and cut off his curls and tail; see, here they are, the rascal! and my brother Jack is gone to flog the Sub-sheriff."

I was thunder-struck, and almost thought my brother was crazy, since he was obviously not in liquor at all. But after some inquiry, I found that, like many other country gentlemen, he took words in their commonest acceptation. He had seen the High Sheriff coming in with a great "*array,*" and had thus conceived my suggestion as to challenging the array was literal; and accordingly, repairing to the grand jury dining-room, had called the High Sheriff aside, told him he had omitted challenging him before the trial, as he ought to have done according to advice of counsel, but that it was better late than never, and that he must immediately come out and fight him. Mr. Lyons, conceiving my brother to be intoxicated, drew back, and refused the invitation in a most peremptory manner. French then collared him, tripped up his heels, and putting his foot on his breast, cut off his side-curls and queue with a carving-knife which an old waiter named Spedding, who had been my father's butler, and liked the thing, had readily brought him from the dinner-table.

Mr. Flood, one of the grand jury, afterwards informed me,

that no human gravity could possibly withstand the astonishment and ludicrous figure of the mutilated High Sheriff; the laugh, consequently, was both loud and long. Nobody chose to interfere in the concern; and as Mr. Lyons had sustained no bodily injury, he received very little condolement amongst the country gentlemen.

My situation in this curious *dénouement* was truly to be commiserated, since I should be considered as the adviser of my brother; and I therefore determined to consult Mr. Downes, Gillespie's counsel, as what was best to be done in the matter.

Mr. (afterwards Lord) Downes, always proud, icy, and decorous, seemed to think my brother's case irremediable, and advised French to fly and make terms, if possible. "Fly!" said French Barrington, when I informed him of the suggestion; "no, no! tell Counsellor *Thingumbob* to go to the ball to-night, and he'll see more of the matter." In fact, my brother went to the ball-room; tied the Sheriff's curls and queue to a lamp which hung in the centre of the room, got upon a form, and made a loud proclamation of the whole transaction. The remonstrances of mothers, and other discreet efforts, were totally vain; the girls liked the fun, and a succession of different sets did honour in turn to Mr. Lyons' late queue and curls. A club was consequently proposed, to be called the *Curl Club*, and to be held every summer assize; and this was for several years kept up.

The ensuing morning my brother dressed up the bridle of his hunter with the curls and queue, newly powdered; and having paraded the streets for a considerable time, rode home, and was never called to account or molested on the subject in any way whatsoever.*

Here the matter ended. No application was made to the King's Bench. It could not have been done without involving the question as to the way in which the jury was constituted; and since that matter would not bear sifting, the circumstances were suffered to remain without further investigation.

* The late Count d'Alton assured me of the truth of all those extraordinary particulars, which I had strongly doubted.

ENTRANCE INTO PARLIAMENT.

THE day on which I first took my seat in the Irish Parliament for the City of Tuam, I still reflect on as one of the most gratifying of my life. The circumstance, abstractedly, was but of secondary consideration ; but its occurrence brought back to my mind the events of past ages and the high respectability of the race from which I sprang. I almost fancied, as I entered the House, that I could see my forefathers, ranged upon those seats which they had so long and so honourably occupied in the senate of their country, welcoming their descendant to that post which had not for a few years past been filled by any member of the family. In fact, the purer part of my ambition was hereby gratified. I felt myself an entirely independent representative of an equally independent nation—as a man assuming his proper station in society, not acquiring a new one.*

I confess I always had, and still continue to have, and to nourish, the pride which arises from having been born a gentleman.† I am aware that wealth, and commerce, and perhaps talent, have, in modern times, occasioned family pride to be classed in the rank of follies, but I feel it nevertheless. If it be even a crime, I am culpable ; if a folly, I submit to be regarded as imbecile. The sensations I experienced were indeed altogether delightful upon finding myself seated under that grand and solemn dome. I looked around me, and saw the most dignified men of that day—the ablest orators—many of the best-bred courtiers, and some of the most unsophisticated patriots,‡ in the empire!

* This paragraph outherods Pepys!

† An advantage of which any man may be modestly proud ; and no man meanly jealous.

‡ An unsophisticated patriot! Verily ours is a rich vernacular.

I was very greatly moved and excited: it was not excitement of an ephemeral or feverish character irrepressible in a young barrister of two years' standing. On the contrary, my emotions had their source in a tranquil, deep-seated, perhaps proud, satisfaction, impossible to be clearly described, and almost impossible to be felt by any but such as might be placed in circumstances precisely similar.

There were members present, I have already said, with whom I was personally acquainted. My friend, Sir John Parnell, partly, I am sure, on my account, and partly, no doubt, with a view to the service of government, lost no time in introducing me to many of his own particular friends.

I dined with him on that day: he was then Chancellor of the Exchequer. The entire party I do not recollect; but I remember perfectly those individuals of it with whom I subsequently cultivated acquaintance. Amongst them were Major Hobart (since Lord Buckinghamshire), Isaac Corry,* Sir John (since Lord) de Blacquiere, Robert Thoroton, White, Marcus Beresford, Lord Clare's nephew, the present Lord Oriel, then Speaker,† Thomas Burgh of Bert, Sir Hercules Langreish,‡ and James Cuffe (since Lord Tyrawley). The scene was new to me:—hitherto, my society in Dublin had naturally fallen amongst the members of my own profession; we were all barristers, and I felt myself but a barrister; and though certainly we formed at that time the second-best society in Ireland, it was inferior to that of which I had now become a member. I found myself, in fact, associated as an equal in a circle of legislators whose good-breeding, wit, and conviviality were mingled with political and general information. The first steps of the ladder were mounted; and as meanwhile Sir John's champagne was excellent, and quickly passed round, my spirits rose to a pitch far higher than

* Afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer on the dismissal of Parnell.

† John Foster, last Speaker of the Irish Commons, a resolute anti-unionist. The present Viscount Massareene is his great-grandson, by a daughter of H. Dean Grady, whose opposition was bought up.

‡ Sir Hercules was secured by a Commissionership of the Revenue, and £15,000, for his patronage of Knoctopher. Now spelled Langrishe.

in the morning, and any talent for conversation or anecdote which I might possess involuntarily coming out, Sir John Parnell, shaking his fat sides with laughter, said to me, "Barrington, you'll do!" upon which Sir Hercules Langreish, who had very much the tone of a Methodist preacher, yet was one of the wittiest men in Ireland, immediately said,—"No; we must have another trial;" and a day was fixed to dine with him.

My acquaintance soon augmented to a degree almost inconvenient. I was not only the frequent guest of many of the distinguished characters of Ireland, but was considered as an early and favoured candidate for any professional promotion which the shortness of my standing at the Bar would admit of.

Reflecting, soon after I had taken my seat, on the novel nature of my situation, I felt that it was beset by considerable difficulties. I allude to the decision necessary for me to come to with respect to the line of politics I meant to pursue. Political parties at that time ran high, though but little individual hostility existed. Grattan, the two Ponsonbys, Curran, Brownlow, Forbes, Bowes, Daly, Connolly, Arthur Brown, and numerous other most respectable personages, were then linked together in a phalanx of opposition, which, under the name of whiggery, not only assailed the government upon every feasible occasion, but was always proposing measures which, under the then existing system, were utterly inadmissible. The opposition had the advantage in point of ability, and therefore nothing but supreme talent had any chance, amongst them, of rendering its possessor useful or valued.

The supporters of the Irish Government, as I have said, were certainly inferior, except in patronage and power, to the opposition by which they were assailed. But they lived socially: there was a sort of convivial union amongst them, which, whether in high or low life, is, of all other ties, for a while most binding upon my countrymen. It was therefore rather inconsistent in Lord Clare to give offence, as he did, to many of the most respectable gentlemen of Ireland by calling the Whigs an "eating and drinking club," since the sarcasm might, at least

with equal justice, have been retorted on the supporters of His Majesty's Government. All the great constitutional questions were, in 1790, supposed to have been arranged. Still the opposition sought a more radical reform, to which the government would not accede. They wrangled about every trifle—and that at a time when the local concerns of the country were advancing to the highest pitch of prosperity. To neither party, however, attached any dishonourable stigma, which should prevent an honest man from joining their ranks; and meanwhile I sought celebrity and advancement. The coast was clear before me. I was my own master, and free to choose my own course. In case of my connecting myself with the Whigs, I saw that I must play but a very inferior part in their game. I felt that amidst such an assemblage of talent,* I had but little right to expect eminence, and still less probability of acquiring professional advancement, even if my friends should become victorious. But, above all, I reflected that what at first view had appeared to me a blaze of constitutional patriotism, dwindled, on a closer inspection, into what is generally called party.†

The country had prospered beyond all possible anticipation, and was still further advancing in prosperity, under the then existing system of administration. I did not perceive that any immediate change of men or of measures was at all in prospect, nor that it was at that moment necessary, or even desirable. My immediate personal connections were on the side of the government. I had always doubted the sincerity of the Whigs: my doubts were now realised, and, on the whole consideration, I determined to attach myself to the administration. I had previously voted with them on the choice of a Speaker; but that I did not consider as constituting any pledge as to my future conduct. I voted for Mr. Foster, as the friend of Sir John

* Whatever chance of distinction there may be for moderate ability *among* men of talent, there is much less for it when acting *against* them. The ambition to shine in the dark, like rotten wood, is of a miserable kind; yet we see it every day.

† A mere party-spirit could never have kept the anti-unionists together; higher motives must necessarily have existed.

Parnell, and because I considered him more fitting for the station than his opponent Mr. William Ponsonby.

Thus, my mind being at length made up, I determined to render myself of some importance to the side I had adopted. The common course of desultory debate would have led to no distinction. I decided either to rise or fall; and with this view, resolved to fly at once at the highest game, in which attempt even if I should not succeed, the trial itself would be honourable. My earliest effort was therefore directed against the two most celebrated speakers of that period, Grattan and Curran; and on the first day I rose, I exhibited a specimen of what I may now call true arrogance. The novelty of such unexpected effrontery surprised the House, and afterwards surprised myself. I launched into a strong philippic on the conduct of the most able and respectable opposition that Ireland had ever possessed. I followed and traced the Whigs, as I thought, through all their meanderings and designs. In a word, I surpassed the boundaries, not only of what I had myself resolved, but of what common prudence and propriety should have dictated. The government party, at the same time, was evidently not gratified. Its members, no doubt, considered me as a lost partisan, who had courted and called for my own suppression; and with some portion of the same feeling myself, I sat down almost ashamed of my forwardness, and awaiting a severe chastisement. How then must I have been surprised by the mild and gentlemanly retorts which I received from Grattan! whilst Curran's good temper never showed itself more conspicuously than in his treating me merely with wit and facetiousness. I was abashed and mortified on contrasting the forbearance of those great men with my own intemperance. Had I perceived anything like contempt in that forbearance, I really believe I should have found it difficult to resume my spirits in the House; but no such feeling appeared towards me, and it is most singular to say, that some incidents which sprang from that very night's debate gave rise both to the friendship of Mr. Grattan, with which I was afterwards honoured,

and to the close intimacy between me and Mr. Curran, which was never after interrupted.*

I had the good fortune, on that occasion, to make one fair hit as to Grattan, which he afterwards told me he was much pleased by. It came across me at the moment; in fact, most of the speeches I made have been *impromptu*. I never studied a set speech in my life, except on law cases; and perhaps to this circumstance I may honestly attribute an incorrectness of language that frequently attended my best efforts.

Grattan had repeatedly assailed our side of the house, as "a side from which all public virtues had long been banished." I observed, "that the right honourable gentleman had proved unequivocally the falsehood of his own assertion, that public virtue was confined to *one* side of the house—for I had had the honour of seeing the right honourable gentleman himself on *both*." I alluded to his having supported government against Mr. Flood, after the vote of £50,000† by parliament. This joke was loudly cheered, and perhaps somewhat contributed to save me from discomfiture.

From that day I attached myself zealously and sincerely to the administration of Lord Westmoreland. I became more or less intimate with almost every member of my party in parliament. I formed close and lasting friendships with Edward Cooke, the unfortunate and lamented Robert Thoroton, Isaac Corry, and Sir John de Blacquiere; and it was not very long before the opposition also opened their convivial ranks to receive me. Curran and Arthur Brown were the earliest of my intimates on that side the house; and before 1792 had expired I felt myself as happy on all points, and as much befriended, as any man of my standing who had preceded me.

Before I went into parliament, I had become acquainted with

* This scene is happily described; and the style is worthy of the pen that wrote *The Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*, where pages crowd with examples of vigorous and polished composition. In these "Sketches" the author indulged in privileges of ease which he thought belonged to them.

† To reward Grattan's services to the country in asserting the independence of parliament, and obtaining a free trade.

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Mr. R. Thoroton, who had come over to Ireland with the Duke of Rutland. He had the manner of a coxcomb, but the heart of a friend and the sentiments of a gentleman. He was clerk of the House of Commons; and, being by no means a common man, formed a necessary part of all our societies. He and I lived much together; and I found the intercourse very advantageous, since my friend knew everything that was going forward, and, under the rose, set me right on many occasions. At the same time, I was aware that circumstances existed which were the cause, to him, of great anxiety; and finally, the death of Mr. Thoroton by his own hand deprived me of one of the sincerest and most useful friends I ever possessed.

But amongst the foremost of all those persons who, from first to last, endeavoured to do me service, was a man universally esteemed for his gentlemanly manners, and as universally abused for public jobbing. As to the latter, it concerned not me; whilst his friendship was of the greatest advantage.

Sir John (afterwards Lord) de Blacquiere, who was I believe of Swiss descent, had been colonel of a regiment of heavy cavalry in Ireland; had acted as secretary of legation in France with Lord Harcourt, and, having succeeded him there for a short time as minister, came to Ireland with his lordship as principal secretary. He became a permanent resident, attached himself to that side of politics whence only he could derive the great object of his exertions, a revenue sufficiently ample to enable him to entertain his friends as well as any other person I had previously met. Nobody ever understood eating and drinking better than Sir John de Blacquiere; and no man ever was better seconded in the former respect than he was by his cook Mrs. Smith, whom he brought from Paris, after he had been minister there. Sir John was one of the old school; and with all the playful good-breeding by which it was distinguished, he had nothing of that starch pride which, in more recent times, has supplanted conviviality without making men either wiser, better, or happier.

Sir John certainly was a *pluralist*, enjoying, at one time, the first, the middle, and the last pension on the Irish civil list. He

was director of the public works in Dublin; and to his *jobbing* is that capital indebted for its wide streets, paving, lighting, and convenient fountains. He made as much as he could of these works, it is true; but every farthing he acquired in Ireland he expended in it. If his money came from the public purse, it was distributed to the public benefit: if he received pensions from the crown, butchers, bakers, and other tradesmen pocketed every shilling of it. He knew employment to be the best species of charity. In short, Sir John de Blacquiere was as much abused, and as much regarded, as any public character of any period.*

* Blacquiere had an utter disregard of money except in its acquisition; and a heart and hand ready to relieve distress. Many of his greatest friends were of the opposition. He was amiable, frank, convivial, liberal; of no mean capacity in debate or council; and of clear, energetic administrative ability.

SINGULAR CUSTOMS IN THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.

A VERY singular custom prevailed in the Irish House of Commons which never was adopted in England, nor have I ever seen it mentioned in print. The description of it may be amusing.

On the day whereon the routine business of the budget was to be opened, for the purpose of voting supplies, the Speaker invited the whole of the members to dinner in the House, in his own and the adjoining chambers. Several peers were accustomed to mix in the company; and I believe an equally happy, joyous, and convivial assemblage of legislators never was seen together. All distinctions as to government or opposition parties were totally laid aside; harmony, wit, wine, and good humour reigning triumphant. The speaker, clerk, chancellor of the exchequer, and a very few veteran financiers, remained in the House till the necessary routine was gone through, and then joined their happy comrades, the party seldom breaking up till midnight.

On the ensuing day the same festivities were repeated; but on the third day, when the report was to be brought in, and the business discussed in detail, the scene totally changed. The convivialists were now metamorphosed into downright public declamatory enemies, and, ranged on opposite sides of the House, assailed each other without mercy. Every questionable item was debated—every proposition deliberately discussed—and more zealous or assiduous senators could nowhere be found than in the very members who, during two days, had appeared to commit the whole funds of the nation to the management of half-a-dozen arithmeticians.

But all this was consonant to the national character of the individuals. Set them at table, and no men enjoyed themselves

half so much; set them to business, no men ever worked with more earnestness and effect. A steady Irishman will do more in an hour, when fairly engaged upon a matter which he understands, than any other countryman, so far at least as my observation has gone, in two. The persons of whom I am speaking were extraordinarily quick and sharp! I am, however, ready to admit that the lower orders of officials, such as mere clerks in the public offices, exhibited no claim to a participation in the praise I have given their superiors: they were, on the other hand, frequently confused and incorrect; and amongst that description of persons I believe there were then fewer competent men than in most countries.

Another custom in the House gave rise to a very curious anecdote which I shall here mention. The members formerly attended the House of Commons in full dress—an arrangement first broken through by the following circumstance:—

A very important constitutional question was debating between government and the opposition; a question, by-the-by, at which my English reader will probably feel surprised—namely, "as to the application of a sum of £60,000, then lying *unappropriated* in the Irish Treasury, being a balance after paying all debts and demands upon the country or its establishments." The numbers seemed to be nearly poised, although it had been supposed that the majority would incline to give it to the king, whilst the opposition would recommend laying it out upon the country; when the serjeant-at-arms reported that a member wanted to force into the House *undressed*, in dirty boots, and splashed up to his shoulders.

The Speaker could not oppose custom to privilege, and was necessitated to admit him. It proved to be Mr. Tottenham of Ballycarny, County Wexford, covered with mud, and wearing a pair of huge jack-boots! Having heard that the question was likely to come on sooner than he expected, he had mounted his horse at Ballycarny, set off in the night, ridden nearly sixty miles up to the Parliament House direct, and rushed in, without washing or cleaning himself, to vote for *the country*. He arrived just

at the critical moment! and critical it was, for the numbers were in truth *equal*, and his casting vote gave a majority of one to "the country" party.

This anecdote could not die while the Irish Parliament lived; and I recollect "Tottenham in his boots" remaining, down to a very late period, a standing toast at certain patriotic Irish tables.

Being on the topic, to me still an interesting one, I must remark a singular practical distinction in the rules of the Irish and English Houses of Commons. In England the House is cleared of strangers for every division, and no person is supposed to see or know in what way the representatives of the people exercise their trust. In Ireland, on the contrary, the divisions were public, and red and black lists were immediately published of the voters on every important occasion. The origin of this distinction I cannot explain, but it must be owned that the Irish was the more *constitutional* practice.

An interesting scene at which I was present merits especial description. In my time no other instance of the kind has occurred in the British Empire. As it forms an important record with relation to the independent political state of Ireland at the period, and has not yet been made the subject of historical observation, it cannot fail to be interesting. I allude to the trial of a peer of the realm of Ireland for murder, by the House of Lords in Dublin, after the acknowledgment of Irish independence.

The grand and awful solemnity of that trial made a deep impression on my memory; and, coupled with the recollection that it proclaimed indisputably the sovereignty of the Irish nation, its effect on a contemplative mind was of a penetrating nature.

Robert, Earl of Kingston, stood charged with the murder of Colonel Fitzgerald, by shooting him in his bed-chamber. The relation of the circumstances of that event would only serve to recall painful recollections long since sunk into oblivion. I therefore abstain from any further allusion to them. Justice required the trial of the accused party at the bar of his peers:—but as no similar case had occurred in Ireland within the memory of man, it was requisite to consult precedents upon the subject,

in order to render his Lordship's trial conformable to the *Lex Parliamentaria* common to both countries. These precedents were accordingly sought by the proper officers; and as his Lordship was very popular, and his provocation maddening, and as all were ignorant of the evidence which was to be brought forward, the whole affair was of a most exciting nature to every man, more especially to those individuals who possessed the noble Lord's acquaintance.*

Owing to the great number of attendants, the full muster of peers, and the extensive preparations of every kind necessary, the House of Lords was supposed to be insufficiently large for the occasion.

The Irish House of Peers was considered one of the most beautiful and commodious chambers possible. It combined every appearance of dignity and comfort: the walls were covered with tapestry representing the battle of the Boyne, and the entire *coup-d'œil* was grand and interesting; but being, as I have said, considered too small for all the purposes of the trial in question, the House of Commons was made ready in preference.

Whoever had seen the interior of the Irish House of Commons must have admired it as one of the most chaste and classic models of architecture. A perfect rotunda, with Ionic pilasters, enclosed a corridor which ran round the interior. The cupola, of immense height, bestowed a magnificence which could rarely be surpassed; whilst a gallery, supported by columns divided into compartments, and accommodating 700 spectators, commanded an uninterrupted view of the chamber.†

This gallery on every important debate was filled, not by reporters, but by the superior orders of society—the first rows being generally occupied by ladies of fashion and rank, who diffused a brilliance over and excited a gallant decorum in that assembly, which the British House certainly does not appear very sedulously to cultivate.

* The search for precedents, the popularity, the provocation, the excitement, are curiously concatenated. But to discerning readers these little things are happily invisible.

† "What is Dublin to Nenagh!" exclaimed a Tipperary man, after five years' residence in the former.

This fine chamber was now fitted up in such a way as to give it the most solemn aspect. One compartment of seats in the body of the House was covered with scarlet cloth, and appropriated to the peeresses and their daughters, who ranged themselves according to the table of precedence. The Commons, their families and friends, lined the galleries. The whole house was superbly carpeted, and the Speaker's chair newly adorned for the Lord Chancellor. On the whole, it was by far the most impressive and majestic spectacle ever exhibited within those walls.

At length the Peers entered, according to their rank, in full dress, and richly robed. Each man took his seat in profound silence; and even the ladies (which was rather extraordinary) were likewise still. The Chancellor, bearing a white wand, having taken his chair, the most interesting moment of all was at hand, and its approach really made me shudder.

Sir Chichester Fortescue, king-at-arms, in his party-coloured robe, entered first, carrying the armorial bearings of the accused nobleman emblazoned on his shield; he placed himself on the left of the bar. Next entered Lord Kingston himself, in deep mourning, moving with a slow and melancholy step. His eyes were fixed on the ground, and, walking up to the bar, he was placed next to the king-at-arms, who then held his armorial shield on a level with his shoulder.

The supposed executioner then approached, bearing a large hatchet with an immense broad blade. It was painted black except within about two inches of the edge, which was of bright polished steel. Placing himself at the bar on the right of the prisoner, he raised the hatchet about as high as his Lordship's neck, but with the shining edge averted; and thus he remained during the whole of the trial. The forms, I understood, prescribed that the shining edge should be averted until the pronouncing of judgment, when, if it were unfavourable, the blade was instantly to be turned by the executioner *towards* the prisoner, indicating at once his sentence and his fate.

I could not reconcile my mind to the thought of such a consummation. I knew the late Lord Kingston, and had a high

regard for him; and hence I felt a very uneasy sensation, inasmuch as I was profoundly ignorant of what would be the termination of the awful scene.

The usual legal ceremonies were now entered on. The charge was read; the prisoner pleaded not guilty; and the trial proceeded. A proclamation was made, first generally, then name by name, for the witnesses for the prosecution to come forward. It is not easy to describe the anxiety and suspense excited as each name was called over. The eyes of everybody were directed to the bar where the witnesses must enter, and every little movement of the persons who thronged it was held to be intended to make room for some accuser. None however appeared. Thrice they were called, but in vain; and it was then announced, that "no witnesses appearing to substantiate the charge of murder against Robert, Earl of Kingston, the trial should terminate in the accustomed manner." The Chancellor proceeded to put the question; and every Peer, according to his rank, arose, and deliberately walking by the chair in which the Chancellor was seated, placed his hand, as he passed, solemnly on his heart, and repeated, "Not guilty, upon my honour!" (The bishops were, very properly, precluded from voting in these criminal cases.) After all had passed, the ceremony having occupied an hour, the Chancellor rose and declared the opinion of the Peers of Ireland—"That Robert, Earl of Kingston, was not guilty of the charge against him." His Lordship then broke his wand, descended from his chair, and thus ended the trial; most interesting, because it had at once a strong political and constitutional bearing, and affected a nobleman universally beloved. The result was highly satisfactory to every one who had learned the circumstances which led to the fatal event for which the Earl of Kingston was arraigned, whose conduct, though strictly justifiable neither in law nor morality, might have been adopted by the best of men under similar provocation.*

* The falling through of the trial will be a great disappointment to many; but many will read the description of the preparations with almost as much delight as if half the Peers of the kingdom had been brought to the block by it.

THE SEVEN BARONETS.

AMONGST those parliamentary gentlemen frequently to be found in the coffee-room of the House, were certain baronets of very singular character, who, until some division called them to vote, passed the intermediate time in high conviviality. Sir John Stuart Hamilton, a man of small fortune and large stature, possessing a most liberal appetite both for solids and fluids—much wit, more humour, and indefatigable cheerfulness—might be regarded as their leader.

Sir Richard Musgrave, who, except on the abstract topics of politics, religion, martial law, his wife, the Pope, the Pretender, the Jesuits, Napper Tandy, and the whipping-post, was generally in his senses, formed, during those intervals, a very entertaining addition to the company.

Sir Edward Newenham, member for Dublin County, afforded a whimsical variety by the affectation of early and exclusive transatlantic intelligence. By repeatedly writing letters of congratulation, he had at length extorted a reply from General Washington, which he exhibited upon every occasion, giving it to be understood, by significant nods, that he knew vastly more than he thought proper to communicate.

Sir Vesey Colclough, member for County Wexford, who understood books and wine better than any of the party, had all his days treated money so extremely ill, that it would continue no longer in his service! and the dross, as he termed it, having entirely forsaken him, he *bequeathed* an immense landed property, during his life, to the uses of custodiums, elegits, and judgments, which never fail to place a gentleman's acres under the especial guardianship of the attorneys. He was father to that excellent man, John Colclough, who was killed at Wexford, and to the

present Cesar Colclough, whose fall might probably have afforded rather less cause of regret.

Sir Vesey added much to the pleasantry of the party by occasionally forcing on them deep subjects of literature, of which few of his companions could make either head or tail; but to avoid the *imputation* of ignorance, they often gave the most ludicrous *proofs* of it on literary subjects, geography, and astronomy, with which he eternally bored them.

Sir Frederick Flood, also member for County Wexford, whose exhibitions in the Imperial Parliament have made him tolerably well known in England, was very different in his habits from the last-mentioned baronet: his love of money and spirit of ostentation never losing their hold throughout every action of his life. He was but a second-rate blunderer in Ireland. The bulls of Sir Boyle Roche, of whom we shall speak hereafter, generally involved aphorisms of sound sense, whilst Sir Frederick's possessed the qualification of being pure nonsense.

He was a *pretty*, dapper man, very good-tempered; and had a droll habit, of which he could never effectually break himself, at least in Ireland:—whenever a person at his back whispered or suggested anything to him whilst he was speaking in public, without a moment's reflection he almost always involuntarily repeated the suggestion *literatim*.

Sir Frederick was once making a long speech in the Irish Parliament, lauding the transcendent merits of the Wexford magistracy, on a motion for extending the criminal jurisdiction in that county, to keep down the disaffected. As he was closing a most turgid oration, by declaring "that the said magistracy ought to receive some signal mark of the Lord Lieutenant's favour,"—John Egan, who was rather mellow, and sitting behind him, jocularly whispered, "And be whipped at the cart's tail;"—"And be whipped at the cart's tail!" repeated Sir Frederick unconsciously, amidst peals of the most uncontrollable laughter.

Sir John Blacquiere flew at higher game than the other baronets, though he occasionally fell into the trammels of Sir John Hamilton. Sir John Blacquiere was a little deaf of one ear,

for which circumstance he gave a very singular reason ; his seat, when secretary, was the outside one on the treasury bench, next to a gangway ; and he said that so many members used to come perpetually to whisper him, and the buzz of importunity was so heavy and continuous, that before one claimant's words had got out of his ear, the demand of another forced its way in, till the ear-drum, being overcharged, absolutely burst! This, he said, turned out conveniently enough, as he was then obliged to stuff the organ tight, and tell every gentleman that his physician had directed him not to use *that* ear at all, and *the other* as little as possible!

Sir John Stuart Hamilton played him one day, in the corridor of the House of Commons, a trick which was a source of great entertainment to all parties. Joseph Hughes, a country farmer and neighbour of Sir John Stuart Hamilton, who knew nothing of great men, and had very seldom been in Dublin, was hard pressed to raise some money to pay the fine on a renewal of a bishop's lease—his only property. He came directly to Sir John, who, I believe, had himself drunk the farmer's spring pretty dry, whilst he could get anything out of it. As they were standing together in one of the corridors of the Parliament House, Sir John Blacquiere stopped to say something to his brother baronet: his star, which he frequently wore on rather shabby coats, struck the farmer's eye, who had never seen such a thing before ; and, coupling it with the very black visage of the wearer, and his peculiar appearance altogether, our rustic was induced humbly to ask Sir John Hamilton "who that man was with the silver sign on his coat?"

"Don't you know him?" cried Sir John ; "why, that is a famous Jew money-broker."

"May be, please your honour, he could do my little business for me," responded the honest farmer.

"Trial's all!" said Sir John.

"I'll pay well," observed Joseph.

"That's precisely what he likes," replied the baronet.

"Pray, Sir John," continued the farmer, "what's those words on his *sign?*" alluding to the motto on the star.

"Oh," answered the other, "they are Latin, 'Tria juncta in uno.'"

"And may I crave the English thereof?" asked the unsuspecting countryman.

"Three in a bond," said Sir John.

"Then I can match him," exclaimed Hughes.—"You'll be hard set," cried the malicious baronet; "however, you may try."

Hughes then approaching Blacquiere, who had removed but a very small space, told him, with great civility and a significant nod, that he had a little matter to mention, which he trusted would be agreeable to both parties. Blacquiere drew him aside and desired him to proceed. "To come to the point then, at once," said Hughes, "the money is not to say a great deal, and I can give you three in a bond—myself, and two good men as any in Cavan, along with me. I hope that will answer you. Three in a bond! safe good men."

Sir John, who wanted a supply himself, had the day before sent to a person who had advertised the lending of money; and, on hearing the above harangue, taking for granted that it resulted from his own application, he civilly assured Hughes that a bond would be of no use to him! good bills might be negotiated, or securities turned into cash, though at a loss, but *bonds* would not answer at all.

"I think I can get another man, and that's one more than your sign requires," said Hughes.

"I tell you," repeated Sir John, "bonds will not answer at all, sir!—bills, bills!"

"Then it's fitter," retorted the incensed farmer, "for you to be after putting your *sign* there in your pocket, than wearing it to deceive the Christians, you damn'd usurer! you Jew, you!"

Nobody could be more amused by this *dénouement* than Blacquiere himself, who told everybody he knew, of "Hamilton's trick upon *the countryman.*"

Sir Richard Musgrave, although he understood *drawing the long bow* as well as most people,* never patronised it in any other

* "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us!" etc.

individual. Sir John Hamilton did not spare the exercise of this accomplishment in telling a story, one day, in the presence of Sir Richard, who declared his incredulity rather abruptly, as indeed was his constant manner. Sir John was much nettled at the mode in which the other dissented, more particularly as there were some strangers present. He asseverated the truth on his *word:* Sir Richard, however, repeating his disbelief, Sir John Hamilton furiously exclaimed—"You say you don't believe my word!"

"I *can't* believe it," replied Sir Richard.

"Well, then," said Sir John, "if you won't believe my *word*, by G— I'll give it you under my *hand*," clenching at the same moment his great fist.

The witticism raised a general laugh, in which the parties themselves joined, and in a moment all was good humour. But the company condemned both the offenders—Sir John for *telling* a lie, and Sir Richard for *not believing* it—to the payment of two bottles of hock each.

Whomever the following story may be fathered on, Sir John Hamilton was certainly its parent. The Duke of Rutland, at one of his levees, being at a loss, as probably most kings, princes, and viceroys occasionally are, for something to say to every person, remarked to Sir John Hamilton that there was "a prospect of an excellent crop: the timely rain," observed the Duke, "will bring everything above ground."

"God forbid, your Excellency!" exclaimed the courtier.

His Excellency stared, whilst Sir John continued, sighing heavily as he spoke—"Yes, God forbid! for I have got *three wives* under it."

At one of those large convivial parties which distinguished the table of Major Hobart, when he was Secretary in Ireland, amongst the usual loyal toasts, "The wooden walls of England" was given. Sir John Hamilton, in his turn, gave "The wooden walls of Ireland!" This toast being quite new to us all, he was asked for an explanation, upon which, filling a bumper, he very gravely stood up, and, bowing to the Marquess of Waterford

and several country gentlemen who commanded county regiments, he said—"My lords and gentlemen, I have the pleasure of giving you 'The wooden walls of Ireland'—*the colonels of militia!*"

So broad but so good-humoured a *jeu d'esprit* excited great merriment; the *truth* was forgotten in the jocularity, but the epithet did not perish. I saw only one grave countenance in the room, and that belonged to the late Marquess of Waterford, who was the proudest egotist I ever met with. He had a tremendous squint, nor was there anything prepossessing in the residue of his features to atone for that deformity. Nothing can better exemplify his lordship's opinion of himself and others than an observation I heard him make at Lord Portarlington's table. Having occasion for a *superlative* degree of *comparison* between two persons, he was at a loss for a climax. At length, however, he luckily hit on one. "That man was," said the Marquess, "he was as superior as—as—as—I am to Lord Ranelagh!"

I will now advert to Sir Boyle Roche, who was, without exception, the most celebrated and entertaining anti-grammarian in the Irish Parliament. I knew him intimately. He was of a very respectable Irish family, and, in point of appearance, a fine, bluff, soldier-like old gentleman. He had numerous good qualities, and, having been long in the army, his ideas were full of honour and etiquette, of discipline and bravery. He had a claim to the title of Fermoy, which, however, he never pursued; and was brother to the famous Tiger Roche, who fought some desperate duel abroad, and was near being hanged for it. Sir Boyle was perfectly well bred in all his habits; had been appointed gentleman-usher at the Irish Court, and executed the duties of that office to the day of his death with the utmost satisfaction to himself as well as to every one in connection with him. He was married to the eldest daughter of Sir John Cave, Bart.; and his lady, who was a "bas bleu," prematurely injured Sir Boyle's capacity, it was said, by forcing him to read Gibbon's *Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire*,* whereat

* A matchless piece of humour.

he was so cruelly puzzled, without being in the least amused, that, in his cups, he often stigmatised the great historian as a low fellow, who ought to have been kicked out of company wherever he was, for turning people's thoughts away from their prayers and their politics to what the devil himself could make neither head nor tail of!

His perpetually bragging that Sir John Cave had given him his *eldest* daughter afforded Curran an opportunity of replying—"Ay, Sir Boyle, and depend on it, if he had had an *older* one still he would have given her to you." Sir Boyle thought it best to receive the repartee as a compliment, lest it should come to her ladyship's ears, who, for several years back, had prohibited Sir Boyle from all allusions to chronology.

This baronet had certainly one great advantage over all other bull and blunder makers—he seldom launched a blunder from which some fine aphorism or maxim might not be easily extracted. When a debate arose in the Irish House of Commons on the vote of a grant which was recommended by Sir John Parnell, Chancellor of the Exchequer, as one not likely to be felt burthensome for many years to come, it was observed, in reply, that the House had no just right to load posterity with a weighty debt for what could in no degree operate to their advantage. Sir Boyle, eager to defend the measures of government, immediately rose, and, in a few words, put forward the most unanswerable argument which human ingenuity could possibly devise. "What, Mr. Speaker!" said he, "and so we are to beggar ourselves for fear of vexing posterity! Now, I would ask the honourable gentleman, and this *still more* honourable House, why we should put ourselves out of our way to do anything for *posterity*—for what has *posterity* done for *us?*"*

Sir Boyle, hearing the roar of laughter which of course followed this sensible blunder, but not being conscious that he had said anything out of the way, was rather puzzled, and conceived that the House had misunderstood him. He therefore

* Si non è vero, ben trovato.

begged leave to explain, as he apprehended that gentlemen had entirely mistaken his words. He assured the House "that by *posterity* he did not at all mean our *ancestors*, but those who were to come *immediately* after *them*." Upon hearing this *explanation*, it was impossible to do any serious business for half-an-hour.

Sir Boyle Roche was induced by government to fight as hard as possible for the Union. So he did; and I really believe fancied, by degrees, that he was right. On one occasion, a general titter arose at his florid picture of the happiness which must proceed from this event. "Gentlemen," said Sir Boyle, "may titther, and titther, and titther, and may think it a bad measure; but their heads at present are hot, and will so remain till they grow cool again, and so they can't decide right now; but when the *day of judgment* comes, *then* honourable gentlemen will be satisfied at this most excellent Union. Sir, there is no Levitical degrees between nations, and on this occasion I can see neither sin nor shame in *marrying our own sister*."

He was a determined enemy to the French Revolution, and seldom rose in the house for several years without volunteering some abuse of it. "Mr. Speaker," said he, in a mood of this kind, "if we once permitted the villanous French masons to meddle with the buttresses and walls of our ancient constitution, they would never stop nor stay, sir, till they brought the foundation-stones tumbling down about the ears of the nation! There," continued Sir Boyle, placing his hand earnestly on his heart, his powdered head shaking in unison with his loyal zeal, whilst he described the probable consequences of an invasion of Ireland by the French republicans; "There, Mr. Speaker! if those Gallican villains should invade us, sir, 'tis on *that very table*, maybe, these honourable members might see their own destinies lying in heaps a-top of one another! Here, perhaps, sir, the murderous *marshal-law-men* (Marseillois) would break in, cut us to mince-meat, and throw our bleeding heads upon that table, to stare us in the face!"

Sir Boyle, on another occasion, was arguing for the Habeas

Corpus Suspension Bill in Ireland :—"It would surely be better, Mr. Speaker," said he, "to give up not only a *part*, but, if necessary, even the *whole*, of our constitution, to preserve *the remainder!*"

This baronet having been one of the Irish Parliamentary curiosities before the Union, I have only exemplified his *mode* of blundering, as many ridiculous sayings have been attributed to him. He blundered certainly more than any public speaker in Ireland; but his bulls were rather logical perversions, and had some strong point in most of them.

The English people consider a bull as nothing more than a vulgar nonsensical expression: but Irish blunders are frequently humorous hyperboles or *oxymorons*, and present very often the most energetic mode of expressing the speaker's meaning.

On the motion to expel Lord Edward Fitzgerald from the House of Commons, for hasty disrespectful expressions regarding the House and the Lord Lieutenant, it was observable that the motion was violently supported by the younger men then in Parliament; including the late Marquess of Ormonde, etc. The Marquess was, indeed, one of the strongest supporters of a measure, the object of which was to disgrace a young nobleman, his own equal: and it was likewise worthy of remark that the motion was resisted by the steadiest and oldest members of the House.

Sir Boyle Roche laboured hard and successfully for Lord Edward, who was eventually required to make an apology: it was not, however, considered sufficiently ample or repentant. Sir Boyle was at his wits' end, and at length produced a natural syllogism, which, by putting the House in good humour, did more than a host of reasoners could have achieved. "Mr. Speaker," said the baronet, "I think the noble young man has no business to make any apology. He is a gentleman, and none such should be asked to make an *apology*, because no *gentleman* could *mean* to *give offence*."

Never was there a more *sensible blunder* than the following. We recommend it as a motto to gentlemen in the army. "The best way," said Sir Boyle, "to *avoid* danger, is to *meet it plump*."

ENTRANCE INTO OFFICE.

In December 1793, the Secretary, Lord Buckinghamshire, wrote to say that he wished to see me at the Castle. I immediately attended, when he said, "Barrington, I am about to depart from Ireland; and," continued he, after my sincere expressions of regret, "as you have heretofore had nothing from us but convivial intercourse, it is just you should now have fare somewhat more substantial; with the approbation of the Lord Lieutenant, therefore, I have managed to secure for you a very handsome office—the ships' Entries of the port of Dublin."

At the name and nature of this office I rather demurred; whereupon Lord Buckinghamshire smiled and said, "You have no objection to a good sinecure, I suppose, the emoluments payable every Sunday morning by the deputy: the place was lately held by Mr. George Ponsonby, and is at this moment enjoyed by Serjeant Coppinger; but I have negotiated to give him, his son, and his wife, an annuity of £800 a-year to resign it to you."

This, so far, was agreeable: but still professional advancement being the object next my heart, I neither felt nor looked totally satisfied.

Lord B. then said, "You are a grumbling fellow; but I anticipated your grumbling, and the Lord Chancellor (Lord Clare) has consented to your being at the same time appointed one of the king's counsel, thus at once giving you a step over the heads of all your circuit seniors, except Sir Frederick Flood, who is not, I fancy, very formidable."

This arrangement altogether met my wishes. I hastened to Lords Westmoreland and Clare, to thank them most cordially; and the fifth year after becoming a barrister, I found myself at the head of my circuit, and high up in the official rank of my

profession. Practice generally follows the fortunate: I was immediately considered as on the high-road of preferment; the attorneys pursued me like a flock of rooks! and my business was quadrupled.

I purchased a fine house in Merrion Square, from Mr. Robert Johnson, then counsel to the revenue, afterwards judge, who at that period felt himself going down hill; and here I launched into an absolute press of business; perhaps justly acquiring thereby the jealousy of many of my seniors. This jealousy, however, gave rise to one of the most gratifying incidents of my life.

John, Earl of Ormonde, resided, like a true Irish nobleman, in the utmost splendour and hospitality, in his fine ancient castle at Kilkenny. He scarcely ever went even to the Irish metropolis —his entire fortune being expended in his own city; whereby every shopkeeper and trader experienced the advantages of his lordship's residence. His establishment was ample—his table profuse—his friendship warm and unbounded. The very appearance of his castle, though only a portion of the old Duke's, was still such as to remind the spectator of its former magnificence. Proudly towering over the river Nore, from which it was separated only by the public walk, a high and grand rampart on that side conveyed the idea at once of a palace and a fortress; whilst towards the city an old princely portal, flanked by round towers, opened into a spacious court, within which were preserved two sides of the original edifice, and a third was, at the period I allude to, rebuilding, in a style, however, far too modern and ordinary. The exterior mouldings of the castle exhibited the remains of the gilding which had formerly been laid on with a lavish hand.

The interior of this noble edifice, with the exception of one saloon and the picture-gallery, was not calculated to satisfy expectation; but both those were unique—the one with respect to its form, the other to its prospects. The grand saloon was not shaped like any other, I believe, existing—oval in its figure, and not large; but the wall, twelve feet thick, admitted of recesses

on the sides, which had the appearance of small rooms, each being terminated by a large window, and the sides covered with mirrors, which reflected the beautiful and varied prospects of city, country, wood, river, and public promenade. When I was at the castle, in fact, everything appeared to me delightful.

Walter, the late Marquess of Ormonde, though my junior in years, had been my intimate friend and companion; as was also his cousin, Bryan Cavanagh. Lady Ormonde, mother of Walter, was the only child of Earl Wandesford, and, as lady of the castle, was careful to keep up at least her due importance. It is not impossible for women, or men either, to mistake pomposity for dignity. True pride is accompanied by an amiable condescension; cold, unbending ceremony is the result of false pride, and not of dignity. I thought, perhaps erroneously, that her ladyship made this mistake.

The Earl John, my friend's father, was rather in the opposite extreme. He was well-read and friendly, a *hard-goer** as it was called, and an incessant talker. His Lordship occasionally adjourned to a kind of tavern in the city, of which a certain widow Madden was the hostess, and where one Mr. Evans, surnamed "Hell-cat," together with the best boozers and other gentlemen of Kilkenny, assembled to amuse his Lordship by their jests and warm punch, and to emulate each other in the devouring of oysters and lobsters—the best which could possibly be procured Hither, in fact, the company from the castle were habituated often to repair.

These boozing-matches sometimes proceeded rather too far; and one night Mr. Duffy, a sharp, smart, independent-minded apothecary of Kilkenny, who had offended the Ormonde family on some very sensitive point, being alluded to, a member of the party, with more zeal than prudence, proposed as a toast, "a round of rascals!" taking care to designate Doctor Duffy as belonging to that *honourable* fraternity. On departing from the tavern, far more full of liquor than wit, some wild young man in company suggested the demolition of the doctor's windows.

* Bon-vivant.

No sooner said than done. The piper played, the stones flew, and Duffy's shivered panes bore ample testimony to the strength of the widow's beverage. No personal injury, however, ensued, and the affair *appeared* to have terminated.

A glazier was sent early next morning by command of my Lord to repair the windows, but this the doctor refused to allow, and in due form applied for and obtained a criminal information in the King's Bench for the outrage, against Lord Ormonde, his son Walter, James the present Marquess, Lord Thurles, and others. The information was, in due legal form, sent down to be tried at the Spring Assizes very soon after I had been appointed king's counsel.

None felt more jealousy at my promotion than Mr. William Fletcher, since Judge of the Common Pleas, many years my senior at the bar and on circuit. Lord Ormonde directed briefs to be sent to me and to Fletcher, with fees of fifteen guineas each. I never loved money much in my life, and therefore thought it quite enough; or rather, I did not think about it.

The defendant's case fell of course to me as leading counsel. At this circumstance Fletcher felt sore and ran sulky; and the sulkier he got the more zealous became I. We had but a bad case of it. The cross-examination of the irritated apothecary, who grew after awhile quite ferocious, fell to my lot. I performed my duty, and it then devolved on Fletcher to speak to the evidence. This, however, he declined. I pressed him, but he peremptorily refused. I exclaimed, "Nay, Fletcher, you took a fee; why not speak?" "Yes," answered the angry barrister, "just enough to make me hold my tongue!" "Do speak," persisted I. "I *won't*," replied he. "Then I must do it for you," was my rejoinder. My zeal was enkindled, my mind was on fire, and I felt myself in earnest and interested. I persevered till I saw the jury smile, for which purpose they only wanted a good pretence. I held on my course till I saw them pleased; and the result was an acquittal of Lord Ormonde, and a conviction of all the others.

On the ensuing Summer Assizes Lord Ormonde invited the

Judges, Barristers, several of the Grand Jury, and the principal gentlemen of the county, to a magnificent dinner at the Castle. It was a long table, and everything in the grandest style. A judge sat on each side of Lady Ormonde, at the head, and Fletcher and myself were their next neighbours. After the cloth had been removed, and Lady Ormonde was retired, his Lordship stood up, and in a loud voice said,—"I have waited with impatience for this public opportunity of expressing to Mr. Barrington the high sense I entertain of his important and disinterested services to me at the last assizes: I now beg his acceptance of a small testimonial of my gratitude and friendship;" and he immediately slid along the table a magnificent gold snuff-box, with his arms, &c., and the following inscription:—

A Token of Friendship and Gratitude from the Earl of Ormonde and Ossory to Jonah Barrington, Esq., one of His Majesty's Counsel-at-law. August, 1794."

I was utterly astonished by this distinguished and most unexpected favour, conferred in so public and honourable a manner; and *involuntarily*, without a moment's thought, but certainly with the appearance of ill-nature, I triumphantly handed round the box for the inspection of my brother barristers. Fletcher, confused, as might be supposed, slightly shoved it back to me. His conduct on the trial having been known, a sensation became visible amongst the company, which I would almost have given up the box to have avoided exciting. His countenance, however, though not usually subject to be much impressed by kind feelings, clearly acquitted me of any intentional insult. In truth, I really felt as much as he did when I perceived my error, and wished to pocket the prize without its creating further notice. But this was impossible; I was obliged to return thanks, which ceremony I went through very badly.

Next morning I found a billet from the Earl, enveloping a bank-note for £100, with these words:—

"Dear Sir—My attorney did not do you justice; you will permit me to be my own attorney on this occasion.—Your friend and humble servant, ORMONDE AND OSSORY."

From that time to the day of his Lordship's death I experienced from him, on every occasion within his reach, the utmost extent of kindness, civility, and friendship. His successor, with whom I had been so long and so very intimately acquainted, was whirled at an early age into the vortex of fashionable life and profligacy. Having lost his best guide and truest friend, his cousin Bryan Cavanagh, many of his naturally fine qualities were either blunted by dissipation or absorbed in the licentious influence of a fashionable connection.

I have mentioned Walter, Marquess of Ormonde, the more particularly because, extraordinary as it may appear, it certainly was to a fatal connection of his that I owe several of the most painful and injurious events of my life.

His Lordship married his own god-daughter, but too late to give a chance for reformation; and never have I remarked, through the course of a long observing life, any progress more complete, from the natural levities of youth to the confirmed habits of dissipation; from the first order of early talent to the humblest state of premature imbecility, than that of the late Marquess of Ormonde, who had, at one period of our intimacy, as engaging a person, as many manly qualities, and to the full as much intellectual promise, as any young man of his country.

DR. ACHMET BORUMBORAD.

UNTIL England dragged the sister kingdom with herself into the ruinous expenses of the American war, Ireland owed no public debt. There were no taxes, save local ones: the Parliament, being composed of resident gentlemen, interested in the prosperity and welfare of their country, was profuse in promoting all useful schemes; and no projector, who could show any reasonable grounds for seeking assistance, had difficulty in finding a patron. On these points, indeed, the gentlemen who possessed influence, were often unguarded, and sometimes extravagant.

Amongst other projectors, whose ingenuity was excited by this liberal conduct, was one of a very singular description—a Turk who had come over, or (as the *on-dit* went) had *fled* from Constantinople. He proposed to establish, what was greatly wanted at that time in the Irish metropolis, "Hot and Cold Sea-water Baths;" and by way of advancing his pretensions to public encouragement, offered to open free baths for the poor, on an extensive plan—giving them, as a doctor, attendance and advice gratis, every day in the year. He spoke English very intelligibly; his person was extremely remarkable; and the more so, as he was the first *Turk* who had ever walked the streets of Dublin in his native costume. He was in height considerably above six feet, rather pompous in his gait, and apparently powerful; an immense black beard covering his chin and upper lip. There was, at the same time, something cheerful and cordial in the man's address; and, altogether, he cut a very imposing figure. Everybody liked Doctor Achmet Borumborad: his Turkish dress, being extremely handsome without any approach to the tawdry, and crowned with an immense turban, drew the eyes of every

passer by; and I must say that I have never myself seen a more stately-looking Turk since that period.

The eccentricity of the Doctor's appearance was, indeed, as will readily be imagined, the occasion of much idle observation and conjecture. At first, whenever he went abroad, a crowd of people, chiefly boys, was sure to attend him—but at a respectful distance; and if he turned to look behind him, the gaping boobies fled, as if they conceived even his looks to be mortal. These fears, however, gradually wore away, and were entirely shaken off, on the fact being made public, that he meant to attend the poor, and, in the usual spirit of exaggeration, cure *all disorders whatever!*

My fair readers will perhaps smile when I assure them that the persons who seemed to have the least apprehension of Doctor Borumborad, or rather to think him "a very *nice* Turk!" were the ladies of the metropolis. Many a smart, snug little husband, who had been heretofore considered "quite the thing," —despotic in his own house, and peremptory commandant of his own family, was now regarded as a wretched, contemptible, close-shaven pigmy, in comparison with the immensity of the Doctor's figure and whiskers; and, what is more extraordinary, his good humour and engaging manners gained him many friends even among the husbands themselves! he thus becoming, in a shorter period than could be imagined, a particular favourite with the entire city, male and female.

Doctor Achmet Borumborad, having obtained footing thus far, next succeeded surprisingly in making his way amongst the members of Parliament. He was full of conversation, yet knew his proper distance; pregnant with anecdote, but discreet in its expenditure; and he had the peculiar talent of being humble without the appearance of humility. A submissive Turk would have been out of character, and a haughty one excluded from society: the Doctor was aware of this, and regulated his demeanour with remarkable skill upon every occasion, whereon, as a *lion*, he was invited to the tables of the great. By this line of conduct, he managed to warm those who patronised him into

becoming violent partisans; and accordingly little or no difficulty was experienced in getting a grant from Parliament for a sufficient fund to commence his great metropolitan undertaking.

Baths were now planned after Turkish models. The money voted was most faithfully appropriated; and a more ingenious or useful establishment could not be formed in any metropolis. But the cash, it was soon discovered, ran too short to enable the Doctor to complete his scheme; and, on the ensuing session, a further vote became necessary, which was by no means opposed, as the institution was good, fairly executed, and charitably applied. The worthy Doctor kept his ground: session after session he petitioned for fresh assistance, and never met with refusal: his profits were good, and he lived well; whilst the baths proved of the utmost benefit, and the poor received attention and service from his establishment without cost. An immense cold bath was constructed, to communicate with the river: it was large and deep, and entirely renewed every tide. The neatest lodging rooms, for those patients who chose to remain during a course of bathing, were added to the establishment, and always occupied. In short, the whole affair became so popular, and Dr. Achmet acquired so many friends, that the annual grants of Parliament were considered nearly as matters of course.

But alas! fortune is treacherous, and prosperity unstable. Whilst the ingenious Borumborad was thus rapidly flourishing, an unlucky though most ludicrous incident threw the poor fellow completely aback; and, without any fault on his part, nearly ruined both himself and his institution.

Preparatory to every session, it was the Doctor's invariable custom to give a grand dinner, at the baths, to a large number of his patrons, members of Parliament, who were in the habit of proposing and supporting his grants. He always on these occasions procured some professional singers, as well as the finest wines in Ireland; endeavouring to render the parties as joyous and convivial as possible. Some nobleman, or commoner of note, always acted for him as chairman, the Doctor himself being quite unassuming.

At the last commencement of a session, whereupon he anticipated this patronage, it was intended to increase his grant, in order to meet the expenses of certain new works, etc., which he had executed on the strength of the ensuing supply; and the Doctor had invited nearly thirty of the leading members to a grand dinner in his spacious saloon. The singers were of the first order; the claret and champagne excellent; and never was the Turk's hospitality shown off to better advantage, or the appetites of his guests administered to with greater success. The effects of the wine, as usual on all such meetings in Ireland, began to grow obvious. The elder and more discreet members were for adjourning; whilst the juveniles declared they would stay for another dozen! and Doctor Borumborad accordingly went down himself to his cellar, to select and send up a choice dozen by way of *bonne bouche* for finishing the refractory members of Parliament.

In his absence, Sir John S. Hamilton, though a very *dry* member, took it into his head that he had taken enough, and rose to go away, as is customary in these days of freedom when people are so circumstanced; but at that period men were not always their own masters on such occasions, and a general cry arose of—"Stop, Sir John!—stop him!—the bonne bouche!—the bonne bouche!" The carousers were on the alert instantly: Sir John opened the door and rushed out; the antechamber was not lighted; some one or two-and-twenty staunch members stuck to his skirts; when *splash* at once comes Sir John, not into the street, but into the great *cold bath*, the door of which he had retreated by, in mistake! The other parliament-men were too close upon the baronet to stop short: in they went by fours and fives; and one or two, who, on hearing the splashing of the water, cunningly threw themselves down on the brink to avoid popping in, operated directly as stumbling-blocks to those behind, who thus obtained their full share of a *bonne bouche* none of the parties had bargained for.

When Doctor Borumborad re-entered, ushering a couple of servants laden with a dozen of his best wine, and missed all his

company, he thought some devil had carried them off; but perceiving the door of his noble, deep, cold salt-water bath open, he with dismay rushed thither, and espied eighteen or nineteen Irish parliament-men either floating like so many corks upon the surface, or scrambling to get out like mice who had fallen into a bason!

It was unlucky, also, that, as the Doctor was a Turk, he had no Christian wardrobe to substitute for the well-soaked garments of the Honourable Members. Such dresses, however, as he had, were speedily put into requisition; the bathing attendants furnished their quota of dry apparel; and all was speedily distributed amongst the swimmers, some of whom exhibited in Turkish costume, others in bathing shifts; and when the clothes failed, blankets were pinned around the rest. Large fires were made in every room; brandy and mulled wine liberally resorted to; and as fast as sedan-chairs could be procured, the Irish Commoners were sent home, cursing all Turks and infidels, and denouncing a crusade against anything coming from the same quarter of the globe as Constantinople.

Poor Doctor Achmet Borumborad was distracted and quite inconsolable! Next day he duly visited every suffering member, and though well received, was acute enough to see that the ridicule with which they had covered themselves was likely to work out eventually his ruin. His anticipations were well founded: though the members sought to hush up the ridiculous parts of the story, they became, from that very attempt, still more celebrated. In fact, it was too good a joke to escape the embellishments of Irish humour; and the statement universally circulated was—that "Doctor Borumborad had nearly drowned nineteen members of parliament, because they would not promise to vote for him!"

The poor Doctor was now assailed in every way. Among other things, it was asserted that he was the Turk who had strangled the Christians in the Seven Towers at Constantinople! Though everybody laughed at their own inventions, they believed those of other people; and the conclusion was, that no

more grants could be proposed, since not a single member was stout enough to mention the name of Borumborad! the laugh, indeed, would have overwhelmed the best speech ever delivered in the Irish parliament.

Still, the new works must be paid for, although no convenient vote came to make the necessary provision: the poor Doctor was therefore cramped a little; but notwithstanding his embarrassment, he kept his ground well, and lost no private friends except such as the wearing-off of novelty estranged. He continued to get on; and at length a new circumstance intervened to restore his happiness, in a way as little to be anticipated by the reader as was his previous discomfiture.

Love had actually seized upon the Turk above two years before the accident we have been recording. A respectable surgeon of Dublin, of the name of Hartigan, had what might be termed a very "neat" sister; and this lady had made a lasting impression on the heart of Borumborad, who had no reason to complain of his suit being treated with disdain, or even indifference. On the contrary, Miss H. liked the Doctor vastly! and praised the Turks in general, both for their dashing spirit and their beautiful whiskers. It was not, however, consistent either with her own or her brother's Christianity, to submit to the Doctor's tremendous beard, or think of matrimony, till "he had shaved the chin at least, and got a parson to turn him into a Christian, or something of that kind." Upon those terms only would she surrender her charms and her money—for some she had—to Doctor Achmet Borumborad, however amiable.

The Doctor's courtship with the members of parliament having now terminated, so far at anyrate as further grants were concerned, and a *grant* of a much more tender nature being now within his reach, he began seriously to consider if he should not at once capitulate to Miss H., and exchange his beard and his Alcoran for a razor and the New Testament. After weighing matters deliberately, love prevailed, and he intimated by letter, in the proper vehemence of Asiatic passion, his determination to turn Christian, discard his beard, and, throwing himself at the

feet of his beloved, vow eternal fidelity to her in the holy bands of matrimony. He concluded by requesting an interview in the presence of the young lady's confidant, a Miss Owen, who resided next door. His request was granted, and he repeated his proposal, which was duly accepted, Miss Hartigan stipulating that he should never see her again until the double promise in his letter was fully redeemed; upon which he might mention his own day for the ceremony. The Doctor, having engaged to comply, took leave.

On the evening of the same day a gentleman was announced to the bride-elect with a message from Doctor Achmet Borumborad. Her confidential neighbour was immediately summoned, the gentleman waiting meantime in a coach at the door. At length Miss Hartigan and her friend being ready to receive him, in walked a Christian gallant, in a suit of full-dress black, and a very tall fine-looking Christian he was. Miss H. was surprised; she did not recognise her lover, particularly as she thought it impossible he could have been made a Christian before the ensuing Sunday! He immediately, however, fell on his knees, seized and kissed her lily hand, and, on her beginning to expostulate, cried out at once,—"Don't be angry, my dear creature. To tell the honest truth, I am as good a Christian as the archbishop! I'm your own countryman, sure enough—Mr. Patrick Joyce from Kilkenny county. The devil a Turk any more than yourself, my sweet angel!" The ladies were astonished; but astonishment did not prevent Miss Hartigan from keeping her word, and Mr. and Mrs. Joyce became a very loving and happy couple.

The doctor's great skill, however, was supposed to lie in his beard and faith, consequently, on this *dénouement*, the baths declined. But the honest fellow had never done any discreditable act; none indeed was ever laid to his charge. He fully performed every engagement with the Parliament whilst he retained the power to do so.

His beauty and portly appearance were considerably diminished by his change of garb. The long beard and picturesque

dress had been half the battle; and he was, after his transformation, but a plain, rather coarse, but still brave-looking fellow.

This little story shows the facility with which public money was formerly voted, and at the same time the comparatively fortunate financial state of Ireland at that period, when the public purse could afford a multiplicity of such supplies without any tax or imposition whatsoever being laid upon the people to provide for them!* How very different were the measures of that Parliament even ten years afterwards!

* How money could be voted without raising taxes, is a riddle. I suppose the meaning to be that the subsidies given to the Turkish Baths were taken from an ordinary surplus. This early effort at introducing those baths is curious, and the disinterested testimony of Barrington in favour of them not a little remarkable. Dr. Barter of Cork, then, has not the merit of originality in introducing those Eastern appliances. It is likely, however, that he had never heard of his predecessor *Borum Joyce*, when he promulgated his enterprise in 1846. Without examining the hydropathic system, or any theory of ablutions; since a panacea is a chimera of lunacy, and the best remedies require prudent administration; it is but just to own that Anne's Hill, near the Groves of Blarney, is a delightful *Sanatorium*.

ALDERMEN OF SKINNERS' ALLEY.

ORANGE societies, as they are termed, were first formed by the Protestants to oppose and counteract the turbulent demonstrations of the Catholics, who formed the population of the south of Ireland. But at their commencement the Orangemen certainly adopted a principle of interference which was not confined to religious points alone, but went to put down *all* popular insurrections which might arise on any point. The term *Protestant ascendency* was coined by Mr. John Giffard, of whom more hereafter, and became a phrase very fatal to the peace of Ireland. Many associations indeed were, from time to time, originated, some for *reform*, others to oppose it; some for *toleration*, others for intolerance. There were good men and loyal subjects among the members of each.

I followed up the principles my family had invariably pursued from their first settlement in Ireland; namely, an attachment divided between the crown and the people. In the year 1795, I saw that the people were likely to grow too strong for the crown; and therefore became at once—not indeed an *ultra*, but one in whom loyalty absorbed almost every other consideration. I willingly united in every effort to check the rising spirit of popular disaffection; the dreadful results of which were manifested in the atrocities acting throughout France, and in the tottering state of the crowns of Europe.

I had been previously initiated by my friend, Doctor Duigenan,* judge of the Prerogative Court, into a very curious but

* Patrick Duigenan was son of a parish-clerk of St. Werburgh's Church, Dublin. He took a scholarship in Trinity College, of which he became a fellow. His quarrelsome disposition embroiled him with the provost, Dr. Hutchinson. In consequence of this quarrel he left the university, retaining, however, the professorship of law. Following up this profession, he obtained a silk gown, and the

most loyal society, whereof he was grand-master at the time of my election; and as this club differed essentially from any other in the empire, it may be amusing to describe it; a labour which perhaps nobody has hitherto undertaken.

This curious assemblage was called "The Aldermen of Skinners' Alley." It was the first Orange association ever formed; and having, at the period I allude to, existed a full century in pristine vigour, it had acquired considerable local influence and importance. Its origin was as follows:—After William the Third had mounted the English throne, and King James had assumed the reigns of government in Ireland, the latter monarch annulled the then existing charter of the Dublin Corporation, dismissed all the aldermen who had espoused the revolutionary cause, and replaced them by others attached to himself. In doing this he was certainly justifiable. The deposed aldermen, however, had secreted some little articles of their paraphernalia, and privately assembled in an alehouse in Skinners' Alley, a very obscure part of the capital. Here they continued to hold Anti-Jacobite meetings; elected their own lord mayor and officers; and got a marble bust of King William, which they regarded as a sort of deity! These meetings were carried on till the battle of the

appointments of Judge of the Prerogative Court and King's Advocate in the Court of Admiralty. He and Barrington used consequently to plead in each other's court, a circumstance which, combined with many good qualities on both sides, maintained a constant and friendly intercourse between them He had a strong, active, combative mind, well furnished but roughly cultivated. His brain was ever on fire, and seized on every species of fuel; but that which supported its most violent flames was Popery, or perhaps his affected hate of it. If he did hate it, it was for the sake of profit, excitement, dogmatism, and notoriety, for he had a kindly heart; and there is reason to believe that he largely indulged in private benevolence, since his emoluments were large, his habits frugal, and his accumulations trifling. His pamphlets and speeches were remarkable for the weight of the materials and the fury of the management; abounding in resources and ending in vapour. I am sorry to have to say of this able, amusing, and social firebrand, that he served under the government as a bribery-broker.

Whatever may be thought of Burke, especially from his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, which he never surpassed, there is nothing to be found in him of greater vivacity and finish than Barrington's character of Duigenan. This the reader will find in the fifteenth chapter of *The Rise and Fall*, etc.

Boyne put William in possession of Dublin, when King James's aldermen were immediately cashiered, and *the Aldermen of Skinners' Alley* reinvested with their mace and aldermanic glories.

To honour the memory of their restorer, therefore, a permanent association was formed, and invested with all the memorials of their former disgrace and latter reinstatement. This organisation, constituted near a century before, remained, I fancy, quite unaltered at the time I became a member. To make the general influence of this association the greater, the number of members was unlimited, and the mode of admission solely by the proposal and seconding of tried aldermen. For the same reason, no class, however humble, was excluded—equality reigning in its most perfect state at the assemblies. Generals and wigmakers, king's counsel and hackney clerks, etc., all mingled without distinction as brother-aldermen: a lord mayor was annually appointed; and regularity and decorum always prevailed—until, at least, towards the conclusion of the meetings, when the aldermen became more than usually noisy and exhilarated; King William's bust being placed in the centre of the supper-table, to overlook their extreme loyalty. The times of meeting were monthly; and every member paid sixpence per month, which sum, allowing for the absentees, afforded plenty of eatables, porter and punch, for the supping aldermen.

Their charter-dish was *sheeps' trotters*, in allusion to King James's running away from Dublin:—rum-punch in blue jugs, whisky-punch in white ones, and porter in its pewter, were scattered plentifully over the table; and all regular formalities having been gone through, and the eating part of the ceremony ended, the real business began by a general chorus of "God save the King!" Whereupon the grand engine, which, as a loyal and facetious shoemaker observed, would *bind* every *sole* of them together, and commemorate them *all* till the end of time, was set at work by order of the *lord mayor*. This engine was the charter-toast, always given with nine times nine! and duly succeeded by vociferous acclamations.

The 1st of July, the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne,

was the favourite night of assembly: then every man unbuttoned the knees of his breeches, and drank the toast on his bare joints —it being pronounced by *his lordship* in the following words, composed expressly for the purpose in the year 1689; afterwards adopted by the Orange societies generally; and still, I believe, considered as the charter-toast of them all.

This most ancient and unparalleled *sentiment* runs thus:—

ORANGE TOAST.

"The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and good King William: not forgetting Oliver Cromwell, who assisted in redeeming us from popery, slavery, arbitrary power, brass money, and wooden shoes. May we never want a Williamite to kick a Jacobite!—or a rope for the *Bishop of Cork!* And he that won't drink this, whether he be priest, bishop, deacon, bellows-blower, or grave-digger; may a north wind blow him to the south, and a west wind blow him to the east! May Cerberus make a meal of him, and Pluto a snuff-box of his skull. *Amen!*"*

The extraordinary zeal wherewith this toast was drunk could only be equalled by the enthusiasm with which the blue and white jugs and pewter pots were resorted to, to ascertain the quality of the potation within. They then rebuttoned the knees of their breeches (trousers had not come into fashion), and sat down to work again in downright earnest. Mr. Powell, a jolly apothecary, led, in my time, the vocal band; and after a dozen

* The more offensive parts of this *sentiment* have been suppressed. We might have stopped at the wooden shoes; for the heel-tapping is by no means artistic; but it is our duty to preserve all we can.

This oath, much of which may be justly viewed as superadded garnish and bacchanal levity, does not seem to have any great influence on neighbourly relations, except, perhaps, in times of public excitement, such as the recurrence of political anniversaries. Even in bad times, the rancour of party is not strong enough to poison human charity. One of the proclaimed men of 1848 found refuge and safety in the house of the grand-master of an Orange lodge. This was the learned and promising Thomas D. O'Reilly, Esq., who made his escape to America, and there died at an early age.

speeches, accompanied by numerous replenishments of the jugs, etc., everybody who had anything to do in the morning generally withdrew, leaving the rest of the loyalists to finish the last drop.

The idea of "Orange Societies" arose, in my opinion, from this association.* I believe it exists still; but has, I understand, degenerated into a sort of *half-mounted* club; not exclusive enough for gentlemen, and too fine for wig-makers: it has sunk into a paltry and unimportant corporate utensil.

I recollect an amusing circumstance which many years back occurred in this lodge. Until politics grew too hot, Napper Tandy and several other of the patriots were aldermen: but finding that ultra-loyalty was making way too fast for their notions, they sought some fair opportunity of seceding from the club, stealing the mace, and regenerating the whole board and establishment of Skinners' Alley. The opportunity was not long wanting.

An apothecary, of the name of M'Mahon, had become an alderman solely to avoid being considered a friend of the Pope: this, in point of reality, he was; but since, at that period, his creed was not the popular one, he conceived that he might thrive better in his business by appearing a stanch Protestant.

But M'Mahon was, like many an honest fellow, vastly more candid when he got "the sup in" than he had ever intended to be. Thus, one unfortunate night, "Dr. M'Mahon, the apothecary," having made too free with the blue jug, forgot his company, and began to speak rather unkindly of King William. His worthy associates took fire at this *sacrilege* offered to their patron saint; and one word brought on another. The Doctor grew outrageous; and, in his paroxysm, actually *damned* King William! In the enthusiasm of his popery, and most thoughtlessly for himself and for the unhappy king's bust then staring before him, he struck it with his huge fist plump in the face!

The bust immediately showed evident symptoms of maltreatment; its white marble appearing to be actually stained with

* Their origin has been otherwise given; but the matter is uninteresting. It is said they were at first called "Wreckers;" but, perhaps, only by their opponents.

blood! One of the aldermen roared out—"That villain, M'Mahon, has broken the king's nose!"—"The king's nose?" ran throughout the room: the cry of "Throw him out of the window!" was unanimously adopted; the window was opened; and the Doctor, after exerting all his muscular powers, forced out remorselessly. Again, the "Glorious Memory" was drunk, the king's nose washed clean from the blood formerly belonging to the Doctor's knuckles, and all restored to peace and tranquillity. Fortunately for M'Mahon, a lamp and lamp-iron stood immediately under the window. His route downwards was impeded by a crash against the lamp; the glass and other materials yielded to the precious weight, and probably prevented the pavement from having the honour of braining him. He held a moment by the iron, and then dropped quite gently into the arms of a couple of guardians of the night, who, attracted by the uproar in the room above, and seeing the Doctor getting out feet foremost, conceived that it was only a drunken frolic, and so placed themselves underneath "to keep the gentleman out of the gutter."

The Doctor scarcely waited to thank his preservers, set out pretty well sobered to his home, and the next day, summoning all the humane and patriotic aldermen, to whom he told his own story, they determined to secede and set up a new corps at the King's Arms in Fownes's Street. The old aldermen defended their conduct as loyal subjects; the others stigmatised it as the act of a set of manslaughterers: these old and young guards of the British Constitution from that day set about *advertising* each other, and making proselytes on either side; and the Orange and United Irishmen parties gained as many recruiting-serjeants by the fracas, as there were permanents or seceders amongst those illustrious aldermen.

As nothing is so much calculated to gratify the aldermen of Skinners' Alley as anecdotes respecting his Holiness the Pope, or their eminences the cardinals, I am happy in being enabled to afford them one, of which I was an eye-witness.

A few years since, the present Sir John Bourke of Glinsk, Bart., travelled with his new-married lady and establishment to Rome—

not solely for his pleasure, but, as an Irish Catholic, to pay his respects to the Pope, kiss his Holiness' toe, and purchase antiquities.

The late Sir Francis Gould, then at Paris, requested Sir John (before me) that, as he fancied he felt himself in a declining state of health, and unable to travel so far as Rome, he (Sir John) would take the proper steps, through Cardinal Gonsalvi, to procure him from his Holiness a bull of plenary absolution, and, if possible, an indulgence also; adding that Sir John might *hint* to the Cardinal that he intended to bequeath a good deal of his property amongst the clergy.

Sir John undertook the matter,—proceeded to Rome,—saw the Cardinal, and, as far as the absolution went, succeeded. He was himself at the same time created "Marchese de Bourke of the Holy Roman Empire;" and a bull was duly made out for Sir Francis Gould, at very considerable expense. Sir John received also a couple of blessed candles, six feet long, to burn whilst the bull was being read. Its express terms and conditions, however, were:—"Provided the penitent, Sir Francis Gould, should not again voluntarily commit the same sins now forgiven;" a list which included nearly all the sins the Cardinal could think of!

Sir John having brought home the bull, magnificently enclosed, and sewed up in a silk bag sealed officially by the Cardinal, informed Sir Francis, as we were all dining together at Bourke's Hotel, that he had that day unpacked his luggage, had the Pope's bull perfectly safe, and would hand it to him instantly.

Sir Francis asked him its exact purport. Sir John informed him so far as his Latin went. Sir Francis calmly said, "My dear Bourke, don't give me the bull *yet awhile:* its operation, I find, is only retrospective, and does not affect sins committed after its delivery. Send it to me in about ten days or a fortnight—*not sooner:* it will answer then pretty well, as I am about taking away my landlady's daughter, next week, and I should have that to answer for if you gave me the bull before I had her out of Paris."

He kept his word, took off the girl, and in a very short time was afforded, by death, an opportunity of trying the efficacy of the indulgence.

PROCESSION OF THE TRADES.

NOTHING can better show the high opinion entertained by the Irish of their own importance, and particularly by that celebrated body called the corporation of Dublin, than the following incident. Mr. Willis, a leather-breechesmaker in Dame Street, and a famous orator at the corporation meetings, holding forth one day about the parochial watch (a subject which he considered as of the utmost general importance), discoursed as follows:—"This, my friends, is a subject neither trifling nor obscure: the character of our corporation is at stake on your decision!—recollect," continued he, "recollect, brother freemen, that the *eyes of all Europe are upon us!*"*

One of the customs of Dublin which prevailed in my early days made such a strong impression upon my mind that it never could be obliterated. The most magnificent and showy procession, I really believe, except those of Rome, then took place in the Irish metropolis every third year, and attracted a number of English quite surprising, if we take into account the great difficulty existing at that time with regard to travelling from London to Dublin.

The corporation of the latter city were by the terms of their charter bound, once in three years, to perambulate the limits of the lord mayor's jurisdiction, to make stands or stations at various points, and to skirt the Earl of Meath's liberties—a

* I was present at this little dialogue between two worthy baronets:—Alderman Harty—"Long as I know the corporation, how comes it that there were never five of us together who could speak five words of good English intentionally?" Alderman Shaw—"If there were, we would not be a corporation, but—a college! I think, Harty, you may have safely added—*or unintentionally;* 'twould bring the eyes of Europe on us!" Councillor M'Cleary—"If *them* lazy asses would read as much as *me*, they wouldn't have the reporters a laughing."

part of the city at that era in great prosperity, but forming a local jurisdiction of its own (in the nature of a manor), totally distinct from that of Dublin.

This procession being in fact partly intended to mark and to designate the extreme boundaries of his lordship's jurisdiction, at those points where they touch the Earl of Meath's liberty, the lord mayor thrust his sword through the wall of a certain house; and then concluded the ceremony by approaching the sea at low-water, and hurling a javelin as far upon the sands as his strength admitted, which was understood to form the boundary between him and Neptune.

The trade of Dublin is comprised of twenty-five corporations, or guilds,* each independent of the other, and represented, as in London by a common council. Every one of these comprised its masters, journeymen, and apprentices; and each guild had a patron saint, or protector, whose image or emblem was on all great occasions dressed up in appropriate habiliments.

For this procession every member of the twenty-five corporations prepared as for a jubilee. Small funds only were collected, and each individual gladly bore his extra charges; the masters and journeymen being desirous of outvying one another, and conceiving that the gayer they appeared on that great day, the more consideration would they be entitled to throughout the ensuing three years! Of course, therefore, such as could afford it spared no expense: they borrowed the finest horses and trappings which could be procured; the masters rode, the journeymen walked, and were succeeded by the apprentices.

Every corporation had an immense carriage, with a great platform and high canopy; the whole radiant with gilding, ribbons, and draperies, and drawn by six or eight horses equally

* By the reformed Municipal Act, those guilds were abolished, and the city was divided into fifteen wards returning by their respective burgesses, who also exercise parliamentary suffrage, fifteen aldermen and forty-five town-councillors to represent them, and constitute the civic administration. To inaugurate the new lord-mayor there is an annual procession through some of the principal streets; but the *riding the franchises*, as the old triennial pomp was called, is not at all carried out as described in the text.

decked and caparisoned. On these platforms, which were fitted up as workshops, were the implements of the respective trades, and expert hands were actually at work during the entire perambulation, which generally lasted eight or nine hours. The procession indeed took two hours to pass. The narrow-weavers wove ribbons which they threw to the spectators; the others tossed into the air small patterns of the fabric they worked upon; the printers were employed in striking off innumerable handbills, with songs and odes to the lord mayor.

But the smiths' part of the spectacle was the most gaudy: they had their forge in full work, and were attended by a very high phaeton adorned in every way they could think of—the horses covered with flowers and coloured streamers. In this phaeton sat the most beautiful girl they could possibly procure, in the character of wife to their patron, Vulcan. It is unnecessary to describe her dress; suffice it to say, it approached that of a Venus as nearly as decency would permit: a blue scarf, covered with silver doves, was used at her discretion, and four or five little Cupids, attired like pages, aiming with bows and arrows at the ladies in the windows, played at her feet. On one side rode, on the largest horse which could be provided, a huge fellow, representing Vulcan, dressed *cap-a-pie* in coal-black armour, and flourishing an immense smith's sledge-hammer! On the other side pranced his rival, Mars, on a tawdry-caparisoned charger, in shining armour, with an immensity of feathers and horse-hair, and brandishing a two-edged glittering sword six or eight feet long. Venus meantime seemed to pay much more attention to her gallant than to her husband. Behind the phaeton rode Argus, with an immense peacock's tail; whilst numerous other gods and goddesses, saints, devils, satyrs, etc., were distributed in the procession.

The skinners and tanners seemed to undergo no slight penance; a considerable number of these artisans being dressed up close in sheep and goat skins of different colours. The representatives of the butchers were enveloped in hides, with long towering horns, and rode along brandishing knives and

cleavers—a most formidable-looking corporation! The apothecaries made up and distributed pills and boluses on their platform, which was furnished with numerous pestles and mortars so contrived as to sound, in the grinding, like bells, and pounding out some popular air. Each corporation had its appropriate band and colours; perfect order was maintained; and so proud was the Dublin mob of what they called their *fringes*, that on these peculiar occasions they managed to behave with great decorum and propriety.

I never could guess the reason why, but the crowd seemed ever in the most anxious expectation to see *the tailors*, who were certainly the favourites. The master tailors usually borrowed the best horses from their customers; and as they were not accustomed to horseback, the scene was highly ludicrous. A tailor on a spirited horse has always been esteemed a curiosity; but a troop of a hundred and fifty tailors, all decked with ribbons and lace and every species of finery, on horses equally smart, presented a spectacle outvying description! The journeymen and apprentices walked—except that number of workmen on the platform. St. Crispin with his last, St. Andrew with his cross, and St. Luke with his gridiron, were all included in the show; as were the city officers in their full robes and paraphernalia. The guild of merchants being under the especial patronage of the Holy Trinity, could not, with all their ingenuity, find out any unprofane emblem, except a shamrock of huge dimensions! the three distinct leaves whereof are on one stalk. This, by the way, offered St. Patrick means of explaining the Trinity, and thereby of converting the Irish to Christianity; and, hence, the shamrock became the national emblem of Ireland. The merchants had also a large ship on wheels, drawn and manned by sailors.

This singular procession I twice witnessed: it has since been abolished, after having worked well, and done no harm, from the days of the very first lord mayor of Dublin. The city authorities, however, began at length to think venison and claret would be better things for the same expense; and so it was decided that

the money should remain in the purse of the corporation, and a wretched substitute for the old ceremony was arranged. The lord mayor and sheriffs, with some dozen of dirty constables, now perambulate these bounds in privacy and silence; thus defeating, in my mind, the very *intention* of their charter, and taking away a triennial prospective object of great attraction and pride to the inhabitants of the metropolis of Ireland, for the sole purpose of gratifying the sensual appetites of a city aristocracy, who court satiety and indigestion at the expense of their humbler brethren.*

* This overflow of indignation can scald no one now. The dirty constables have passed away, and left not a wreck behind.

IRISH REBELLION.

MANY incidents which, I really think, could not have occurred in any country except Ireland, took place there in the year 1798. There is something so very different from other people in every deed or word of the unsophisticated Irish, that in fact one has no right to be surprised, whatever scenes may by them be acted.

One of these curious occurrences remains even to this day a subject of surmise and mystery. During the rebellion in County Wexford in 1798, Mr. Waddy, a violent loyalist, but surrounded by a neighbourhood of inveterate insurgents, fled to a castle at a considerable distance from the town of Wexford. Though not in repair, it was not unfit for habitation; and might secure its tenant from any *coup de main* of undisciplined insurgents. He dreaded discovery so much, that he would entrust his place of refuge to no person whatsoever; and, as he conceived, took sufficient food to last until he might escape out of the country. There was but one entrance to the castle, and that was furnished with an old ponderous portcullis, which drew up and let down as in ancient fortresses.

Here Mr. Waddy concealed himself; and everybody was for a long time utterly ignorant as to his fate: some said he was drowned; some, burned alive; others, murdered and buried in ploughed ground! but whilst each was willing to give an opinion as to the mode of his destruction, no one supposed him to be still alive. At length, it occurred to certain of his friends to seek him through the country; with which view they set out, attended by an armed body. Their search was in vain, until approaching by chance the old castle, they became aware of a stench, which the seekers conjectured to proceed from the putrid corpse of murdered Waddy. On getting nearer, this opinion was

confirmed ; for a dead body lay half within and half without the castle, which the descent of the portcullis had cut nearly into equal portions. Poor Mr. Waddy was deeply lamented ; and, though with great disgust, they proceeded to remove that half of the carcase which lay outside the entrance, when, to their infinite astonishment, they perceived that it was *not* Waddy, but a neighbouring priest, who had been so expertly cut in two ; how the accident had happened, nobody could surmise. They now rapped and shouted, but no reply ; Waddy, in good truth, lay close within, supposing them to be rebels. At length, on venturing to peep out, he discovered his friends, whom he joyfully requested to raise, if possible, the portcullis, and let him out, as he was almost starved to death.

This, with difficulty, was effected, and the other half of the priest was discovered immediately within the entrance, but by no means in equally good condition with that outside ; inasmuch as it appeared that numerous collops and beef-steaks had been cut off the reverend gentleman's hind quarters by Waddy, who, early one morning, had found the priest thus divided ; and being alike unable to raise the portcullis or get out to look for food (certain indeed, in the latter case, of being piked by any of the rebels who knew him), he thought it better to feed on the priest, and remain in the castle till fortune smiled, than run a risk of breaking all his bones by dropping from the battlements—his only alternative.

To the day of Waddy's death, he could give no collected or rational account of this incident ; indeed, so confused had his head become in consequence of his critical circumstances, that the whole appeared to him ever after as a dream or vision quite beyond his comprehension.

The foregoing, though among the most curious, is but one of the extraordinary occurrences of that dreadful insurrection —some of which tend to strengthen my superstitious feeling, which is, I confess, very deep-rooted, as also is my conviction, that "whatever is, is right." Scarcely any except the *fortunate* will, I suppose, be ready to join me in the latter notion, though

in the former I am aware I have many associates, particularly amongst old women and hypochondriacs. I am, it is true, perpetually laughed at for both, by *clever* ladies and *strong-minded* gentlemen, but still think proper to retain my own impressions.

I will detail the following circumstance in illustration of these principles. It took place immediately previous to the breaking out of the rebellion.

I dined at the house of Lady Colclough (a near relative of Lady Barrington), in the town of Wexford, in April 1798. The company, so far as I recollect, consisted of about seventeen persons, amongst whom were several other of Lady B.'s relatives, then members of the grand jury—Mr. Cornelius Grogan of Johnstown, a gentleman of very large fortune who had represented the county; his two brothers, both wealthy men; Captain Keogh, afterwards rebel governor of Wexford, the husband of Lady B.'s aunt; the unfortunate John Colclough of Tintern, and the still more unfortunate Mr. Colclough; Counsellor John Beauman; Counsellor Bagenal Harvey, afterwards the rebel generalissimo; Mr. William Hatton, and some others. The conversation after dinner, turning on the distracted state of the country, became rather too free, and I begged some of the party to be more moderate, as our ways of thinking were so different, and my public situation did not permit me, especially at that particular period, to hear such strong language; the loyalists amongst us did not exceed four or five.

The tone of the conversation was soon lowered, but not before I had made up my mind as to the probable fate of several in company, though I certainly had no idea that, in little more than a month, a sanguinary rebellion would desolate my native land, and violent deaths, within three months, befall a great proportion of that joyous assemblage. I had seen enough, however, to convince me that all was not right; and that, by plunging one step further, most of my relatives and friends would be in imminent danger. The party, however, broke up; and next morning Mr. Beauman and myself, happening to meet on the bridge, talked over the occurrences of the previous day, uniting

in opinion as to the inauspicious aspect of things, and actually proceeding to make out a list of those amongst the dinner-party whom we considered likely to fall victims. It so turned out that *every one* of our predictions was verified. It was superficial observation alone that led me to think as I did at that moment, but a decided presentiment of what eventually happened soon after took possession of me; and, indeed, so full was I of forebodings, that I have more than once been roused out of my sleep by the horrid ideas then floating through my mind.

Bagenal Harvey, already mentioned, who had been my school-fellow and constant circuit-companion for many years, laughed, at Lady Colclough's, at my political prudery; assured me I was totally wrong in suspecting him; and insisted on my going to Bargay Castle, his residence, to meet some old Temple friends of ours on the ensuing Monday.

I accordingly went there to dinner, but that evening proved to me one of great uneasiness, and made a very disagreeable impression on my mind and spirits. The company I met included my relation, Captain Keogh; the two unfortunate Counsellors Sheares, who were both hanged shortly afterwards; Mr. Colclough, who was hanged on the bridge; Mr. Hay, who was also executed; Mr. William Hatton, one of the rebel directory of Wexford, who unaccountably escaped; and a gentleman of the bar whose name I shall not mention, as he still lives.

The entertainment was good, and the party cheerful. Temple freaks were talked over; the bottle circulated; but, at length, Irish politics became the topic, and proceeded to an extent of disclosure which utterly surprised me. With the Messrs. Sheares, particularly Henry, I had always been on terms of the greatest intimacy. Not long before, I had extricated both of them from considerable difficulty, through the kindness of Lord Kilwarden; and I had no idea that matters wherein they were concerned had proceeded to the lengths developed on that night. The probability of a speedy revolt was freely discussed, though in the most artful manner. They talked it over as a result which might be expected from the complexion of the times and

the irritation excited in consequence of the severities exercised by the government. The chances of success, in the event of a rising, were openly debated, as were also the circumstances likely to spring from that success, and the examples which the insurgents would in such a case probably make. All this was at the same time talked over, without one word being uttered in favour of rebellion; a system of caution which, I afterwards learned, was much practised for the purpose of gradually making proselytes without alarming them. I saw through it clearly, and here my presentiments came strong upon me. I found myself in the midst of absolute though unavowed conspirators. I perceived that the explosion was much nearer than the government expected; and I was startled at the decided manner in which my host and his friends spoke.

Under these circumstances, my alternative evidently was to quit the house or give a turn to the conversation. I therefore began to laugh at the subject, and ridicule it as quite visionary, observing jestingly to Keogh—"Now, my dear Keogh, it is quite clear that you and I, in this famous rebellion, shall be on different sides of the question; and of course one or the other of us must necessarily be hanged at or before its termination—I upon a lamp-iron in Dublin, or you on the bridge of Wexford. Now, we'll make a bargain!—if we beat you, upon my honour I'll do all I can to save your neck; and if your folks beat us, you'll save me from the honour of the lamp-iron!"

We shook hands on the bargain, which created much merriment, and gave the whole after-talk a cheerful character; and I returned to Wexford at twelve at night, with a most decided impression of the danger of the country, and a complete presentiment that either myself or Captain Keogh would never see the conclusion of that summer.

I immediately wrote to Mr. Secretary Cooke, without mentioning names, place, or any particular source of knowledge; but simply to assure him that there was not a doubt that an insurrection would break out at a much earlier period than the government expected. I desired him to ask me no questions,

but said that he might depend upon the fact; adding that a commanding force ought instantly to be sent down to garrison the town of Wexford. "If the government," said I in conclusion, "does not attend to my warning, it must take the consequences." My warning was not attended to; but his Majesty's government soon found I was right. They lost Wexford, and might have lost Ireland, by that culpable inattention.

The result needs scarcely be mentioned; every member of that jovial dinner-party, with the exception of myself, the barrister before alluded to, and Mr. Hatton, was executed within three months! On my next visit to Wexford I saw the heads of Captain Keogh, Mr. Harvey, and Mr. Colclough, on spikes over the court-house door.

Previously to the final catastrophe, however, when the insurgents had been beaten, Wexford retaken by our troops, and Keogh made prisoner, I did not forget my promise to him at Bargay Castle. Many certificates had reached Dublin of his humanity to the royalists whilst the town of Wexford was under his government, and of attempts made upon his life by Dixon, a chief of his own party, for his endeavouring to resist the rebel butcheries. I had intended to go with these directly to Lord Camden, the Lord-Lieutenant; but I first saw Mr. Secretary Cooke, to whom I related the entire story and showed him several favourable documents. He told me I might save myself the trouble of going to Lord Camden; and at the same time handed me a dispatch received that morning from General Lake, who stated that he had thought it necessary, on recapturing Wexford, to lose no time in "making examples" of the rebel chiefs; and that accordingly, Mr. Grogan of Johnstown, Mr. Bagenal Harvey of Bargay Castle, Captain Keogh, Mr. Colclough, and some other gentlemen, had been hanged on the bridge and beheaded the previous morning.

I felt shocked beyond measure at this intelligence, particularly as I knew Mr. Cornelius Grogan—an excellent gentleman, seventy years of age, of very large fortune and establishments—to be no more a rebel than myself.

I was at all times ready to risk my life to put down that spirit of mad democracy which sought to subvert all legal institutions, and to support every true principle of the constitution which protected us; but, at the same time, I must in truth and candour say, and I say it with reluctance, that, during those most sanguinary scenes, the brutal conduct of certain frantic royalists was at least on a parallel with that of the frantic rebels.

A short time after the recapture of Wexford, I traversed that county, to see the ruins which had been occasioned by warfare. Enniscorthy had been twice stormed, and was dilapidated and nearly burned. New Ross showed most melancholy relics of the obstinate and bloody battle of full ten hours' duration, which had been fought in every street of it. The numerous pits crammed with dead bodies, on Vinegar Hill, seemed on some spots actually elastic as we stood upon them; whilst the walls of an old windmill on its summit appeared stained and splashed with the blood and brains of the many victims who had been piked or shot against it by the rebels. The court-house of Enniscorthy, wherein our troops had burned alive above eighty of the wounded rebels; and the barn of Scullabogue, where the rebels had retaliated by burning alive above 120 Protestants, were terrific ruins! The town of Gorey was utterly destroyed, not a house being left perfect; and the bodies of the killed were lying half-covered in sundry ditches in its vicinity. It was here that Colonel Walpole had been defeated and killed a few days before.*

* Colonel Walpole was a peculiarly handsome man, an aide-de-camp to Lord Camden. As he had not seen actual service, he begged to be entrusted with some command that might give him an opportunity of fighting for a few weeks in the County Wexford, and of writing some elegant despatches to his excellency, the Lord Lieutenant. The Lord Lieutenant indulged him with a body of troops, and sent him to fight in the County Wexford, as he requested; but on passing the town of Gorey, not being accustomed to advanced guards or flankers, he overlooked such trifles altogether; and having got into a defile with some cannon and the Antrim regiment, in a few minutes the Colonel was shot through the head—the cannon changed masters—and most of the Antrim heroes had each a pike, ten or twelve feet long, sticking in his carcase. Sic transit gloria mundi!—(*Author's note.*)

An unaccountable circumstance was witnessed by me on that tour immediately after the retaking of Wexford. General Lake, as I have before mentioned, had ordered the heads of Mr. Grogan, Captain Keogh, Mr. Bagenal Harvey, and Mr. Colclough, to be placed on very low spikes, over the court-house door of Wexford. A faithful servant of Mr. Grogan had taken away his head; but the other three remained there when I visited the town. The mutilated countenances of friends and relatives, in such a situation, would, it may be imagined, give any man most horrifying sensations! The heads of Mr. Colclough and Harvey appeared black lumps, the features being utterly undistinguishable; that of Keogh was uppermost, but the air had made no impression on it whatever! His comely and respect-inspiring face, except the livid hue, was the same as in life: his eyes were not closed—his hair not much ruffled: in fact, it appeared to me rather as a head of chiselled marble than the remains of a human creature. I prevailed on General Hunter, who then commanded in Wexford, to suffer the three heads to be taken down and buried.

WOLF TONE.

THEOBALD WOLF TONE was one of the most remarkable of the persons who lost their lives in consequence of that wild democratic mania, which, at the period treated of in the former sketch, had seized upon the reason of so many otherwise sensible individuals. His catastrophe cannot fail to be interesting.

This gentleman's enthusiastic mind was eternally surrounded by the mist of visionary speculation: it was a fine sailer, but wanted ballast. He had distinguished himself somewhat in the University as a desultory declaimer; but, in my judgment, that was the full extent of his powers. He was neither high-born nor wealthy; I fear even a steady competency was not at his command; and hence his spirit, naturally restless, was additionally goaded and inflamed.

It is a curious circumstance that Mr. Tone, a decided revolutionist and rebel, married, improvidently enough, one sister, whilst Mr. Thomas Reynolds, who betrayed the friends of Tone and of himself, espoused another.

Tone was called to the Irish bar; but had been previously over-rated, and did not succeed. I thought it a pity, as he was really a good-hearted person, that he should not be fairly tried, and, if possible, pushed forward; and being myself high on the circuit, I took him round in my carriage three times, and then thought well of him; but he was too light and visionary; and, as for law, was quite incapable of imbibing that species of science.* His person was unfavourable; his countenance thin and sallow; and he had in his speech a harsh guttural pronunciation of the letter *R*—a defect shared by him in common with

* Which does this reflect on; the comprehension of Tone or the incomprehensibility of legal science? Let the lawyers themselves decide.

Mr. Croker, of the Admiralty, who indeed resembled him in personal appearance greatly, but was somewhat Tone's inferior in elocution.

It is my belief that Tone could not have succeeded in any steady civil profession. He was not worldly enough, nor had he sufficient common sense for his guidance. His biography has been repeatedly published, and I only intend here to allude to the extraordinary circumstances of his death; an event upon which I confess I had many painful feelings, and not the less so from its being connected with my own judicial functions.

He had been taken in arms by Sir John Borlase Warren, at sea, in a French frigate, proceeding to land troops in Ireland. He wore the uniform of a French officer; but being recognised, brought prisoner to Dublin, and delivered over for trial to the provost-marshal and military authorities, he was of course condemned to be hanged. I did not see him under these distressing circumstances, nor in truth was it my wish to do so; for although there existed between us no actual friendship, still I had a strong feeling for a gentleman with whom I had been so well acquainted.

It occurred to his counsel that the jurisdiction of martial law could not extend to him, as it only operated on land, and he had been taken at sea. An application was therefore made to the Common Pleas, to have him brought up by Habeas Corpus, in order (the point being ascertained) to be regularly tried before the competent tribunal, the court of Admiralty. The Habeas Corpus being granted, was served on General Craig, who then commanded in Dublin, but who refused to obey it, and was attached for his disobedience; an order being consequently made for the general and some of his staff to be taken into custody by the officers of the court.

To me, as Judge of the Admiralty, this appeal was most distressing. Had Tone the least chance of escape in any court, or upon any trial, it might have been otherwise; but he could not be defended; and to have him brought before me only to witness his conviction, and to pronounce his sentence, shocked me extremely. His friends thought this course might prolong his fate

a considerable time, and it was supposed that something might intermediately occur calculated to effect a commutation of the capital punishment. I knew better! I was convinced that his execution was determined on: it was unavoidable, and I felt *great* uneasiness.

The court having ordered General Craig, and Major Sandys, provost-marshal, to be arrested for disobedience, both these gentlemen submitted, and the pursuivant was then directed to bring up the body of Theobald Wolf Tone, on the writ of Habeas Corpus. The judges sat patiently awaiting the officer's return; and the decision being of great importance, the court was crowded to suffocation.

A considerable time elapsed, and still the pursuivant returned not. A length he appeared, with horror in his looks, and scarcely able to speak. He informed the court that Mr. Tone, feeling certain of execution by order of the military, and being ignorant of the motion which his friends thought might give him some chance for his life, had cut his throat from ear to ear, and, he believed, was dying! A surgeon now attended, who reported that the prisoner had certainly cut his throat, but that recovery was possible: the incision was long and deep, but had missed the artery, and he still lived. Of course, the trial was postponed; every friend he had (and I think he had many amongst the bar) rejoicing that poor Tone had escaped a public execution. He lingered awhile; and will it be believed, that when the wound had been connected, and whilst life still seemed to be precarious, owing to the extreme inflammation; I say will it be believed that there existed cruelty sufficient in the breast of any human creature to advise his execution, although it would have been impossible to put the sentence in force without inserting the rope within the wound, and nearly tearing away the unfortunate gentleman's head from his body? Yet such advice was given, for "the sake of example;" but rejected, I am happy to say, with horror! I will spare the man who gave it the ignominy which would thence attach to his name were it mentioned.

DUBLIN ELECTION.

In 1803 I had become particularly popular in Dublin. I was not at enmity with any sect or any party. The losses and deprivations which the citizens of Dublin were suffering in consequence of the Union brought to their recollection the fact of my having been one of its most zealous opponents. They knew that I had entertained professional ambition; and they also knew that, in order to oppose that measure, and support the independence of the nation as well as my own, I had with open eyes sacrificed all the objects of my ambition; that I had refused the most gratifying proposals; and, in maintenance of principle, had set my face decidedly against the measures of that government which I had on other occasions supported, and which alone possessed the power to advance me. They knew that I had braved the animosity of Chancellor Clare, whom few had ever ventured to oppose so decidedly as myself; and that I had utterly renounced Lord Castlereagh, by whom all means were employed to attach me. In fact, the citizens of Dublin recollected that I had abandoned every prospect in life to uphold their interest; and consequently many persons on both sides of politics had proposed to me to become a candidate for the representation of the metropolis in parliament. Some entire corporations voted me their freedom and support; and a great number of the freeholders tendered me their aid. Having, in addition, an extensive personal interest of my own, I at length determined to stand the contest.

Persons of the first weight and rank came forward in my favour; and amongst these I am proud to enumerate his Grace the Duke of Leinster, Mr. Grattan, Mr. George Ponsonby, Mr. Curran, and Mr. Plunket; several of the most respectable members of my own profession, and many private gentlemen. Indeed,

the mode wherein I was brought forward, and the parties by whom I was encouraged, could not but gratify me highly.

The city, however, immediately divided into two inveterate factions, one of which declared for Mr. Beresford, the banker, and Mr. Ogle, the Orange chieftain; whilst the other supported Mr. Latouche and myself. A fifth gentleman, Sir John Jervoise White Jervoise, Bart., also announced himself a candidate, on the strength of his own personal connections and individual property in the city, backed by any second votes he could pick up amongst the rest.

Dublin differs from London in this respect—inasmuch as, there must be an *individual* canvass requiring hard labour of at least two months or ten weeks, by day and by night, to get through it cleverly. One custom alone takes up an immensity of time, which, though I believe it never existed anywhere else, has good sense to recommend it. The grand corporation of Dublin comprises twenty-five minor corporations or trades, each independent of the other; and all (knowing their own importance previous to an election, and their insignificance after it is over) affect the state and authority of a Venetian senate, and say shrewdly enough—"How can we, ignorant men! tell who is fittest to represent Dublin till we have an opportunity of knowing their abilities?" For the purpose of acquiring this knowledge, each corporation appoints a day to receive the candidates in due formality in its hall; and each candidate is then called on to make an oration, in order to give the electors power of judging as to his capability to speak in parliament. So that, in the progress of his canvass, every candidate must make twenty-four or twenty-six speeches in his best style! Nothing can be more amusing than the gravity and decorum, wherewith the journeymen barbers, hosiers, skinners, cooks, etc. etc., receive the candidates, listen to their fine florid harangues, and then begin to debate amongst themselves as to their comparative merits; and, in truth, assume as much importance as the diplomatists at Vienna, with intentions to the full as good!

However, I got through my canvass of nearly three months,

and remained tolerably in my senses at the conclusion of it; though, most undoubtedly, I drank as much porter and whisky with the electors themselves, and as much tea and cherry-brandy with their wives, as would have ended my days on any other occasion. But I loved the people of Dublin; I had lived more than thirty years amongst them; was upon good terms with all parties and societies; and, if elected, I should have been a very faithful, and I trust, an effective representative.

The humours of an Irish canvass can only be known to those who have witnessed them; and, I believe, no election, even in Ireland, ever gave rise to more of what is termed real *fun*. Most of the incidents are too trivial and too local for detail; but there were some so ludicrous, that, even at this moment, I can scarce refrain from laughing at their recollection.

Never was a business of the kind conducted with more spirit; and, at the same time, a degree of good temper prevailed, not to have been expected in a contest which called into play the most fiery and rancorous party feelings; and the genuine stream of humour, that steadily flowed on, had a great effect in washing away any marks of ill blood. It is with pride I relate that the four voters who formed my first tally were—Mr. George Ponsonby (afterwards Lord Chancellor), Mr. Henry Grattan, Mr. William Plunket (the present Attorney-General),* and Mr. John Philpott Curran; and that the two former accompanied their votes by far more than merited eulogies.

I lost the election; but I polled to the end of the fifteen days, and had the gratification of thinking that I broke the knot of a virulent ascendency, was the means of Mr. Latouche's success, and likewise of Mr. Grattan's subsequent return.

In the course of that election many curious incidents occurred; and as everything which relates to Mr. Grattan, and tends to elucidate the character and peculiarities of that most

* Afterwards Lord Plunket and Lord Chancellor: a man equal in strength and energy to Brougham; more fertile in imagination; and of nicer skill in the details of composition. As polished as an antique marble, he had all its symmetry, development, and dignity.

pure and eminent of my countrymen, must necessarily be interesting, I feel myself justified in detailing a few anecdotes, though in themselves of no particular importance.

In the days of unsophisticated patriotism, when the very name of Grattan operated as a spell to rouse the energies and spirit of his country; when the schisms of party bigotry had yielded to the common weal, and public men obtained that public gratitude which they merited; the corporation of Dublin in some lucid interval of the sottish malady which has ever distinguished that inconsiderate and intemperate body, obtained a full-length portrait of Henry Grattan, then termed their great deliverer. His name graced their corporate rolls as a hereditary freeman,* when the jealous malice of that rancorous and persevering enemy of every man opposed to him, the Earl of Clare, in a secret committee of the House of Lords, introduced into their report some lines of a deposition by one Hughes, a rebel who had been made a witness, and was induced to coin evidence to save his own life, detailing a conversation which he alleged himself to have had with Mr. Grattan, wherein the latter had owned that he was a United Irishman. Everybody knew the total falsity of this. Indeed, Mr. Grattan was a man whose principles had been on certain occasions considered too aristocratic; and yet he was now denounced, in the slang of the Lord Chancellor, "an infernal democrat." The corporation of Dublin caught the sound, and, without inquiry, tore down from their walls the portrait which had done them so much honour, and expelled Grattan from the corporation without trial or notice.

On the election in question, I was proposed by Mr. George Ponsonby, and upon Mr. Grattan rising next to vote upon my tally, he was immediately objected to as having been expelled on the report of Lord Clare's committee. A burst of indignation on the one side, and of boisterous declamation on the other, forthwith succeeded. It was of an alarming nature: Grattan meanwhile standing silent, and regarding, with a smile of the most

* Mr. Grattan's father had been recorder of Dublin, and representative in parliament for that city.—(*Author's note.*)

ineffable contempt ever expressed, his shameless accusers. The objection was made by Mr. John Giffard, of whom hereafter. On the first intermission of the tumult, with a calm and dignified air, but in that energetic style and tone so peculiar to himself, Mr. Grattan delivered the following memorable words,—memorable, because conveying in a few short sentences the most overwhelming philippic—the most irresistible assemblage of terms imputing public depravity, that the English, or, I believe, any other language, is capable of affording :—

"Mr. Sheriff, when I observe the quarter from whence the objection comes, I am not surprised at its being made! It proceeds from the hired traducer of his country—the excommunicated of his fellow-citizens—the regal rebel—the unpunished ruffian—the bigoted agitator! In the city a firebrand—in the court a liar—in the streets a bully—in the field a coward! And so obnoxious is he to the very party he wishes to espouse, that he is only supportable by doing those dirty acts the less vile refuse to execute."*

Giffard, thunderstruck, lost his usual assurance, and replied, in one single sentence, "I would spit upon him in a desert!"—which vapid and unmeaning exclamation was his sole retort!

I called for the roll, and, on inspection, Mr. Grattan's name appeared never to have been erased. Of course, the objection was overruled: my friend voted, and his triumph was complete.

The erasure of his name from the roll was never afterwards attempted; and, on the dissolution of that parliament, he was requested by the very same body to stand forward as their "most illustrious countryman," and elected by acclamation in that very same court-house, as the representative of the city and corporation which had so recently endeavoured to debase and destroy him. His chairing was attended with enthusiasm by those who some time before would with equal zeal have attended

* I confess that a tempest of this quality sings in my ear very unapprovedly. I do not wonder at a regal rebel, nor am I terrified by an unpunished ruffian; a court liar is no monster of a curiosity; and a street bully is but a "juvenile offender." The ears of the groundlings, however, must be split; and Grattan was a great thunderbolt. This must not be taken in a disparaging sense.

his execution. Never was there exhibited a more complete proof of causeless popular versatility;* which, indeed, was repeatedly practised on that real patriot.

Mr. John Giffard, the subject of the foregoing philippic, was a very remarkable person. He had a great deal of vulgar talent; a daring impetuosity; and was wholly indifferent to opinion. From first to last he fought his way through the world; and finally worked himself up to be the most sturdy partisan I ever recollect in the train of government. His detestation of the Pope and his adoration of King William he carried to an excess quite ridiculous; in fact, on both subjects he seemed occasionally delirious.

I did not agree with Mr. Grattan as to all the epithets wherewith he honoured the captain. "A coward" he most certainly was not. With all his faults, or crimes if they should be called so, he had several qualities which in social intercourse are highly valuable. He was as warm-hearted and friendly a person as I ever met with; and, on the other hand, a bitterer enemy never existed: I don't think he ever was mine.

Giffard was originally an apothecary. When I was at the Dublin University the students were wild and lawless; any offence to one was considered as an offence to all; and as the elder sons of most men of rank and fortune in Ireland were then educated in Dublin College, it was dangerous to meddle with so powerful a set of students, who consequently did precisely what they chose outside the college-gates. If they conceived offence against any body, the collegians made no scruple of bringing the offender into the court, and pumping him well; and their unanimity and numbers were so great, that it was quite impossible any youth could be selected for punishment. In my time, we used to break open what houses we pleased!—regularly beating the watch every night, except in one parish, which we always kept in pay, to lend us their poles wherewith to fight the others. In short, our conduct was outrageous; and the first check we

* It was a sad trial for one of the greatest and best of men that ever adorned a nation's annals.

ever received was from Giffard, who was a director of the watch, and kept a shop close to the Parliament House.

Having in some way annoyed the collegians, he was condemned to the pump; but he intrenched himself in his house, which we assailed, breaking all the windows. He gave us repeated warnings to no purpose; and on a new assault being commenced, fired a pistol. A collegian was wounded in the wrist, whereupon the besiegers immediately retired from the fortress.

It was a lucky shot for Giffard, who immediately obtained some parochial office for his firmness; made himself of importance on every trifling subject, and harangued constantly in the vestry. Of his subsequent progress I know nothing till about the year 1790, when I became a public character, and found Giffard an *attaché* to the Castle in divers capacities. He was afterwards placed in the revenue department, became a common-councilman, and at length high-sheriff; at which epoch he acquired the title which forsook him not, of "*The Dog in Office*," though wherefore I could never rightly make out. His acts from that period became part of the general statistical history of Irish politics. One of his sons was butchered in cool blood by the rebels at Kildare, which naturally increased his ferocity. His eldest son, Harding Giffard, and Mr. Croker of the Admiralty, married two sisters in Waterford. Mr. Croker's good luck enabled him to aid his relative, who, having tried the Irish Bar in vain for several years, became Chief-Justice of Ceylon.

During the election we are speaking of, one Horish, a master chimney-sweeper, appeared on the hustings. This man, being known to have several votes at command besides his own, had been strongly canvassed, but would promise neither of the candidates, nor give the least hint how he intended to vote.

During the rebellion of 1798 Mr. John Beresford, one of the candidates, had built a riding-house for his yeomanry troop, which had been also much used as a place for whipping suspected persons in, to make them discover what in all proba-

bility they never knew—a practice equally just and humane, and liberally resorted to by military officers pending that troublous era.

In Mr. Beresford's riding-house this infernal system was carried on to a greater extent than in any of the similar slaughter-houses then tolerated in the metropolis. To such an extent, indeed, that some Irish wags had one night the words, "Mangling done here by J. Beresford and Co." painted upon a sign-board, and fixed over the entrance.

It happened that this same Horish had been amongst those who had paid to their king and country a full share of skin for the crime of being suspected. He had not forgotten the couple of hundred lashes on his bare carcass which he had received in Mr. Beresford's riding-house: but the circumstance was, as a thing of an ordinary nature, totally forgotten by the candidate.

Horish, a coarse, rough-looking, strong-built, independent, and at the moment well-dressed brute of a fellow, remained quite coquettish as to his votes.* "Let me see!" said he, feeling his importance, and unwilling to part with it (which would be the case the moment he had polled), and looking earnestly at all the candidates,—"Let me see! who shall I vote for?—I'm very hard to please, gentlemen, I assure you!" He hesitated; we all pressed:—"Fair and easy, gentlemen," said Horish, looking at each of us again, "don't hurry a man!"

"Barrington," cried impatient Beresford, "I know that honest fellow Horish will vote for me!" Horish stared, but said nothing.

"Indeed, he will not," replied I, "eh, Horish?" Horish looked, but remained silent.

"I'll lay you a rump and dozen," exclaimed Beresford, "on the matter."

Horish now started into a sort of animation, but coolly replied, —"You'll lose that same rump and dozen, Mr. Beresford; 'twas many a *dozen* you gave me already in the riding-house, and to the devil I bob that kind of entertainment; but if ever I have the honour of meeting you up a chimney, depend on it, Mr. Beresford,

* Sir Jonah uses a heavy brush, but in general very good colours.

I'll treat you with all the *civility* imaginable! Come, boys, we'll poll away for the counsellor!" and I was supported, I believe, by every chimney-sweeper in the city of Dublin, and they were many, who had votes.*

* Sam. Lover said that Barrington did not give the sweep's name right:—"'Twas Borish, or *should be!*"

ELECTION FOR COUNTY WEXFORD.

It is to be lamented that the biographers and eulogists of Richard Brinsley Sheridan should have suppressed some of the most creditable incidents of his variegated life, whilst his memory is disgraced by pretended friends and literary admirers.*

These writers have raked up from his ashes, and exposed to public indignation,† every failing of that great and gifted man; so that, if their own productions were by any chance to become permanent, they would send him down to posterity as a witty, but low and dissipated sharper; or, in their very best colouring, as the most talented‡ of mean and worthless mendicants.

Amongst the incidents that have been overlooked is one both extraordinary and melancholy, and forming an honourable comment on Mr. Sheridan's public character.

In speaking thus, I deeply regret that one of his cruel biographers should be a man whom I esteem; and I regret it the more, since he has used poor Sheridan as a chopping-block, whereon to hack the character of the most illustrious person of the British Empire, who has been accused of *pecuniary illiberality*. A circumstance accidentally came to my knowledge to disprove the charge.

On the general election of 1808, Mr. John Colclough of Tintern Abbey, County Wexford, a near relative of mine, and *locum tenens* of his elder brother, Mr. Cæsar Colclough, who had been long resident on the Continent, declared himself for the

* It is still more to be lamented that the records of his wit are so meagre. What Mick Kelly *has* gathered, who had been his daily intimate for thirty years, would scarcely fill thirty pages, and not fill them well.

† Thanks to *Future Justice*, the best of all divinities, his virtues survive, and his failings are forgiven.

‡ This villanous word is not yet English.

second time candidate for Wexford County, which he had represented in the previous parliament. The Colclough estates were large, the freeholders thereon numerous, and devoted to the interest of their patriotic leader, whose uncle, Mr. John Grogan, of Johnstown Castle, also a relative of mine, possessed of a very large fortune and extensive tenantry, had united with his nephew and other most respectable and independent gentlemen of that county, to liberate its representation from the trammels of certain noblemen who had for many years usurped its domination. Mr. Colclough was determined to put the pride, spirit, and patriotism of the county to proof, and therefore proposed Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan as joint-candidate with himself, declaring that he was authorised by the independent freeholders of the county to say that they should feel the greatest gratification in being represented by so distinguished an ornament to the name of Irishman.

Mr. Colclough and Mr. Sheridan were therefore nominated on the one hand; and Mr. Alcock, supported by the interest of the influenced electors, on the other.

Never yet was any poll conducted by more resolute, active, and zealous partisans, but it is lamentable to add that they were equally intemperate as zealous. The flame of patriotism had caught the mass of the population; tenants no longer obeyed the dictates of their absent landlords nor the menaces of tyrannic agents: no man could count on the votes of his former vassals. The hustings was thronged with crowds of tenantry, constitutionally breaking away from their shackles, and voting according to their principles of free agency for Sheridan, a man known to them only by the celebrity of his talents. The poll proceeded: the independent party was advancing fast to success; and had the election continued, there is no doubt but that Mr. Sheridan would have been a representative for Wexford County. At this crisis occurred one of the most unfortunate and melancholy events on Irish record, and by which the contest was terminated, as if the untoward destiny of Sheridan withered everything that came in contact with it.

Several tenants of a person who had given his interest to Mr. Alcock absolutely refused to vote for that gentleman, declaring that at every risk they would support Colclough and "the great Sheridan." Mr. Alcock's partisans perverted the free agency of these men into seduction on the part of Mr. Colclough: hence a feeling decidedly hostile was excited; the fierce zeal and frenzy of election partisanship burst into a flame; and Mr. Colclough was required to decline such votes, or to receive them at his peril.

Of course he disregarded this outrageous threat, and open war ensued. One party lost sight of reason; both, of humanity; and it was determined, that before the opening of next morning's poll, the candidates should decide, by single combat, the contested question. With what indignation and horror must such a resolution, at once assailing law, good morals, and decency, be now regarded! and how will the feeling of surprise increase from its being passed over with impunity!*

Early on the eventful morning many hundred people assembled to witness the affair; and it will scarcely be believed that no less than eleven or twelve county justices stood by, passive spectators of the bloody scene which followed, without an effort, or apparently a wish, to stop the proceeding.

Both combatants were remarkably near-sighted; and Mr. Alcock determined on wearing glasses, which was resisted by the friends of Mr. Colclough, who would wear none. The partisans of the former, however, persevered, and he did wear them. The ground at length was marked; the anxious crowd separated on either side, as their party feelings led them; but all seemed to feel a common sense of horror and repugnance. The unfeeling seconds handed to each principal a couple of pistols; and placing them about eight or nine steps asunder, withdrew, leaving two gentlemen of fortune and character—brother-candidates for the

* The style of this narration is uncommonly *tall*, and never shrinks from first to last. The whole would have been better told in ten lines; but, as Newton said, a good squeeze would put the world into a nutshell: which would be a serious hurt to the landed interests.

county—and former friends, nay, intimate companions—standing in the centre of a field, without any personal offence given or received, encouraged by false friends, and permitted by unworthy magistrates, to butcher each other as quickly and as effectually as their position and weapons would admit.

The sight was awful!—a dead silence and pause ensued; the great crowd stood in motionless suspense; the combatants presented; men scarcely breathed; the word was given: Mr. Alcock fired first, and his friend—his companion—one of the best men of Ireland, instantly fell forward, shot through the heart! he spoke not—but turning on one side, his heart's blood gushed forth—his limbs quivered—he groaned and expired. His pistol exploded after he was struck—of course without effect.

The bystanders looked almost petrified. The profound stillness continued for a moment, horror having seized the multitude, when, on the sudden, a loud and universal yell, the ancient practice of the Irish peasantry on the death of a chieftain, simultaneously burst out like a peal of thunder from every quarter of the field; a yell so savage and continuous—so like the tone of revenge—that it would have appalled any stranger to the customs of the country. Alcock and his partisans immediately retreated; those of Colclough collected round his body; and their candidate (a few moments before in health, spirits, and vigour!) was mournfully borne back upon a plank to the town of his nativity, and carried lifeless through those very streets which had that morning been prepared to signalise his triumph.

The election-poll, of course, proceeded without further opposition. The joint friends of Colclough and Sheridan, deprived of their support, and thunderstruck at the event, thought of nothing but lamentation; and in one hour Mr. Alcock was declared duly elected for Wexford County, solely through the death of his brother-candidate, whom he had himself that morning unjustly immolated.

A more wanton duel, a more unnecessary, cruel, and in all points illegal transaction, never occurred in the United Empire; yet, strange to say, of those eleven or twelve magistrates who

actually stood by, as amateurs or partisans, in defiance of the law and of their duty,—not one was displaced or punished!—a precedent of impunity most discreditable to the high authorities of that day, dangerous to the peace of the country, and subversive of the first principles of free election. Judge of Sheridan's feelings on receiving this intelligence! and judge of the correctness of his biographers, who have suppressed the incident.*

Nor was poor Colclough's death the last act of the tragedy. His friends thought themselves called on to prosecute Mr. Alcock, who fled, but subsequently returned and surrendered for trial. I attended, as special counsel for the prosecution; Baron Smith tried the cause. The evidence was stronger than I have deemed it necessary to recite. The baron stated his opinion on the legal distinctions as applicable to duelling, and on that opinion the bar differed. It was not the wish of the prosecutors to do more than mark the transaction by a conviction for manslaughter, which the law, under the circumstances, seemed to render imperative. However, the then politics of Wexford juries differed not unfrequently both from the laws of God and the statute-book; and the verdict returned in this instance was, to the surprise of everyone, a general acquittal.

But, alas! the acquitted duellist suffered more in mind than his victim had done in body. The horror of the scene, and the solemnity of the trial, combined to make a fatal inroad on his reason! he became melancholy; his understanding gradually declined; a dark gloom enveloped his entire intellect; and an excellent young man and perfect gentleman at length sank into irrecoverable imbecility. Goaded by the vicious frenzy of election partisans, he had slain his friend; and, haunted by reflection and sorrow, he ended his own days in personal restraint and mental ruin.

To this fatal duel there was yet another sad sequel. Miss Alcock, sister of the member, had been most deeply affected by the mournful catastrophe. She had known Colclough long and

* How the incident affects Sheridan or his biographers is not discoverable. The tale is very illustrative of the times, but rather inconveniently long.

intimately; and being an amiable and sensitive young woman, her brother's absence, his trial, and his subsequent depression, kept the gloomy transaction alive in her mind. She also gradually wasted; and the death of her brother sinking deeper and deeper into a heart, all whose sources of tranquillity had been dried up, her reason wandered, and the dreadful fate of her friend and of her brother brought her to a premature grave.

A trivial anecdote will suffice to exhibit the general state of Wexford County, and of the aristocracy and magistracy, many of whom were a disgrace to their office, and completely filled up Mr. Grattan's definition of a "regal rebel," by their arrogance, tyranny, oppression, and disaffection. By these men the peasantry were goaded into a belief that justice was banished, and so driven into the arms of the avowed rebels, who used every lure to enforce their previous delusion.

A handsome young woman, maid-servant to a Mrs. Lett, who was considered as a great patriot in Wexford, happened one summer's evening to sit at her mistress's window singing songs, but to certain airs that were not considered orthodox by the aristocracy.

The Marquess of Ely, with the high-sheriff and other gentlemen of the county, were retiring after their wine from the grand jury, and heard this unfortunate young siren warbling at the window; but as the song sounded to their loyal ears of a rebellious tendency, it was thought advisable to demolish the fragile parts of Mrs. Lett's house-front without delay; and, accordingly, my lord, the high-sheriff, and their friends forthwith commenced their laudable undertaking; and stones being the weapons nearest at hand, the windows and the warbling maid received a loyal broadside. For this freak the Marquess, whose counsel I was, was tried, convicted, and fined.

LORD TYRAWLEY.

THE first chief judge who favoured me with his intimacy was Lord Clonmell, chief justice of the King's Bench. I was introduced to his Lordship's notice through Sir John Tydd, and received from him many instances of kind attention; and he gave me, early in life, some of the very best practical maxims. As he was one of the celebrated official "fire-eaters," whom I shall hereafter mention, and fought several duels, it may be amusing to copy here, from my *Historical Memoirs of Ireland*, a few distinguishing traits of his Lordship. "Mr. Scott never omitted one favourable opportunity of serving himself. His skill was unrivalled, and his success proverbial. He was full of anecdotes, though not the most refined; these, in private society, he not only told but acted; and, when he perceived that he had made a very good exhibition, he immediately withdrew, that he might leave the most lively impression of his pleasantry behind him. His boldness was his first introduction—his policy, his ultimate preferment. Courageous, vulgar, humorous, artificial, he knew the world well, and he profited by that knowledge. He cultivated the powerful; he bullied the timid; he fought the brave; he flattered the vain; he duped the credulous; and he amused the convivial. Half-liked, half-reprobated, he was too high to be despised, and too low to be respected. His language was coarse, and his principles arbitrary; but his passions were his slaves, and his cunning was his instrument. In public and in private he was the same character; and, though a most fortunate man and a successful courtier, he had scarcely a sincere friend or a disinterested adherent."

His duel with Lord Tyrawley was caused and attended by circumstances which form a curious narrative. Lady Tyrawley

had an utter dislike for her husband, then the Honourable James Cuffe. They had no children, and she made various efforts to induce him to consent to a distinct and total separation. There being no substantial cause for such a measure, Mr. Cuffe looked upon it as ridiculous, and would not consent. At length the lady hit upon an excellent mode for carrying her wishes into effect, and ensuring a separate maintenance.

One day, sobbing and crying, Mrs. Cuffe threw herself before her lord, on her knees—went through the usual evolutions of a repentant female—and, at length, told her husband that she was unworthy of his future protection. She was instantly put into a sedan-chair and ordered out of the house to private lodgings, until it was the will of her injured lord to send a deed of annuity for her support.

Mr. Cuffe next summoned a friend, and informed him how the villain Scott had injured him, as Mrs. Cuffe confessed. A message was sent, with an invitation to mortal combat, to the attorney-general, urging the lady's confession, and the usual reproaches.

Mr. Scott, knowing that a declaration of innocence would, by the world, be considered either as honourable perjury on his part, to save Mrs. Cuffe's reputation, or as a mode of screening himself from her husband's vengeance, and in no case be believed even by the good-natured part of society, made up his mind for the worst.

The husband and supposed gallant accordingly met, and exchanged shots: and each party having heard the bullets humanely whiz past his ears, Mr. Scott assured his antagonist that he had never wronged him, and thought the lady must have lost her reason.

There was no cause for denying credence to this; whilst, on the other hand, it was but too likely that Mr. Cuffe had been tricked by his wife. She was sure of a separation, for he had turned her out: and, if he had fallen on the field of honour, she had a noble jointure; so that she was *in utrumque parata*—secure under every chance.

On his return, he sent her a most severe reprimand; and

announced but a moderate annuity, which she instantly and haughtily refused, positively declaring that she never had made any confession of guilt; that the whole was a scheme of his own vicious jealousy, to get rid of her; and that she had only said he might just as well suspect the attorney-general, who had never said a civil thing to her, as anybody else. She dared him to *prove* the least impropriety on her part; and yet he had cruelly turned her out of his house, and proclaimed his innocent wife to be a guilty woman.

Mr. Cuffe saw she had been too many for him, every way! he durst not give more publicity to the affair; and therefore agreed to allow her a very handsome annuity, whereon she lived a happy life, and died but a few years since.

Immediately after I was married, I resided next door to Lord Clonmell, in Harcourt Street. He called on me most kindly, and took me to walk over his fine gardens and lawn; and was so humorous and entertaining, that his condescension quite delighted me; but I afterwards found out, that he made a point of discovering every young man likely to succeed in public life, and took the earliest moment possible of being so civil as to ensure a friend, if not a partisan, and no man wanted the latter more than his Lordship.

"Barrington," said he to me, "you are married!"

"No doubt," said I, laughingly, "as tight as any person on the face of the earth."

"All women in the world," replied his Lordship, "are fond of having their own way."

"I am firmly of your opinion, my Lord," said I.

"Now," pursued he, "the manner in which all wives are spoiled, is by giving them their own way at first; for whatever you accustom them to at the beginning, they will expect *ever after:* so, mind me! I'll tell you the secret of ruling a wife, if known in time: 'Never do anything *for peace-sake*;'—if you do, you'll never have one hour's tranquillity but by *concession*,—mind that!"

"I firmly believe it," exclaimed I.

"Well," said he, "*practise* it!"

Some time after, I met his Lordship at Lamberton, Queen's County, the seat of Sir John Tydd. He related the above story, and asked me if I had taken his advice.—"No," said I.

"Why?" inquired his Lordship.

"Because," replied I, "a *philosopher* has an easier life of it than a *soldier*."

I had the laugh against him, and the more particularly as his Lordship had married a second wife, and I believe no husband in Ireland adhered less to his own maxim than did Lord Clonmell after that union.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY.

My personal acquaintance with the Duke of Wellington originated accidentally, soon after I commenced public life; and so clearly shows the versatility of men, the fallibility of judgment, and the total uncertainty of all human prediction, that I cannot avoid mentioning it.

In 1793, when I was in high repute, most prosperous at the bar, living in the first ranks of society, a distinguished favourite at the viceregal court, and designated as a candidate for the first offices of my profession, I occasionally gave large splendid dinners, according to the habit invariably adopted in those times by persons circumstanced like myself. At one of those entertainments, Major Hobart (Lord Buckinghamshire); Sir John Parnell; Isaac Corry; I think, Lord Limerick; Sir John (afterwards Lord) de Blacquiere; and Lords Llandaff, Dillon, Yelverton; the Speaker;—in all, upwards of twenty noblemen and commoners, did me the honour of partaking my fare. Lord Clonmell sent me his two grand cooks, and a most cheerful party was predicted. The House had sat late that day, and etiquette never permitted us to go to dinner, where the Speaker was a guest, until his arrival, unless he had especially desired us to do so.

The Speaker did not join us till nine o'clock, when Sir John Parnell brought with him, and introduced to me, Captain Wellesley and Mr. Stewart, two young members, who having remained in the House, he had insisted on their coming with him to my dinner, where he told them good cheer and a hearty welcome would be found; and in this he was not mistaken.

Captain Arthur Wellesley had, in 1790, been returned to parliament for Trim, County Meath, a borough under the patron-

age of his brother, the Earl of Mornington. He was then ruddy-faced and juvenile in appearance, and popular enough among the young men of his age and station. His address was unpolished; he occasionally spoke in Parliament, but not successfully, and never on important subjects; and evinced no promise of that unparalleled celebrity and splendour which he has since reached, and whereto intrepidity and decision, good luck and great military science, have justly combined to elevate him.

Lord Castlereagh was the son of Mr. Stewart, a country gentleman, generally accounted to be a very clever man, in the north of Ireland. He was a professed and not very moderate patriot, and at one time carried his ideas of opposition exceedingly far, having become a leading member of the Reform and Liberal societies.

Lord Castlereagh began his career in the Irish Parliament, by a motion for a committee to inquire into the representation of the people, with the ulterior object of a reform in Parliament. He made a good speech and had a majority in the House, which he certainly did not expect, and I am sure did not *wish for*. He was unequal and unwilling to push that point to further trial; the matter cooled in a few days; and after the next division, was deserted entirely. Mr. Stewart, however, after that speech, was considered as a very clever young man, and in all points well taught and tutored by his father, whose marriage with the Marquess of Camden's sister was the remote cause of all his future successes—how sadly terminated!

At the period to which I allude, I feel confident, nobody could have predicted that one of those young gentlemen would become the most celebrated English general of his era, and the other, one of the most mischievous statesmen and unfortunate ministers that ever appeared in modern Europe. However, it is observable, that to the personal intimacy and reciprocal friendship of those two individuals, they mutually owed the extent of their respective elevation and celebrity: Sir Arthur Wellesley never would have had the chief command in Spain but for the ministerial manœuvring and aid of Lord Castlereagh; and Lord

Castlereagh never could have stood his ground as a minister, but for Lord Wellington's successes.

At my house, the evening passed amidst that glow of well-bred, witty, and cordial vinous conviviality, which was, I believe, peculiar to high society in Ireland.

From that night I became rather intimate with Captain Wellesley and Mr. Stewart; and perceived certain amiable qualities in both, which a change of times, or the intoxication of prosperity, certainly in some degree tended to diminish. Indeed, if Lord Wellington had continued until now the same frank, open-hearted man, he certainly must have been better proof against those causes which usually excite a metamorphosis of human character than any one who had ever preceded him. Still, if possible, he would have been a greater man; at least he would have better drawn the distinction between a warrior and a hero —terms not altogether synonymous. Many years subsequently to the dinner-party I have mentioned, I one day met Lord Castlereagh in the Strand, and a gentleman with him. His Lordship stopped me, whereat I was rather surprised, as we had not met for some time; he spoke very kindly, smiled, and asked if I had forgotten my old friend, Sir Arthur Wellesley?—whom I discovered in his companion; but looking so sallow and wan, and with every mark of what is called a worn-out man, that I was truly concerned at his appearance. He soon recovered his health and looks, and went as the Duke of Richmond's secretary to Ireland; where he was in all material traits still Sir Arthur Wellesley; but it was Sir Arthur Wellesley judiciously improved. He had not forgotten his friends, nor did he forget himself. He said that he had accepted the office of secretary only on the terms that it should not impede or interfere with his military pursuits; and what he said proved true, for he was soon sent, as second in command, with Lord Cathcart to Copenhagen, to break through the law of nations, and execute the most distinguished piece of treachery that history records.*

* This matter is not within the scope of my observations; let the readers of history or of Grotius settle for themselves.

On Sir Arthur's return he recommenced his duty of secretary; and during his residence in Ireland, in that capacity, I did not hear one complaint against any part of his conduct either as a public or private man. He was afterwards appointed to command in Spain; an appointment solicited, and I believe expected, by Sir John Doyle. It might be entertaining to speculate on the probable state of Europe at present, if Sir John had been then appointed generalissimo. I do not mean to infer any disparagement to the talents of Sir John, but he might have pursued a different course, not calculated, as in Sir Arthur's instance, to have decided, for the time being, the fate of Europe.

A few days before Sir Arthur's departure for Spain, I requested him to spend a day with me, which he did. The company was not very large, but some of Sir Arthur's military friends were among the party; the late Sir Charles Asgill, the present General Meyrick, etc. etc. I never saw him more cheerful or happy. The bombardment of Copenhagen being by chance started as a topic of remark, I did not join in its praise; but, on the other hand, muttered that I never did nor should approve of it.

"Damn it, Barrington," said Sir Arthur, "why? what do you mean to say?" "I say, Sir Arthur," replied I, "that it was the very best devised, the very best executed, and the most just and necessary 'robbery and murder' now on record!" He laughed, and adjourned to the drawing-room, where Lady B. had a ball and supper as a finish for the departing hero.

In 1815, having been shut up in Paris during the siege, I went out to Neuilly to pay a visit to the Duke before our troops got into the city. I had not seen him since the last day he dined at my own house; but he had intermediately much changed.

I knew his Grace when Captain Wellesley—Sir Arthur Wellesley—Secretary Wellesley—Ambassador Wellesley—and Duke of Wellington. In the first stage of this career, I was his equal; in the last, nobody is. However, it is a fine reflection for the contemporaries of great people, that it will be "all the same a

hundred years hence!" and heroes, diplomatists,* etc., must either become very good-tempered fellows when they meet in the Elysian fields, or—there must be a very strong police to keep them in order.

I was present in one of the French chambers when the question of capitulation was discussed; and most undoubtedly Marshal Ney supported that measure upon the basis of a general amnesty. On any other, it never would have been listened to; the battle would have taken place early next morning; and the Duke of Wellington would have had to contest the most sanguinary and desperate engagement of his day with a numerous and well-appointed army, frantic with zeal to revenge their disgrace at Waterloo. This I know; for I was (truly against the grain) kept more than twelve hours in the midst of it at Vilette, two days before the capitulation. Of this, more will be seen in the last volume. I cannot but remark, that if Ney had been pardoned, and the horses not sent to Venice, the spirit of the capitulation would have been more strictly adhered to.

I must be rightly understood respecting Lord Londonderry, to whom, individually, I never had the slightest objection. As a private gentleman, I always found him friendly, though cold;

* The following unpublished lines, by one of the most talented young ladies I ever met, depict the frivolity and short-lived nature of human vanities more forcibly than a hundred sermons:—

"The kingdoms of the world have pass'd away,
And its strong empires moulder'd into dust,
Swift as the changes of a poet's dream:
And kings and heroes, and the mighty minds
Whose hopes circled eternity, and seized
The stars as their inheritance, and grew
Too big for mortal frames—until they sank
Into the narrow bounds of nature:—
These are the things which, even nameless now,
Are on the earth forgot—or, if retain'd,
Of power, of life, and motion all bereft!"—(*Author's note.*)

As the admirers of poetry will discover enough sublimity in this to condone for the misplaced accent, I cannot reject it.

and fair, though ambiguous.* I never knew him break his word, and believe him to have been perfectly honourable upon every subject of private interest. But here my eulogy must close; for, with regard to public character, his Lordship must, I fear, be pronounced corrupt. When determined on a point, nothing could stop him. In Ireland, his career was distinguished by public bribery and palpable misrepresentations; of which assertion, had I not indisputable and ample proof, I would not hazard it.

Mr. Pelham, now Earl of Chichester, was secretary to Lord Camden when Lord Lieutenant. I had the good fortune and pleasure to be on very friendly terms with this amiable and engaging gentleman, and have seldom met any public personage I liked so well. I found him moderate, honourable, sufficiently firm and sufficiently spirited; and had a real gratification in attaching myself not only to his measures, but to his society. In all our intercourse, which ceased with his departure, I found him candid and just, and experienced at his hands several public acts of kindness.

Mr. Pelham's parliamentary talents were not of a splendid order. The people of Ireland never required stars for ministers; but a fair and candid secretary was a great treat to them, and Mr. Pelham was making full way in public estimation. The last day I ever saw him in Ireland, he and his brother-in-law, Lord Sheffield, did me the favour of dining with me in Merrion Square. I perceived he was uncommonly dull, and regretted the circumstance much; he obviously grew worse, at length laid his head upon the table, and when he departed was extremely ill. Next day he was in a violent fever, his life was long despaired of, he recovered with difficulty, and, on his recovery, returned to England. Mr. Stewart, by marriage the Lord Lieutenant's nephew, was named as *locum tenens* during Mr. Pelham's absence; or, should he not return, until the appointment of another secretary. But he was soon discovered by his employers to be fit for *any* business; and as it had been long in the secret

* This slips through my meshes.

contemplation of the British ministry to extinguish the Irish Parliament, either by fraud or force; and Lord Camden being considered too inactive, perhaps too conscientious and honourable, to resort to either of those weapons, it was determined to send over an old servant-of-all-work. This person, Lord Cornwallis, with the assistance of his young secretary, would stop at nothing necessary to effect the purpose, and they could, between them, carry a measure which few other persons, at that period, durst have attempted.

These fragments are not intended as political episodes. The result of that coalition everybody knows. I shall only state so much of the transaction as relates to my own individual concerns. I had an interview with Lord Castlereagh, some time after he came into office, at Mr. Cooke's chambers. He told me he understood I expected to be the next solicitor-general, and had applied for the office. I answered, that I not only expected as much, but considered myself, under all circumstances, entitled to that preferment. He and Mr. Cooke both said, "Yes;" and recommended me to make "my party good with Lord Clare," who had expressed "no indisposition" to the appointment. Had I not been supposed to be of some use to the government, I do not doubt but Lord Clare would have preferred many other more subservient gentry of my profession. But he knew that although Lord Westmorland, on leaving Ireland, had made no express stipulation, he had subsequently gone as far as he could with Lord Camden, for my promotion. Lord Clare played me off cleverly until, in the month of August 1799, I was sent for in private by the secretary, Edward Cooke, who had been a particular confidential friend of mine for several years. Having first enjoined secrecy as to our conference, he told me that a measure of great import had been under consideration in the English Cabinet, and might possibly be acted on; and then proceeding to acquaint me that Lord Clare had made no objection to my promotion, he asked in so many words if I would support the "question of 'a union,' if it should be brought forward?" I was struck as if by a shot! I had no idea of such

a thing being now seriously contemplated, although I had often heard of it as a measure suggested in 1763. My mind had never any doubts upon the degrading subject, all thoughts whereof had been considered as banished for ever by the volunteers of 1782. I therefore replied at once, "No, never!"—"You'll think better of it, Barrington!" said he. "Never, by —!" rejoined I; "never!" and the discussion was dropped, nor did I confide it to any save one individual, who differed with me very much, at least as to the mode of refusal.

I was determined, however, to know how the matter really stood; and without touching on the late conversation, desired to be apprised whether they preserved the intention of appointing me solicitor-general. I received no other answer than the following letter from Lord Castlereagh, without any explanation; but it was enveloped in a very long one from Mr. Cooke, headed, "strictly private;" and therefore of course still remaining so.

September 7, 1799.

"My dear Sir—I am directed by his excellency the Lord Lieutenant to assure you, that he would be glad to avail himself of any proper opportunity of complying with your wishes; and that he regrets much he is at present so particularly circumstanced, with respect to the office of solicitor-general, that he feels it impossible to gratify your desire as to that appointment. I should, myself, have been very happy had I been able to communicate to you a more favourable result.—Dear sir, yours very sincerely. CASTLEREAGH."

I never had anything more to do with the successive governments of Ireland,* and have used all forbearance in giving my opinion of Irish Lord Chancellors, except Mr. Ponsonby, whom nobody ever heard me praise as a very great lawyer, but whom everybody has heard me term a just judge, and an honest friendly man.

Of Lord Camden, I believe, there was no second opinion in

* Lord Castlereagh's letter to me put, in fact, a civil end to my dreams of promotion.—(*Author's note.*)

the circle wherein I moved. A better man could not be; but instead of governing he was governed; and intimately acquainted as I was with every procedure and measure during his administration in Ireland, I do most fully acquit him, individually, of the outrageous, impolitic, and ill-judged measures which distinguished his rule. As to Lord Clare, he was despotic, and the greatest enemy Ireland ever had. His father had been a Roman Catholic, and intended for a priest, but changed his tenets, became a barrister of great and just celebrity, and left many children.

Lord Clare was latterly my most inveterate enemy. The cause shall be no secret. It arose from a vicious littleness of mind scarcely credible; and proves to me that implacability of temper never exists without its attendant faults; and although it may be deprecated by cringing, is seldom influenced by feelings of generosity.*

* Dr. Hill of Harcourt Street, who was Regius Professor of Medicine, T.C.D., for more than half-a-century, said of Clare,—"I watched Fitzgibbon's conduct for years, in court and out of it, to friends and foes, to sycophants and expectants, and came to a clear conclusion, that he hated, and strove to hurt, any man who had any pretensions to honesty or ability."

LORD NORBURY.

LORD NORBURY, then Mr. Toler, went circuit as judge the first circuit I went as barrister. He continued my friend as warmly as he possibly could be the friend of any one, and I thought he was in earnest. One evening, however, coming hot from Lord Clare's, at that time my proclaimed enemy, he attacked me with an after-dinner volubility which hurt and roused me very much. I kept indifferent bounds myself; but he was generally so very good-tempered, that I really felt a repugnance to indulging him with as tart a reply as a stranger would have received, and simply observed, that "I should only just give him that character which developed itself by his versatility—namely, that *he had a hand for every man, and a heart for nobody!*"—and I believe the sarcasm has stuck to him from that day to this. He returned a very warm answer, gave me a wink, and made his exit. Of course I followed. The serjeant-at-arms was instantly sent by the Speaker to pursue us with his attendants, and to bring both refractory members back to the House. Toler was caught by the skirts of his coat fastening in a door; and they laid hold of him just as the skirts were torn completely off. I was overtaken in Nassau Street; and, as I resisted, was brought, like a sack, on a man's shoulders, to the admiration of the mob, and thrown down* in the body of the House. The Speaker told us we must give our honours forthwith that the matter should proceed no further. Toler got up to defend himself; but as he then had no skirts to his coat, made a most ludicrous figure; and Curran put a finishing-stroke to the comicality of the scene, by gravely saying, that "it was the most unparalleled insult ever offered to

* Here is a morceau, racy of the soil, that must be palatable to the most fastidious Englishman.

the House; as it appeared that one honourable member had *trimmed* another honourable member's *jacket* within these walls, and nearly within view of the Speaker!" A general roar of laughter ensued. I gave my honour as required—I think with more good-will than Toler; and would willingly have forgotten the affair altogether, which he apparently never did.

Lord Norbury had more readiness of repartee than any man I ever knew who possessed neither classical wit nor genuine sentiment to make it valuable. But he had a fling at everything; and, failing in one attempt, made another—sure of carrying his point before he relinquished his efforts. His extreme good temper was a great advantage. The present Lord Redesdale was much, though unintentionally, annoyed by Mr. Toler, at one of the first dinners he gave, as Lord Chancellor of Ireland, to the judges and King's Counsel. Having heard that the members of the Irish Bar, of whom he was then quite ignorant, were considered extremely witty, and being desirous, if possible, to adapt himself to their habits, his Lordship had obviously got together some of his best Bar-remarks, for of *wit* he was totally guiltless if not inapprehensive, to repeat to his company as occasion might offer, and if he could not be humorous, determined at least to be entertaining.

The first of his Lordship's observations after dinner was the telling us that he had been a Welsh judge, and had found great difficulty in pronouncing the double consonants which occur in the Welsh proper names. "After much trial," continued his Lordship, "I found that the difficulty was mastered by moving the tongue alternately from one dog-tooth to the other."

Toler seemed quite delighted with this discovery; and requested to know his lordship's dentist, as he had lost one of his dog-teeth, and would immediately get another in place of it. This went off flatly enough—no laugh being gained on either side.

Lord Redesdale's next remark was, that when he was a lad, cock-fighting was the fashion; and that both ladies and gentlemen went full-dressed to the cock-pit, the ladies being in hoops.

"I see now, my Lord," said Toler, "it was then that the term *cock-a-hoop* was invented."

A general laugh now burst forth, which rather discomposed the learned Chancellor. He sat for awhile silent; until skating became a subject of conversation, when his Lordship rallied—and with an air of triumph said, that in his boyhood all danger was avoided; for, before they began to skate they always put blown bladders under their arms; and so, if the ice happened to break, they were buoyant and saved.

"Ay, my Lord!" said Toler, "that's what we call blatheram-skate in Ireland."*

Having failed with Toler, the Chancellor now addressed himself to Mr. Garrat O'Farrell, a jolly Irish barrister, who always carried a parcel of coarse national humour about with him; a broad, squat, ruddy-faced fellow, with a great aquiline nose and a humorous eye. Independent in mind and property, he generally said whatever came uppermost. "Mr. Garrat O'Farrell," said the Chancellor solemnly, "I believe your name and family were very respectable and numerous in County Wicklow. I think I was introduced to several of them during my late tour there."

"Yes, my Lord!" said O'Farrell, "we *were* very numerous; but so many of us have been lately hanged for sheep-stealing, that the name is getting rather scarce in that county."

His Lordship said no more; and, so far as respect for a new chancellor admitted, we got into our own line of conversation, without his assistance. His Lordship, by degrees, began to understand some jokes a few minutes after they were uttered. An occasional smile discovered his enlightenment; and, at the breaking up, I really think his impression was, that we were a pleasant, though not very comprehensible race.†

I never saw Lord Redesdale more puzzled than at one of

* *Nonsense;* the word is used, or was, in Scotland. It is not likely that those dull jokes were fired off at the Chancellor's table. Toler, indeed, *perpetrated* many things as stupid, and so did Whateley; and such things pass for wit, but the train here seems to have been laid by our author.

† No wonder, if all this be true.

Plunket's best *jeux d'esprits.* A cause was argued in Chancery, wherein the plaintiff prayed that the defendant should be restrained from suing him on certain bills of exchange, as they were nothing but *kites.*—"Kites?" exclaimed Lord Redesdale: "Kites, Mr. Plunket? Kites never could amount to the value of those securities! I don't understand this statement at all, Mr. Plunket."

"It is not to be expected that you should, my Lord?" answered Plunket: "In England and in Ireland kites are quite different things. In England the *wind* raises the *kites,* but in Ireland the *kites* raise the *wind.*"

"I do not feel any way better informed yet, Mr. Plunket," said the matter-of-fact chancellor.

"Well, my Lord, I'll explain the thing without mentioning those birds of prey:" and therewith he elucidated the difficulty.

Lord Redesdale never could pronounce the name of Mr. Colclough,* a suitor in the Chancery court. It was extremely amusing to hear how he laboured to get it off his tongue, but quite in vain! Callcloff was his nearest effort. I often wished I could recommend him to try his *dog-teeth.*

On the discussion of the Catholic bill, in 1792, Lord Westmorland, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, did not approve of the precipitate measures wished for by his secretary, Major Hobart, afterwards Earl of Buckinghamshire. I had the honour of distinctly knowing the sentiments of both, and clearly saw the shades of difference which existed between them, but which, of course, I did not presume to notice. I felt convinced that both were my friends, and was desirous, if possible, to run counter to neither.

I never had disputed the political right of the Catholics *theoretically;* but I had been bred up amongst Williamites, and had imbibed, without very well understanding their bearing, strong Protestant principles; and hence I deemed it wisest neither to speak nor vote upon the subject at that period.

The Irish Catholics had conceived a wonderfully high opinion

* Pronounced *Cokdey.*

of Mr. Edmund Burke's assistance and abilities. Because he was a clever man himself, they conceived his son must needs be so too; and a deputation was sent over to induce young Mr. Burke to come to Ireland, for the purpose of superintending the progress of their bills of Emancipation in the Irish Parliament; and, to bear his expenses, a sum of £2000 was voted.* Mr. Keogh of Dublin, a very sensible man, who had retired from trade, was extremely active upon this occasion.

The bills were introduced and resisted: a petition had been prepared by Burke; and, being considered neither well-timed nor well-worded, certain even of the warmest supporters of the Catholics declined to present it.

Young Burke, either totally ignorant of parliamentary rules, or supposing that in a disturbed country like Ireland they would be dispensed with, especially in favour of a son of the great Burke, determined he would present the petition himself; —not at the bar, but in the body of the House! Accordingly, he descended from the gallery, walked into the House with a long roll of parchment under his arm, and had arrived near the Treasury-bench when a general cry of "Privilege—A stranger in the House!" arose from all quarters, and checked the progress of the intruder; but when the Speaker, in his loud and dignified tone, called-out "Serjeants-at-arms, do your duty!" it seemed to echo like thunder in Burke's ears; he felt the awkwardness of his situation, and ran towards the bar. Here he was met by the serjeant-at-arms with a drawn sword. Retracing his steps, he was stopped by the clerk; and the serjeant gaining on him, with a feeling of trepidation he commenced actual *flight*. The door-keepers at the corridor now joined in pursuit; but at length, after an excellent chase, he forced through the enemy behind the Speaker's chair and escaped! Strong measures were immediately proposed: messengers despatched in all quarters to arrest him: very few knew who he was; when Lord Norbury (with that vivacious promptness which he always possessed), on its being observed that no such transaction had ever occurred

* By an association of Catholic and Liberal gentlemen.

before, exclaimed, "I found the very same incident some few days back in the cross-readings of the columns of a newspaper. 'Yesterday a petition was presented to the House of Commons —it fortunately missed fire, and the villain ran off.'" This sally put the House in a moment into good humour; and Burke was allowed to return to England unmolested.

I read some time back, in the English newspapers, an anecdote of Lord Norbury's having appeared on the bench in a masquerade dress. As I was myself present at that occurrence, it is only just to his Lordship to state the facts, whence it will appear that it was totally a mistake—so much so, indeed, that his Lordship did not seem to be conscious of his habiliments even whilst every person in court was staring with astonishment.

Some time previously Lady Castlereagh had given a very splendid masquerade, at which I saw the chief justice in the dress and character of *Hawthorn*, in "Love in a Village," and well did he enact that part. The dress was a green tabinet, with mother-of-pearl buttons, striped yellow-and-black waistcoat, and buff breeches; and was altogether cool and light.

On going the next circuit, the weather being excessively sultry, and his Lordship having a great press of sentences to pass on rebels, etc., at Carlow, he put on, under his robes, Hawthorn's costume, as the lightest vestments in his Lordship's wardrobe.

The warmth of the day, however, might be expected to take away a certain quantity of any man's precaution; and Norbury, feeling the heat insufferable, involuntarily first turned up the sleeves of his robe, then loosened the zone round his waist: the robe, being now free from all restraint, thought it had a right to steal away from the green jacket; and thus the unconscious chief justice "stood confessed" to the auditory in the court-house as the representative of a very different character from that of a judge!

HENRY GRATTAN.

MANY anecdotes occur to me of my late respected friend, Mr. Grattan. There are but few, however, which can throw fresh light upon a character so long and so generally known, and which exhibited unvarying excellence.

I never met any man who possessed the genuine elements of courage in a higher degree than Mr. Grattan; in whom dwelt a spirit of mild, yet impetuous bravery, which totally banished all apprehensions of danger.

I have already given some account of my contest for Dublin City, and of the circumstances connecting my illustrious friend therewith. On the evening of the first day of polling, whilst I sat at dinner, a servant announced that a gentleman in a sedan-chair was at the door and wished to speak to me. I immediately went out, and finding it was Grattan, begged him to enter the house; upon which he desired his chair to be taken into the hall. His manner was so agitated and mysterious, that I felt quite alarmed, and feared something untoward had happened to him. We went into a parlour, where, without any introductory observation, he exclaimed: "Barrington, I must have a shot at that rascal!"

"Heavens!" said I, "what rascal!"

"There is but one such in the world!" cried he: "that Giffard!"

"My dear Grattan," I replied, "you cannot be serious: there is no ground for a challenge on your part; your language to him was such as never before was used to human creature; and if he survives *your words*, no bullet would have effect upon him."

"Ah, that won't do, Barrington!" exclaimed Grattan: "he

objected to my voting for you, because, he said, I was a 'discarded corporator.'"

"That was not intended as *personal*," said I; "and even had he gained his point, would it not be an *honour* for you to be removed from such a corporation?"

"Barrington," rejoined he, "it's of no use! I must have a shot at the fellow: I can't sleep unless you go to him for me."

This I peremptorily refused, arguing and reasoning with him again and again. He still continued obstinate, and I begged him to go and ask the advice of Mr. George Ponsonby.

"Oh no," replied he; "Ponsonby is a *wise* man, wiser than either of us; in fact, he is sometimes too wise and too peaceable. You must go to Giffard; perhaps it may not be *wise*, but I know you prefer your friend's honour to your friend's safety. Come now, get your hat, Barrington!"

Upwards of an hour elapsed before I could even half convince him that he was wrong; but at length, by the only argument that could make any impression on him, I extracted a promise that he would let the affair drop. "Grattan," said I, "recollect matters, and have consideration for *me*." He started:—"Yes," continued I, "you know it was solely on my account that you exposed yourself to any insult; and do you think I could remain an idle spectator, in a conflict whereof I was the cause? If you do not promise me that you will go 'no further in this business,' I shall instantly make the thing personal with Giffard myself."

For a moment he was silent, then smiling—"Coriolanus," said he, "replied to his noble parent—'Mother! you have conquered!'—I *will* go no further."

"I humbly thank you," said I, "for making an old woman of me." He then went away, as I conceived, satisfied. He had come thus privately (for the curtains were drawn round his chair), to avoid suspicion being excited of his intentions, and the authorities consequently interfering to prevent the combat. My surprise may be imagined, when, at six o'clock the next morning, I was roused by the same announcement of a *gentleman* in a *chair*. I knew it must be Grattan, and directed him to be brought in.

I had now the same game to play over again. He said he had not slept a wink all night, from thinking about "that rascal;" and that he "must have a shot at him." Another course now suggested itself to me, and I told him I had, on consideration, determined, whether wright or wrong, that, if he persevered, I would wait upon the sheriff and get him bound over to keep the peace. He was not pleased at this, but had no option; and ultimately we both agreed not to revive the subject during the election.

Mr. Egan, one of the roughest-looking persons possible, being at one time a supporter of government, made virulent philippics, in the Irish House of Commons, against the French Revolution. His figure was coarse and bloated, and his dress not over-elegant withal; in fact, he had by no means the look of a member of parliament.

One evening this man fell foul of a speech of Grattan's; and amongst other absurdities, said in his paroxysm, that the right honourable gentleman's speech had a tendency to introduce the guillotine into the very body of the House: indeed, he almost thought he could already perceive it before him. "Hear him! Hear him"! shouted Sir Boyle Roche. Grattan good-humouredly replied, that the honourable member must have a vastly sharper sight than he had. He certainly could see no such thing: "but though," added Grattan, looking with his glass toward Egan, "I may not see the guillotine, yet methinks I can perceive the *executioner*."*

Colonel Burr, who had been vice-president of America, and probably would have been the next president, but for his unfortunate duel with General Hamilton, came over to England, and was made known to me by Mr. Randolph of South Carolina (with whom I was very intimate). He requested I would introduce him to Mr. Grattan, whom he was excessively anxious to see. Colonel Burr was not a man of a very prepossessing appearance,—rough-featured and neither dressy nor polished; but

* Lady Morgan's version is better: "I don't see the knife, but I do the butcher."

a well-informed, sensible man; and though not a particularly agreeable, yet an instructive companion.

People in general form extravagant anticipations regarding eminent persons. The idea of a great orator and Irish chief carried with it, naturally enough, corresponding notions of physical elegance, vigour, and dignity. Such was Colonel Burr's mistake as to Mr. Grattan, and I took care not to undeceive him.

We went to my friend's house, who was to leave London next day. I announced that Colonel Burr from America, Mr. Randolph, and myself wished to pay our respects. The servant informed us that his master would receive us in a short time, but was at the moment occupied on business of consequence. Burr's expectations were all on the alert! Randolph also was anxious to be presented to the great Grattan, and both impatient for the entrance of this Demosthenes. At length the door opened, and in hopped a small bent figure, meagre, yellow, and ordinary; one slipper and one shoe; his breeches' knees loose; his cravat hanging down; his shirt and coat-sleeves tucked up high, and an old hat upon his head.

This apparition saluted the strangers very courteously: asked, without any introduction, how long they had been in England, and immediately proceeded to make inquiries about the late General Washington and the revolutionary war. My companions looked at each other; their replies were costive, and they seemed quite impatient to see Mr. Grattan. I could scarcely contain myself; but determined to let my eccentric countryman take his course. Randolph was far the tallest, and most dignified-looking man of the two,* grey-haired and well-dressed: Grattan therefore, of course, took him for the vice-president, and addressed him accordingly. Randolph at length begged to know if they could shortly have the honour of seeing Mr. Grattan; upon which, our host, not doubting but they knew him, conceived it must be his son James for whom they inquired, and said, he believed he had that moment wandered out somewhere, to amuse himself.

* Against this on the margin, Captain Dalkeith Holmes, a friend of Sir Jonah's, pencilled "Comparisons are odious!" Short and sweet.

This completely disconcerted the Americans, and they were about to make their bow and their exit, when I thought it high time to explain; and, taking Colonel Burr and Mr. Randolph respectively by the hand, introduced them to the Right Honourable Henry Grattan.

I never saw people stare so, or so much embarrassed! Grattan himself, now perceiving the cause, heartily joined in my merriment; he pulled down his shirt-sleeves, pulled up his stockings; and, in his own irresistible way, apologised for the *outré* figure he cut, assuring them he had totally overlooked it in his anxiety not to keep them waiting; that he was returning to Ireland next morning, and had been busily packing up his books and papers in a closet full of dust and cobwebs! This incident rendered the interview more interesting: the Americans were charmed with their reception; and, after a protracted visit, retired highly gratified, whilst Grattan returned again to his books and cobwebs.

Nobody lamented more than myself the loss of this distinguished man and true patriot, who, as every one knows, breathed his last in the British metropolis after a long and painful illness; and the public papers soon after announced, to my astonishment and chagrin, the fact of preparations being on foot for his interment in Westminster Abbey! I say, to my astonishment and chagrin; because it was sufficiently plain that this affected mark of respect was only meant to restrain the honest enthusiasm which might have attended his funeral obsequies in his own country.

The subtle minister then ruling the councils of Britain knew full well that vanity is the falsest guide of human judgment, and therefore held out that Westminster Abbey (of ministers, and admirals, and poets), was the most honourable resting-place for the remains of an Irish patriot, and a humble gravestone most congenial to Grattan's unassuming nature. This lure was successful; and, accordingly, he who had made British ministers tremble in the cabinet—whose forbearance they had propitiated by a tender of the king's best palace in Ireland—whose fame they had, nevertheless, endeavoured to destroy, and whose principles they had calumniated,—was escorted to the grave by the

most decided of his enemies, and inhumed amongst the inveterate foes of Ireland and of Grattan! It is mean to say that Lord Castlereagh had latterly *changed his opinion*, and become *civil* to his illustrious opponent: so much the worse! he thereby confessed that, in 1797, and the two following years, he had laboured to destroy an *innocent* man and to disgrace an Irish patriot, who, during a great portion of that period, lay on the bed of sickness. The Duke of Leinster, doubtless with the best possible motives, but with a view of the subject differing from my own, suggested that Ireland should do honour to her patriot son by erecting a cenotaph to his memory. This, I must confess, appears to me to be nothing more than cold-blooded mockery—a compliment diminutive and empty. Towards such a monument I would not subscribe one farthing; but if the revered ashes of my friend could be restored to his country, and enshrined beneath the sky of green Erin, there is no Irishman who, in proportion to his means, should go beyond myself in contributing to uplift a monumental column which should outvie the pillars dedicated in Dublin to the glorious butcheries of *Trafalgar and Waterloo:* whilst these are proudly commemorated, no national pile records the more truly glorious triumphs of 1782—nor the formation of that irresistible army of volunteers which (in a right cause) defied all the power of England! But my voice shall not be silent; and deeply do I regret the untoward fate by which this just tribute to national and individual virtues has devolved upon the feeble powers of an almost superannuated writer.

Ireland gave me birth and bread; and though I am disgusted with its present state, I love the country still. I have endeavoured to give (in a more important work) some sketches of its modern history at the most prosperous epochas, together with many gloomy anecdotes of its fall, and annihilation as an independent kingdom; and if God grants me a little longer space, I shall leave behind my honest ideas of its existing condition, and of the ruin to which the British Empire will not long remain blind, if she continue to pursue the same system in that misgoverned country.

Extract of a letter from Sir Jonah Barrington to the present Henry Grattan, Esq., M.P.:—

"My dear Grattan—I regret your not receiving my letter, written immediately after the lamented departure of my honoured friend. In that letter I proposed forthwith to publish the sequel of my character of Mr. Grattan, accompanied with his portrait and some additional observations. I had composed the sequel, much to my own satisfaction, as the continuation of his character promised in the number of my historical work where I say 'his career is not yet finished.'

"Having received no reply to that letter, I threw the manuscript into the fire, keeping no copy; it was scarcely consumed, however, before I repented of having done so.

"And now permit an old and sensitive friend to expostulate a little with you, in the simple garb of queries:—

"Why, and for what good reason,—with what policy, or on what feeling, are the bones of the most illustrious of Irishmen suffered to moulder in the same ground with his country's enemies?

"Why suffer him to be escorted to the grave by the mock pageantry of those whose vices and corruptions ravished from Ireland everything which his talent and integrity had obtained for her?

"Why send his countrymen on a foreign pilgrimage, to worship the shrine of their canonised benefactor? Were not the cathedrals of Ireland worthy to be honoured by his urn,—or the youths of Erin to be animated by knowing that they possessed his ashes? Can it be gratifying to the feelings of his countrymen to pay the sexton of a British abbey a mercenary shilling for permission even to see the gravestone of your parent?*

"You were deceived by the blandishments of our mortal

* I was myself once refused even admittance into Westminster Abbey, wherein his ashes rest!—the sexton affirming that the *proper hour* was past!—(*Author's note.*)

enemy: he knew that political idolatry has great power, and excites great influence in nations. The shrine of a patriot has often proved to be the standard of liberty; and it was therefore good policy in a British statesman to suppress our excitements:—the bust of Rousseau is immortalised on the Continent—the tradition of Grattan only will remain to his compatriots.

"He lived the life—he died the death—but he does not sleep in the tomb, of an Irish patriot! England has taken away our constitution, and even the relics of its founder are retained through the duplicity of his enemy.

"You have now my sentiments on the matter, and by frankly expressing them I have done my duty to you, to myself, and my country.*

"Your ever affectionate and sincere friend,

"JONAH BARRINGTON."

* Henry Grattan was born in Dublin on July 3, 1746; studied in Trinity College; was called to the Irish bar in 1772; entered parliament in 1775; died in London in 1820, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. For his great public services in procuring from the English crown and government the recognition of the absolute independence of the king, lords, and commons of Ireland, Mr. Bagenal Harvey proposed a national reward. The sum first named was £100,000, but Mr. Grattan would accept only of the moiety. In the Royal Exchange, Dublin, there is a fine statue of this illustrious statesman, with the neat inscription, "Filio Optimo Carissimo Patria Non Ingrata." A long-smouldering wish for a suitable public monument has been invigorated with the breath of life by Mr. A. M. Sullivan, of the *Nation* newspaper, who, with the approbation of all parties, devoted a gift of £700, made him by his admirers, to initiate a subscription for a memorial worthy of Grattan's genius, virtues, and deeds.

Marlay was his mother's name. She was daughter of the Bishop of Waterford, whose father was Thomas Marlay, chief-justice of Ireland. Grattan's father was a lawyer, recorder of Dublin, and a member of the Irish commons. His great-grandfather, Patrick Grattan, was a senior fellow of T. C. D.

Five years after the act of union he entered the Imperial parliament as representative of the borough of Malton, but was returned for Dublin in 1806. The son to whom the above was addressed is some years dead. In his politics and incorruptible principles he followed in the footsteps of his illustrious father.

HIGH LIFE IN NEWGATE.

LORD ALDBOROUGH was an arrogant and ostentatious man; but these failings were nearly redeemed by his firmness and gallantry in his memorable collision with Lord Chancellor Clare.

Lord Aldborough, who had built a most tasteful and handsome house* immediately at the northern extremity of Dublin, had an equity suit with Mr. Beresford, a nephew of Lord Clare, as to certain lots of ground close to his Lordship's new mansion, which, among other conveniences, had a chapel on one wing and a theatre on the other, stretching away from the centre in a chaste style of ornamental architecture

The cause was in Chancery, and was not protracted very long. Lord Aldborough was defeated with full costs: his pride, his purse, and his mansion, must all suffer, and meddling with either of these was sufficient to rouse his Lordship's spleen. He appealed, therefore, to the House of Peers, where, in due season, the cause came on for hearing, and where the Chancellor himself presided. The lay lords did not much care to interfere in the matter; and, without loss of time, Lord Clare of the House of Peers confirmed the decree of Lord Clare of the Court of Chancery, with full costs against the appellant.

Lord Aldborough had now no redress but to write *at* the Lord Chancellor; and without delay he fell to composing a book against Lord Clare and the system of appellant jurisdiction, stating that it was totally an abuse of justice to be obliged to appeal to a prejudiced man against his own prejudices, and particularly so in the present instance. Lord Clare being notorious as an unforgiving Chancellor to those who vexed him, and no

* Now known as Aldborough Barracks, and previously as the Feinaglian Institution—a proprietary school for the education of young gentlemen.

Lords attending to hear the cause, or if they did, not being much wiser for the hearing—it being the province of a counsel to puzzle not to inform noblemen.

Lord Aldborough, in his book, humorously enough stated an occurrence that had happened to himself when travelling in Holland. His Lordship was going to Amsterdam on one of the canals in a trekschuit—the captain or skipper of which, being a great rogue, extorted from his Lordship, for his passage, much more than he had a lawful right to claim. My Lord expostulated with the skipper in vain: the fellow grew rude; his Lordship persisted; the skipper got more abusive. At length Lord Aldborough told him he would, on landing, immediately go to the proper tribunals and get redress from the judge. The skipper cursed him as an impudent *milord*, and desired him to do his worst, snapping his tarry fingers in his Lordship's face. Lord Aldborough paid the demand, and, on landing, went to the legal officer to know when the court of justice would sit. He was answered, at nine next morning. Having no doubt of ample redress, he did not choose to put the skipper on his guard by mentioning his intentions. Next morning he went to court and began to tell his story to the judge, who sat with his broad-brimmed hat on, in great state, to hear causes of that nature. His Lordship fancied he had seen the man before, nor was he long in doubt! for ere he had half finished, the judge, in a voice like thunder, but which his Lordship immediately recognised, for it was that of the identical skipper! decided against him *with full costs*, and ordered him out of court. His Lordship, however, said he would *appeal*, and away he went to an advocate for that purpose. He did accordingly appeal, and the next day his appeal cause came regularly on. But all his Lordship's stoicism forsook him, when he again found that the very same skipper and judge was to decide the appeal who had decided the cause; so that the learned skipper first cheated and then laughed at him.

The noble writer having, in his book, made a very improper and derogatory application of his Dutch precedent to Lord Chan-

cellor Clare and the Irish appellant jurisdiction, was justly considered by his brother peers as having committed a gross breach of their privileges, and was thereupon ordered to attend in his place and defend himself from the charge made against him by the Lord Chancellor and the peers of Ireland. Of course, the House of Lords was thronged to excess to hear his Lordship's vindication. I went an hour before it met, to secure a place behind the throne, where the Commoners were allowed to crowd up as well as they could.

The Chancellor, holding the vicious book in his hand, asked Lord Aldborough if he admitted that it was of his writing and publication? to which his Lordship replied, that he could admit nothing as written or published by him, till every word of it should be first truly read to their Lordships aloud in the House. Lord Clare, wishing to curtail some parts, began to read it himself, but not being quite near enough to the light, his opponent took a pair of enormous candlesticks from the table, walked deliberately up to the throne, and requested the Chancellor's permission to hold the candles for him whilst he was reading the book! This novel sort of effrontery put the Chancellor completely off his guard: he was outdone, and permitted Lord Aldborough to hold the lights, whilst he perused the libel comparing him to a Dutch skipper: nor did the obsequious author omit to set him right here and there when he omitted a word or proper emphasis. It was ludicrous beyond example, and gratifying to the secret ill-wishers of Lord Clare, who bore no small proportion to the aggregate numbers of the House. The libel being duly read through, Lord Aldborough at once spiritedly and adroitly said that he avowed every word of it to their Lordships; but that it was not intended as any *libel* either against the House, or the jurisdiction; but as a constitutional and just rebuke to their Lordships for not performing their bounden duty in attending the hearing of the appeal; he being quite certain that if any sensible men had been present, the Lord Chancellor would only have had two lords and two bishops (his own creatures) on his side of the question.

This was considered as an aggravation of the contempt, though some thought it was not very far from the matter-of-fact. The result was, that after a bold speech, delivered with great earnestness, his Lordship was voted guilty of a high breach of privilege, and a libel on the Lord Chancellor, as chairman of the House. He was afterwards ordered to Newgate for six months by the Court of King's Bench, which sentence, his Lordship told them, he considered, under the circumstances, as a high compliment and honour. In fact, he never was so pleased as when speaking of the incident, and declaring that he expected to have his book recorded on the Journals of the Lords; the Chancellor himself, by applying his anecdote of the Dutch skipper, having construed it into a regular episode on their proceedings.

Lord Aldborough underwent his full sentence in Newgate; and his residence there gave rise to a fresh incident in the memoirs of a very remarkable person, who, at that time, was an inmate of the same walls, originally likewise through the favour of Chancellor Clare, and lodged on the same staircase: and as I had been professionally interested in this man's affairs, I subjoin the following statement as curious, and in every circumstance, to my personal knowledge, matter-of-fact.

James Fitzpatrick Knaresborough was a young man of tolerable private fortune in the county of Kilkenny. Unlike the common run of young men at that day, he was sober, money-making, and even avaricious, though moderately hospitable; his principal virtue consisting in making no exhibition of his vices. He was of good figure; and without having the presence of a gentleman, was what is called rather a handsome young fellow.

Mr. Knaresborough had been accused of a capital crime by a Miss Barton, natural daughter of William Barton, Esq., a magistrate of the county of Kilkenny, who stated that she had gone away with him for the purpose, and in the strict confidence of being married the same day at Leighlin Bridge. Her father was a gentleman of consideration in the county, and a warrant was granted against Knaresborough for the felony; but he contrived

to get liberated on bail. The grand jury, however, on the young woman's testimony, found true bills against him for the capital offence, and he came to Carlow to take his trial at the assizes. He immediately called on me with a brief; said it was a mere *bagatelle* and totally unfounded; and that his acquittal would be a matter of course. I had been retained against him, but introduced him to the present Judge Moore, to whom he handed his brief. He made so light of the business that he told me to get up a famous speech against him, as no doubt I was instructed to do. That indeed I could not say too much, as the whole would appear, on her own confession, to be a conspiracy! Nay, so confident was he of procuring his acquittal, that he asked Mr. Moore and myself to dine with him on our road to Kilkenny, which we promised.

On reading my brief I found that truly the case was not over-strong against him even there, where, in all probability, circumstances would be exaggerated; and that it rested almost exclusively on the lady's own evidence.

I was then rather young at the bar, and determined, for my own sake, to make an interesting and affecting speech for my client; and having no doubt of Knaresborough's acquittal, I certainly overcharged my statement, and added some *facts* solely from invention. My surprise, then, may be estimated, when I heard Miss Barton swear positively to every syllable of my emblazonment. I should now have found myself most painfully circumstanced, but that I had no doubt she *must* be altogether discredited. In fact, she was quite shaken by the cross-examination of the prisoner's counsel. He smiled at her and at us; and said "the woman's credit was so clearly overthrown, that there could be no doubt of his client's innocence of the charge of violence; and he would not trouble the court or jury by any protracted defence on so clear a subject."

I considered all was over, and left the court as the jury retired. In about an hour, however, I received an account that Knaresborough had been found *guilty*, and sent back to gaol under sentence of death! I was thunderstruck, and without

delay wrote to the chief secretary in Dublin, begging him instantly to represent to the Lord Lieutenant the real facts. Execution was in consequence respited. So soon as I could return to town, I waited on Major Hobart and the Lord Lieutenant, stated precisely the particulars I have here given, and my satisfaction, even from my own brief, that the girl was perjured. They referred me to Lord Chancellor Clare, whose answer I wrote down and never shall forget:—"That may be all very true, Barrington; but he is a rascal, and if he does not deserve to be hanged for this, he does for a former affair right well!" I told him it was quite necessary for me to publish the whole concern in my own justification. He then took from his bureau a small parcel of papers, and requested me to read them. They proved to be copies of affidavits and evidence on a former accusation, from which Knaresborough had escaped by lenity, for snapping a pistol at the father of a girl he had betrayed.

Lord Clare, however, recommended his sentence to be changed to perpetual transportation; but this was to the convict worse than death, and he inclosed to me a petition which he had sent to government, declining the proposed commutation, and insisting on being forthwith executed, pursuant to his first sentence. Notwithstanding, he was, in fine, actually transported. He had contrived to secure, in different ways, £10,000, and took a large sum with him to Botany Bay. I had heard no more of him for several years, when I was astonished one day by being accosted in the streets of Dublin by this identical man, altered only by time and in the colour of his hair, which had turned quite gray. He was well dressed, had a large cockade in his hat, and did not at all court secrecy. He told me that government had allowed him to come away privately; that he had gone through many entertaining and some dismal adventures in Africa and in America, whence he last came; and he added, that as government were then busy raising troops, he had sent in a memorial proposing to raise a regiment for a distant service solely at his own expense. "I have," said he, "saved sufficient money for this purpose, though my brother has, by breach of trust, got pos-

session of a great part of my fortune;" which was true. In fact he pestered the government, who were surprised at his temerity, yet unwilling to meddle with him, until at length they had him arrested, and required to show his authority from the governor of New South Wales for returning from transportation. Being unable to do so, he was committed to Newgate to await the governor's reply.

Here his firmness and eccentricity never forsook him; he sent in repeated petitions to the ministry, requesting to be hanged, and told me he would give any gentleman £500 who had sufficient interest to get him put to death without delay. An unsatisfactory answer arrived from New South Wales; but the government could not, under the circumstances, execute him for his return; and liberate him Lord Clare *would* not. His confinement therefore was, of course, indefinitely continued. During its course he purchased a lottery-ticket, which turned out a prize of £2000; and, soon after, a second brought him £500.

At this juncture the Earl of Aldborough became his next-door neighbour. Ultimately the whole business terminated pretty fortunately. My Lord had his full revenge on Lord Clare, and got great credit for his firmness and gallantry; and Knaresborough was at length turned out of Newgate when the government were tired of keeping him in.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

THERE have been few public men whose characters have afforded a more ample field for comment than that of Mr. Curran, and there are very few who have been more miserably handled by their biographers. Young men, who fancied they knew him because they were latterly in his society, in fact knew him not at all. None but the intimates of his earlier and brighter days, and, even among such, those only who had mixed with him in general as well as professional society, could possibly estimate the inconsistent qualities of that celebrated orator. There was such a mingling of greatness and littleness, of sublimity and meanness, in his thoughts and language, that cursory observers, confused amidst his versatility and brilliance, quitted Curran's society without understanding anything relating to him beyond his buoyant spirits and playful wit. But towards the close of his day, this splendour dissipated, and dark and gloomy tints appeared too conspicuously, poor fellow! for his posthumous reputation. He felt his decline pressing quick upon him, and gradually sank into listless apathy.

Even so early as 1798 his talents and popularity seemed to me to have commenced a slow but obvious declension. By seceding from parliament in the preceding year, he had evacuated the field of battle and that commanding eminence from whence he had so proudly repulsed all his enemies. His talents, it is true, for a while, survived; but his habits of life became contracted; his energies were paralysed; his mind rambled; he began to prose; and, after his appointment to the Rolls, the world seemed to be closing fast upon him.

My intimacy with Curran was long and close. I knew every turn of his mind and every point of his capacity. He was

not fitted to pursue the niceties of detail; but his imagination was infinite, his fancy boundless, his wit indefatigable. There was scarce any species of talent to which he did not possess some pretension. He was gifted by Nature with the faculties of an advocate and a dramatist; and the inferior but ingenious accomplishment of personification, without mimicry, was equally familiar to him. In the circles of society, where he appeared everybody's superior, nobody ever seemed jealous of the superiority.

Curran's person was mean and decrepit; very slight, very shapeless—with nothing of the gentleman about it; on the contrary, displaying spindle limbs, a shambling gait, one hand imperfect, and a face yellow, furrowed, rather flat, and thoroughly ordinary.* Yet his features were the very reverse of disagreeable; there was something so indescribably dramatic in his eye and the play of his eyebrow, that his visage seemed the index of his mind, and his humour the slave of his will. I never was so happy in the company of any man as in Curran's for many years. His very foibles were amusing. He had no vein for poetry; yet, fancying himself a bard, he contrived to throw off pretty verses: he certainly was no musician; but conceiving himself to be one, played very pleasingly: Nature had denied him a voice; but he thought he could sing; and in the rich mould of his capabilities, the desire here also bred, in some degree, the capacity.

It is a curious, but a just remark, that every slow, crawling reptile is in the highest degree disgusting; whilst an insect, ten times uglier, if it be sprightly and seems bent upon enjoyment,† excites no shuddering. It is so with the human race: had Curran been a dull, slothful, inanimate being, his talents would not have redeemed his personal defects. But his rapid movements,

† Ordinary, not ugly; thoroughly ordinary, thoroughly ugly.—M. Scriblerus; see *Lexic.* in voce.

* "Like a corkscrew," interpolated Oulton, without betraying a sign. I laughed heartily, and had it down to Jonah's account for a long time after. As for Barrington's observation, though not happily put, it is near the truth, at all events in our isle; but in Borneo the exceptions are numerous.

his fire, his sparkling eye, the fine and varied intonations of his voice,—these conspired to give life and energy to every company he mixed with; and I have known ladies who, after an hour's conversation, actually considered Curran a *beauty*, and preferred his society to that of the finest fellows present. There is, however, it must be admitted, a good deal in the circumstance of a man being celebrated, as regards the patronage of women.*

Curran had a perfect horror of fleas: nor was this very extraordinary, since those vermin seemed to show him peculiar hostility. If they infested a house, my friend said that "they always flocked to his bed-chamber when they heard he was to sleep there!" I recollect his being dreadfully annoyed in this way at Carlow; and, on making his complaint in the morning to the woman of the house, "By heavens! Madam," cried he, "they were in such numbers, and seized upon my carcass with so much ferocity, that if they had been *unanimous*, and all pulled one way, they must have dragged me out of bed entirely!"

I never saw Curran's opinion of himself so much disconcerted as by Mr. Godwin, whom he had brought, at the Carlow assizes, to dine with Mr. Byrne, a friend of ours, in whose cause he and I had been specially employed as counsel. Curran, undoubtedly, was not happy in his speech on this occasion—but he thought he was. Nevertheless, we succeeded; and Curran, in great spirits, was very anxious to receive a public compliment from Mr. Godwin, as an eminent literary man, teasing him, half-jokingly, for his opinion of his speech. Godwin fought shy for a considerable time; at length Curran put the question home to him, and it could no longer be shifted.

"Since you *will* have my opinion," said Godwin, folding his arms, and leaning back in his chair with much *sang froid*, "I really never did hear anything so bad as your *prose*—except your *poetry*, my dear Curran!"†

* Men sometimes patronise the obscure merely to acquire the privilege of insulting them.

† The maiden speech of a young barrister, who had stolen all his grand flourishes from Curran, was made in defence of a prisoner who was convicted of a capital crime, and sentenced to be hanged. "What did you think of my speech?"

Curran and I were in the habit, for several years, of meeting by appointment in London, during the long vacation, and spending a month there together, in the enjoyment of the public amusements; but we were neither extravagant nor dissipated. We had both some propensities in common, and a never-failing amusement was derived from drawing out and remarking upon eccentric characters. Curran played on such people as he would on an instrument, and produced whatever tone he thought proper from them. Thus, he always had a good *fiddle* in London, which he occasionally brought to our dining-house for the general entertainment.

We were in the habit of frequenting the Cannon coffee-house, Charing Cross, kept by the uncle of Mr. Roberts, proprietor of the Royal Hotel, Calais, where we had a box every day at the end of the room; and as, when Curran was free from professional cares, his universal language was that of wit, my high spirits never failed to prompt my performance of *Jackall* to the *Lion*. Two young gentlemen of the Irish bar were frequently of our party in 1796, and contributed to keep up the flow of wit, which, on Curran's part, was well-nigh miraculous. Gradually the ear and attention of the company were caught. Nobody knew us, and, as if carelessly, the guests flocked round our box to listen. We perceived them, and increased our flights accordingly. Involuntarily, they joined in the laugh, and the more so when they saw it gave no offence. Day after day the number of our satellites increased, until the room, at five o'clock, was thronged to hear the Irishmen. One or two days we went elsewhere; and, on returning to the Cannon, our host begged to speak a word with me at the bar. "Sir," said he, "I never had such a set of pleasant gentlemen in my house, and I hope you have received no offence." I replied, "Quite the contrary!"—"Why, sir," he asked Curran, with a provoking frisk. "*I* think of it!" replied the wit: "'twas a *capital* speech! a *gallows* speech!" The first flush of exultation paled; for *gallows*, as an attributive, signifies *abominable* in the Doric dialect. "At all events, it was my own, Mr. Curran," cried the crest-fallen. "Depend on it, I'll never dispute that," said the wag, with a friendly smile, "—under the circumstances."

rejoined he, "as you did not come the last few days, the company fell off. Now, sir, I hope you and the other gentlemen will excuse me if I remark that you will find an excellent dish of fish, and a roast turkey or joint, with any wine you please, hot on your table, every day at five o'clock, whilst you stay in town; and, I must beg to add, *no charge*, gentlemen."*

I reported to Curran, and we agreed to see it out. The landlord was as good as his word: the room was filled; we coined stories to tell each other, the lookers-on laughed almost to convulsions, and for some time we literally feasted. Having had our humour out, I desired a bill, which the landlord positively refused: however, we computed for ourselves, and sent him a £10 note enclosed in a letter, desiring him to give the balance to his waiters.

An anecdote of a very different nature terminated one of our trips to London. Curran asked me one day if I would accompany him to sup with Miss H.; and I consented.

We were received with the greatest cordiality and politeness by Miss H.: another young lady and two children were in the room. Curran was most humorous and enlivening, and everything foreboded a cheerful *petit soupé* when the lady told Curran she wished to speak a word to him in the next room. They accordingly withdrew. I was in conversation with the governess and children, when I heard a noise like the report of a small

* Some years since there was an odd fish swimming about Dublin, known by the *soubriquet* of "the doctor," who got his grog in two or three leading taverns under similar conditions. His great attraction was his unceasing and outrageous lying. What greatly increased the delight of his admirers was, he luxuriated in the delusion that everyone believed him. His genuine complacency was a source of infinite amusement. Even when what he told provoked a burst of laughter, he had not the least misgivings of the faith of his audience. If they laughed, it was a compliment to his humour, not an explosion produced by his extraordinary mendacity. One of his followers, a *bon-vivant* who used copiously to prime his fancy, said of him:—"In the whole course of his life, the doctor had but one truth to maintain his position in society; and it served him well. Whenever asked, was he *dry*? he honestly acknowledged he was; and never lost by his candour: but never tried it on any other occasion. In the Doric dialect, "Are you dry?" is a euphemism for "Will you have a glass?"

pistol, and Curran immediately rushed into the apartment; Miss H. marching majestically after him. He took no notice of me, but snatching up his hat, darted down stairs and into the street with the utmost expedition. I really conceived that she had fired at him; and feeling dubious as to my own fate, pounced upon my *chapeau*, and made after my friend. I could not, however, open the street-door, and gave myself up for a murdered man, particularly on the bell ringing violently; but the revulsion of my feelings was quite heavenly when I heard Miss H.'s voice over the banisters calling to her maid to "open the street-door for the gentleman." I lost no time in making good my retreat, but did not see Curran again till next morning.

I had the greatest curiosity to know the cause of his sudden flight; upon which he told me, but without any symptom of wit or humour, that she was the most violent-tempered woman existing; that on their going into the *boudoir* together, she informed him that she was then considerably distressed for a sum of money for two or three months; and that as she had never been under any pecuniary obligation to him, she would now ask one—namely the loan of the sum she wanted, on her own note. Curran, who was particularly close, dreading the amount, anticipated her demand by hoping she did not suppose he could be so mean as to require her note for any little advance he might have it in his power to make; and was happy in handing her *half* the sum at his command in London—taking as he spoke a £10 note out of his pocket-book. "By Heavens! Barrington," said Curran, "her look petrified me: she gazed for a moment at the note—tore it to atoms, muttering the word 'rascal!' and when I was preparing to make an apology, hit me plump on the side of the head, with a fist at least as strong as any porter's! I thought my brains were knocked out!—did you not hear the crack?" inquired he. "To be sure I did," said I. "Did she say anything," continued he, "after I was gone away?" "She *only* said," replied I, "that you were the greatest rascal existing," hereat Curran trembled hugely, "and that she would next day find you out wherever you were, and expose you all over London as a villain!"

Curran turned pale as ashes, made some excuse for leaving the room, and about dinner-time I found I had carried my joke too far; for I received a note stating that he was necessitated to start for Ireland directly on particular business, and would be off in the mail.

Curran took no part in our fierce military associations, and he was quite right. He was perfectly unadapted either to command or to obey; and as he must have done the one or the other, he managed much better by keeping out of the broil altogether;—as he himself said to me—"If I were mounted on ever so good a charger, it is probable I should not stick ten minutes on his back in any kind of battle: and if my sword was ever so sharp, I should not be able to cut a rebel's head off, unless he promised to '*stand easy*' and in a good position for me."

Curran had ordered a new bar-wig, and not liking the cut of it, he jestingly said to the peruke-maker, "Mr. Gahan, this wig will not answer me at all!"

"How so, sir?" said Gahan; "it seems to fit."

"Ay," replied Curran, "but it is the very worst *speaking* wig I ever had. I can scarce utter one word of common law in it; and as for *equity*, it is totally out of the question."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Gahan, the wig-maker, with a serious face, "I hope it may be no loss to me. I dare say it will answer Counsellor Trench."

But Counsellor Trench would not take the wig. He said he could not *hear* a word in it. At length it was sent by Gahan to Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, who purchased it from Mr. Gahan, who sold it a bargain on account of its bad character. Curran afterwards said "that the wig had been grossly calumniated; for the very same head which Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald then put it on was afterwards stationed at the front of the Irish exchequer, where every one of the king's debtors and farmers were obliged to pay the wig-wearer some very *substantial* compliment, Mr. Fitzgerald not being necessitated either to hear or speak one word upon the occasion!"

Chief-Justice Carleton was a very lugubrious personage. He

never ceased complaining of his bad state of health, and frequently introduced Lady Carleton into his "Book of Lamentations:" thence it was remarked by Curran that the chief-justice appeared as plaintiff (*plaintive*) in every cause that happened to come before him!

One *Nisi Prius* day, Lord Carleton came into court, looking unusually gloomy. He apologised to the bar for being necessitated to adjourn the court. "The fact is," proceeded his Lordship in a low tone, "I have met with a domestic misfortune. Poor Lady Carleton has most unfortunately *miscarried*, and"——

"Oh, then, my Lord!" exclaimed Curran, "there was no necessity for your Lordship to make any apology, since it now appears that your Lordship has *no issue* to try."

In 1812 Curran dined at my house in Brook Street, London. He was very dejected: I did my utmost to rouse him—in vain. He leaned his face on his hand, and was long silent. He looked yellow, wrinkled, and livid: the dramatic fire had left his eye, the spirit of his wit had fled, his person was shrunken, and his whole demeanour miserable and distressing.

After a long pause, a dubious tear standing in his eye, he on a sudden exclaimed, with a sort of desperate composure, "Barrington, I am perishing! day by day I'm perishing! I feel it: you knew me when I *lived*—and you witnessed my annihilation." He was again silent.

I felt deeply for him. I saw that he spoke truth: reasoning would only have increased the malady, and I therefore tried another course—*bagatelle*. I jested with him, and reminded him of old anecdotes. He listened—gradually his attention was caught, and at length I excited a smile; a laugh soon followed, a few glasses of wine brought him to his natural temperament, and Curran was himself for a great part of the evening. I saw, however, that he would soon relapse, and so it turned out; he began to talk to me about his family, and that very wildly. He had conceived some strange prejudices on this head, which I disputed with him until I wearied of the subject.

We supped together, and he sat cheerful enough till I turned

him into a coach, at one o'clock in the morning. I never saw him after in London.

Mr. Curran had a younger brother, who was an attorney—very like him, but taller and better-looking. This man had a good deal of his brother's humour, a little wit, and much satire; but his slang was infinite, and his conduct very dissolute. He was, in fact, what may be termed the best blackguard of his profession (and that was saying a great deal for him). My friend had justly excluded him from his house, but occasionally relieved his finances, until these calls became so importunate, that at length further compliance was refused.

"Sir," said the attorney to me, one day, "if you will speak to my brother, I am sure he'll give me something handsome before the week is out!" I assured him he was mistaken, whereupon he burst into a loud laugh!

There was a small space of dead wall at that time directly facing Curran's house, in Ely Place, against which the attorney procured a written permission to build a little wooden box. He accordingly got a carpenter, one of his comrades, to erect a cobbler's stall there for him; and having assumed the dress of a Jobson, he wrote over his stall, "Curran, Cobbler—Shoes soled, or heeled. When the stall is shut, inquire over the way."

Curran, on returning from court, perceived this worthy hard at work, with a parcel of chairmen lounging round him. The attorney just nodded to his brother, cried "How do you do, Jack?" and went on with his employment.

Curran immediately dispatched a servant for the spendthrift, to whom having given some money, the showboard was taken down, the stall removed, and the attorney vowed that he would never set up again as a cobbler.

I never knew Curran express more unpleasant feelings than at a circumstance which really was too trivial to excite any such; but this was his humour: he generally thought more of trifles than of matters of importance, and worked himself up into most painful sensations upon subjects which should only have excited his laughter.

At the commencement of the peace he came to Paris, determined to get into French society, and thus be enabled to form a better idea of their habits and manners,—a species of knowledge for which he quite languished. His parasites had told him that his fame had already preceded him even to the closet of Louis *le Désiré:* he accordingly procured letters of introduction from persons of high rank in England, who had foolishly lavished favours and fortunes on the Bourbons and their gang of emigrants, in general the most ungrateful (as time has demonstrated) of the human species, although it was then universally believed that they could not quite forget the series of kindnesses which had preserved them from starvation or massacre.

Amongst other letters, he had the honour of bearing one, couched in strong terms, from his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex to the Count d'Artois, now King of France, reinstated on the throne of his forefathers by the blood, the treasure, and the folly of England.

"Now I am in the right line," said Curran, "introduced by a branch of one royal family to that of another; now I shall have full opportunity of forming my own opinion as to the sentiments of the old and new nobility of France, whereon I have been eternally, though rather blindly, arguing."

I was rather sceptical, and said, "I am disposed to think that you will argue more than ever when you get home again."

Away he went to the Tuilleries, to enter his name and see Monsieur. Having left his card and letters of introduction, he waited ten days for an audience: Monsieur was occupied. A second entry was now made by Curran at the palace, and, after ten days more, a third; but Monsieur was still busy. A fresh entry and card of J. P. C. had no better success. In my life I never saw Curran so chagrined. He had devised excuses for the arrogant Prince two or three times; but this last instance of neglect quite overcame him, and in a few days he determined to return to Ireland without seeing the Count d'Artois or ascertaining the sentiments of the French nobility. He told his story to

Mr. L., a mutual friend of ours in Paris, who said it must be some omission of the Swiss porter.

"Certainly," said Curran, catching at this straw, "it must, no doubt!" and his opinion was speedily realised by the receipt of a note from Monsieur's aide-de-camp, stating, that His Royal Highness would be glad to receive Mr. Curran at eight o'clock the following morning.

About nine o'clock he returned to the hotel, and all I could get from him, in his wrath, was "D———n!" In fact, he looked absolutely miserable. "To think," said he at length, "of this fellow! he told me he always dined with his brother, and kept no establishment of his own; then bowed me out, by ——, as if I was an importunate dancing-master!"

"Wait till *the next revolution*, Curran," said I, "and then we'll be even with him!"

At this moment Mr. L. came in, and, with a most cheerful countenance, said, "Well, Curran, I carried your point!"

"What point?" asked Curran.

"I knew it would take," pursued L. smirking: "I told Monsieur's aide-de-camp that you felt quite hurt and miserable on account of Monsieur's having taken no notice of your letters or yourself, though you had paid him four visits; and that ——

"What do you say?" shouted Curran.

Upon L. repeating his words with infinite glee, our disappointed friend burst out into a regular frenzy, slapped his face repeatedly, and walked about exclaiming, "I'm disgraced! I'm humbled in the eyes of that fellow! I'm *miserable!*"

I apprehend he had experienced but little more civility from any of the restored gentry of the French emigrants, to several of whom he brought letters, and I am sure, had he received any invitation from them, I must have heard of it. I fancy that a glass of *eau sucré* was the very extent of the practical hospitality he experienced from *Messieurs les émigrés*, who, if I might judge by their jaws and cravats of the quantity and quality of their food and of their credit with washerwomen, were

by no means in as flourising a state as when they lived on our benevolence.*

There is much of the life of this celebrated man† omitted by those who have attempted to write it. Even his son could have known but little of him, as he was not born at the time his father's glories had attained their zenith. Before he became the

* This is extravagantly tart. Barrington thought he had as good a right to be as conspicuous in the French court as in the Irish. He conceived that he had brought with him the stage and scenery of 1782—Free Trade, Parliamentary Independence, the Volunteers, and the fall of 1800. He fancied himself neglected at a time when nobody could possibly think of him; and avenged his vanity in the above ungenerous sneer.

† Curran was born, 1750, at Newmarket, a small town in the County Cork. In 1770 he became a sizar of Trinity College, and five years after, a member of the Irish bar. In 1779 he was admitted "a monk of the Screw," a convivio-political society of the most eminent men of his day. In 1783 he obtained a silk gown and a seat in parliament. He was one of the readiest wits that ever lived, and of an inexhaustible fancy. His speeches were warm, glittering, and animated; indifferent in style; abounding in wild and broken metaphor; and of little weight. He had a fine turn for poesy; and has left behind him an ode without any equal; not even in Horace or Béranger, and one needs not say more. It is a song in two stanzas, beginning—"If sadly thinking."

His great career as a popular advocate began in 1794, with the defence of Archibald Hamilton Rowan for libel; and this effort of forensic eloquence he scarcely ever surpassed; but his client was sentenced and imprisoned. He became Master of the Rolls in 1806, and continued in office till 1814, when he resigned broken in health and spirits. He withdrew to Brompton in 1815, and took up his residence near Moore. Here he lived in great seclusion, and escaped from his despondency and cares in October 1817. He was interred in the vaults of Paddington Church; from which, twenty-three years after, his remains were removed, at the instance and expense of a noble enthusiast, Lord Cloncurry, to the fine cemetery, Glasnevin. Over them has been placed a simple but graceful monument raised by a public fund.

Of Curran's genius we have the best testimony from Byron, who met him in 1813. "Curran!" exclaimed the poet; "I have heard that man speak more poetry than I have ever seen written." The best commentary on Curran's style of rhetoric is the speeches of his imitator, Charles Phillips, who so exaggerates all the worst faults of his type that they cannot fail to be discovered, and may be avoided. In truth Curran stopped at nothing; a faculty most pleasing to miscellaneous audiences. A theatre so broad, as it was indeed in his time, tempted to many an extraordinary bound; and an atmosphere so free and congenial favoured and fed innumerable corruscations. Nothing is so abhorrent to the lust of popular admiration as the chaste cheek of taste, the unsoliciting lips of purity.

biographer of his celebrated parent, Mr. Curran would have done well to inquire who had been that parent's decided friends, and who his invidious enemies; who supported him when his fame was tottering, and who assailed him when he was incapable of resistance: if he had used this laudable discretion, he would probably have learned how to eulogise, and how to censure, with more justice and discrimination.

No gentleman of our day knew Mr. Curran more intimately than myself, although our natural propensities were in many points quite uncongenial. His vanity too frequently misled his judgment, and he thought himself surrounded by a crowd of friends, when he was encompassed by a set of vulgar flatterers: he looked quite carelessly at the distinctions of society, and in consequence ours was not generally of the same class, and our intercourse more frequently at my house than at his. But he could adapt himself to all ranks, and was equally at home at Merrion Square or at the Priory.

The celebrity of Curran's life, and the obscurity of his death; the height of his eminence, and the depth of his depression; the extent of his talents, and the humiliation of his imbecility—exhibited the greatest and most singular contrasts I ever knew among the host of public characters with whom I so long associated.

At the bar I never saw an orator so capable of producing those irresistible transitions of effect which form the true criterion of forensic eloquence. But latterly no man became more capable, in private society, of exciting drowsiness by prosing, or disgust by grossness: such are the inconsistent materials of humanity.*

I should not allude here to a painful subject as respects the late Mr. Currnn, had it not been so commonly spoken of, and so prominent an agent in his ulterior misfortunes: I mean that un-

* Humanity is not to be blamed. Had Curran, while in the vigour of his intellect, cultivated a purer taste, and paid his respects to a higher morality, we would have been spared the pain of this record of his decay. It is probable that most of his private chagrin, as well as the admitted blemishes of his life, proceeded from a neglect of *timely* introspection. But what multitudes fail herein; and how sparingly we should censure.

lucky suit of his against the Rev. Mr. Sandes. I endeavoured as much as possible to dissuade him from commencing that action, having reason to feel convinced that it must terminate in his discomfiture; but he was obdurate, and had bitter cause to lament his obduracy. I did my utmost also to dissuade him from his unfortunate difference with Mr. Ponsonby. I told him, as I firmly believed, that he was wrong, or at all events imprudent, and that his reputation could bear no trifling with: but he did not credit me, and that blow felled him to the earth.

THE LAW OF LIBEL.

In the early part of my life the Irish press, though supposed to be under due restraint, was in fact quite uncontrolled. From the time of Dean Swift, and Draper's Letters, its freedom had increased at intervals not only as to public but private subjects. This was attributable to several curious causes, which combined to render the law of libel, although stronger in theory, vastly feebler in practice than at the present day; and whoever takes the trouble of looking into the Irish newspapers about the commencement of the American revolution, and in 1782, will find therein some of the boldest writing and ablest libels in the English language. Junius was the pivot on which the liberty of the press at one moment vibrated. Liberty was triumphant; but if that precedent were to prevail to the same extent, I am not sure it did not achieve too much.

The law of libel in England, however railed at, appears to me upon the freest footing that private or public security can possibly admit. The press is not encumbered by any previous restraints. Any man may write, print, and publish, whatever he pleases; and none but his own peers and equals, in two distinct capacities, can declare his culpability, or enable the law to punish him, as a criminal, for a breach of it. I cannot conceive what greater liberty or protection the press can require, or ought to enjoy. If a man voluntarily commits an offence against the law of libel with his eyes open, it is only fair that he should abide by the statute that punishes him for doing so. Despotic governments employ a previous censorship, in order to cloak their crimes and establish their tyranny. England, on the other hand, appoints independent judges and sworn jurors to defend her liberties; and hence is confirmed to the press a wholesome lati-

tude of full and fair discussion on every public man and measure.

The law of libel in Ireland was formerly very loose and badly understood, and the courts there had no particular propensity for multiplying legal difficulties on ticklish subjects.

The judges were then dependent; a circumstance which might have partially accounted for such causes being less frequent than in later times; but another reason, more extensively operating, was, that in those days men who were libelled generally took the law into their own hands, and eased the King's Bench of great trouble by the substitution of a small-sword for a declaration, or a case of pistols for a judgment; and these same articles certainly formed a greater check upon the propagation of libels than the twelve judges and thirty-six jurors, all together, at the present day; and gave rise to a code of laws very different from those we call municipal. A third consideration is, that scolding-matches and disputes among soldiers were then never made matters of legal inquiry. Military officers are now, by statute, held unfit to remain such if they fight one another, whilst formerly they were thought unfit to remain in the army if they did not. Formerly they were bound to fight in person, now they can fight by proxy, and in Ireland may lure champions to contest the matter for them every day in the week (Sunday excepted), and so decide their quarrels without the least danger or one drop of bloodshed. A few able lawyers, armed with paper and parchment, will fight for them all day long, and if necessary, all night likewise, and that probably for only as much recompense as may be sufficient to provide a handsome entertainment to some of the spectators and to their pioneer attorney, who is generally bottle-holder on these occasions.

Another curious anomaly is become obvious. If lawyers now refuse to pistol each other, they may be scouted out of society, though duelling is against the law! but if military officers take a shot at each other, they may be dismissed from the army, though fighting is the essence and object of their profession! so that a civilian, by the new lights of society, changes places

with the soldier. The soldier is bound to be peaceable, and the civilian is forced to be pugnacious—*cedent arma togæ!* It is curious to conjecture what our next metamorphosis may be.

The first publication which gave rise, so far as I can remember, to decided measures for restraining the Irish press, was a newspaper called "Hoy's Mercury," published nearly fifty years ago by Mr. Peter Hoy, a printer in Parliament Street, whom I saw some time since in his shop on Ormond Quay, in good health, and who voted for me on the Dublin election of 1803.

In this newspaper Mr. Hoy brought forward two fictitious characters—one called Van Trump, the other Epaphroditus Dodridge. These he represented as standing together in one of the most public promenades of the Irish capital; and the one, on describing the appearance, features, and dress of each passer-by, and asking his companion, "Who that was?" received, in reply, a full account of the individual, to such a degree of accuracy as to leave no doubt respecting identity, particularly in a place so contracted as, comparatively speaking, Dublin then was. In this way as much libellous matter was disseminated as would now send a publisher to jail for half his life; and the affair was so warmly and generally taken up, that the lawyers were set to work, Peter Hoy sadly terrified, and Van Trump and Epaphroditus Dodridge banished from that worthy person's newspaper.

But the most remarkable observation is, that so soon as the Irish judges were, in 1782, made by statute independent of the crown, the law of libel became more strictly construed, and the libellers more severely punished. This can only be accounted for by supposing, that while dependent, the judges felt that any peculiar rigour might be attributed, in certain instances, less to their justice than to their policy; and being thus sensitive, especially in regard to crown cases, they were chary of pushing the enactments to their full scope. After the provision which rendered them independent of the ruling powers, this delicacy became needless; but, nevertheless, a candid judge will always bear in mind that austerity is no necessary attribute of justice, which is always more efficient in its operation when tempered

with mercy. The unsalutary harshness of our penal code has become notorious. True, it is not acted up to; and this is only another modification of the evil, since it tempts almost every culprit to anticipate his own escape. On the Continent it is different. There the punishment which the law provides is certainly inflicted; and the consequence is, that in France there is not above one capital conviction to any twenty in England.

The late Lord Clonmell's heart was nearly broken by vexations connected with his public functions. He had been in the habit of holding parties to excessive bail in libel cases on his own fiat, which method of proceeding was at length regularly challenged and brought forward; and, the matter being discussed with asperity in parliament, his Lordship was, to his great mortification, restrained from pursuing such a course for the future.

He had, in the court of King's Bench, used rough language towards Mr. Hackett, a gentleman of the bar, the members of which profession considered themselves as all assailed in the person of a brother barrister. A general meeting was therefore called by the father of the bar; a severe condemnation of his Lordship's conduct voted, with only one dissentient voice; and an unprecedented resolution entered into, that "until his Lordship publicly apologised, no barrister would either take a brief, appear in the King's Bench, or sign any pleadings for that court."

This experiment was actually tried. The judges sat, but no counsel appeared; no cause was prepared, the attorneys all vanished, and their Lordships had the court to themselves. There was no alternative; and next day Lord Clonmell published a very ample apology, by advertisement in the newspapers, and, with excellent address, made it appear as if written on the evening of the offence, and therefore voluntary.*

* An occurrence somewhat of the same nature took place, at no very great distance of time, at Maryborough assizes, between Mr. Daly, a judge of the Irish Court of King's Bench, and Mr. W. Johnson, now judge of the Common Pleas, in that country.

Mr. Daly spoke of committing Mr, Johnson for being rude to him, but, unfortunately, he committed himself! A meeting was called, at which I was

This nobleman had built a beautiful house near Dublin, and walled-in a deer-park to operate medicinally, by inducing him to use more riding exercise than he otherwise would take. Mr. Magee, printer of the Dublin Evening Post, who was what they call a little cracked, but very acute, one of the men whom his Lordship had held to excessive bail, had never forgiven it, and purchased a plot of ground under my Lord's windows, which he called "Fiat-hill:" there he entertained the populace of Dublin, once a-week, with various droll exhibitions and sports; such, for instance, as asses dressed up with wigs and scarlet robes; dancing dogs, in gowns and wigs as barristers; soaped pigs, etc. These assemblies, although productive of the greatest annoyance to his Lordship, were not sufficiently riotous to be termed a public nuisance, being solely confined to Magee's own field, which his Lordship had unfortunately omitted to purchase when he built his house.

The Earl, however, expected at length to be clear of his tormentors' feats, at least for a while; as Magee was found guilty on a charge of libel, and Lord Clonmell would have no qualms of conscience in giving justice full scope by keeping him under the eye of the marshal, and consequently an absentee from "Fiat-hill," for a good space of time.

Magee was brought up for judgment, and pleaded himself, in mitigation, that he was ignorant of the publication, not having been in Dublin when the libel appeared; which fact, he added, Lord Clonmell well knew. He had been, indeed, entertaining the citizens under the Earl's windows, and saw his Lordship peeping out from the side of one of them the whole of that day; and the next morning he had overtaken his Lordship riding into town. "And by the same token," continued Magee, "your Lordship was riding cheek by jowl with your own brother, Matthias

requested to attend, but I declined, and was afterwards informed that my refusal had, very unjustly, given offence to both parties. The fact is, that, entertaining no very high opinion of the placability of either, I did not choose to interfere, and so unluckily replied that "they might *fight dog, fight bear*, I would give no opinion about the matter."—(*Author's note.*)

Scott, the tallow-chandler,* from Waterford, and audibly discussing the price of fat at the very moment I passed you."

There was no standing this:—a general laugh was inevitable; and his Lordship, with that address for which he was so remarkable, affecting to commune a moment with his brother judges, said, —"it was obvious, from the poor man's manner, that he was not just then in a state to receive definitive judgment; that the paroxysm should be permitted to subside before any sentence could be properly pronounced. For the present, therefore, he should only be given into the care of the marshal, till it was ascertained how far the state of his intellect should regulate the court in pronouncing its judgment." The marshal saw the crisis, and hurried away Magee before he had further opportunity of incensing the chief-justice.

Theophilus Swift, who, though an Irishman, practised at the English bar, gave rise to one of the most curious libel cases that ever occurred in Ireland, and which involved a point of very great interest and importance.

Theophilus had two sons. In point of figure, temper, disposition, and propensities, no two brothers in the whole kingdom were so dissimilar. Dean Swift, the eldest, was tall, thin, and gentlemanly, but withal an unqualified reformer and revolutionist: the second, Edmond, was broad, squat, rough, and as fanatical an ultra-royalist as the king's dominions afforded. Both were clever men in their way.

The father was a free-thinker in every respect; fond of his sons, although materially different from either, but agreeing with the younger in being a professed and extravagant loyalist. He was bald-headed, pale, slender, and active—with grey eyes, and a considerable squint: an excellent classic scholar, and versed likewise in modern literature and belles lettres. In short, Theophilus Swift laid claim to the title of a sincere, kind-hearted

* Lord Clonmell and Matthias Scott vied with each other which had the largest and most hanging pair of cheeks—vulgarly called *jowls*. His Lordship's chin was a treble one, whilst Matthias's was but doubled; but then it was broader and hung deeper than his brother's.—(*Author's note.*)

man; but was, at the same time, the most visionary of created beings. He saw everything whimsically—many things erroneously—and nothing like another person. Eternally in motion, either talking, writing, fighting, or whatever occupation came uppermost, he never remained idle one second whilst awake, and I really believe was busily employed even in his slumbers.

His sons, of course, adopted entirely different pursuits; and, though affectionate brothers, agreed in nothing save a love for each other and attachment to their father. They were both writers, and good ones; both speakers, and bad ones.

Military etiquette was formerly very conspicuous on some occasions. I well recollect when a man bearing the king's commission was considered as bound to fight anybody and everybody that gave him the invitation. When the Duke of York was pleased to exchange shots with Colonel Lennox, afterwards Duke of Richmond, it was considered by our friend Theophilus as a personal offence to every gentleman in England, civil or military; and he held that every man who loved the reigning family should challenge Colonel Lennox, until somebody turned up who was good marksman enough to penetrate the Colonel, and thus punish his presumption.

Following up his speculative notions, Mr. Swift actually challenged Colonel Lennox for having had the arrogance to fire at the king's son. The Colonel had never seen or even heard of this antagonist; but learning that he was a barrister and a gentleman, he considered that, as a military man, he was bound to fight him as long as he thought proper. The result, therefore, was a meeting; and Colonel Lennox shot my friend Theophilus clean through the carcass, so that, as Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan says, "he made his body shine through the sun!" Swift, according to all precedents on such occasions, first staggered, then fell—was carried home, and given over—made his will, and bequeathed the Duke of York a gold snuff-box! However, he recovered so completely, that when the Duke of Richmond went to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, I saw Swift at his Grace's first levee, most anxious for the introduction. His turn came; and

without ceremony he said to the Duke, by way of a pun, that "the last time he had the honour of waiting on his Grace, as Colonel Lennox, he received better entertainment—for that his Grace had given him a ball!"

"True," said the Duke, smiling; "and now that I am Lord Lieutenant, the least I can do is to give you a brace of them!" and in due time he sent Swift two special invitations to the balls, to make these terms consistent with his Excellency's compliments.

Swift, as will hence be inferred, was a romantic personage. In fact, he showed the most decisive determination not to die in obscurity, by whatever means his celebrity might be acquired.

A savage, justly termed *the monster*, had, during Swift's career at the bar, practised the most horrid and mysterious crime we have yet heard of—namely, that of stabbing women indiscriminately in the street, deliberately and without cause. He was at length taken and ordered for trial: but so odious and detestable was his crime, that not a gentleman of the bar would act as his advocate. This was enough to induce Swift to accept the office. He argued truly, that every man must be presumed innocent till by legal proof he appears to be guilty, and that there was no reason why the monster should be excepted from the general rule, or that actual guilt should be presumed on the charge against him more than any other charge against any other person: that prejudice was a *prima facie* injustice, and that the crime of stabbing a lady with a weapon which was only calculated to wound, could not be *greater* than that of stabbing her to the heart, and destroying her on the instant: that if the charge had been cutting the lady's throat, he would have had his choice of advocates. He spoke and published his defence of the monster, who, however, was found guilty, and not half punished for his atrocity.

Theophilus had a competent private fortune; but as such men as he must somehow be always dabbling in what is called in Ireland "a bit of a law-suit," a large percentage of his rents never failed to get into the pockets of the attorneys and counsel-

lors; and after he had recovered from the Duke of Richmond's perforation, and the monster had been incarcerated, he determined to change his site, settle in his native country, and place his second son in the university of Dublin.

Suffice it to say, that he soon commenced a fracas with all the Fellows of the university, on account of their "not doing justice somehow," as he said, "to the cleverest lad in Ireland!" and, according to his usual habit, he determined at once to punish several of the offenders by penmanship, and regenerate the great university of Ireland by a powerful, pointed, personal, and undisguised libel against its Fellows.

Theophilus was not without some plausible grounds to work upon; but he never considered that a printed libel did not admit of any legal justification. He at once put half-a-dozen of the Fellows *hors de société*, by proclaiming them to be perjurers, profligates, impostors, etc. etc.; printed, published, and circulated this his eulogium with all the activity and zeal which belonged to his nature; and the main tenor of his charge was a most serious imputation and a very home one.

By the statutes of the Irish university, strict celibacy is required; and Mr. Swift stated "that the Fellows of that university, being also clergymen, had sworn on the Holy Evangelists that they would strictly obey and keep sacred these statutes of the university, in manner, form, letter, and spirit, as enjoined by their charter from the virgin queen. But that, notwithstanding such their solemn oath, several of these Fellows and clergymen, flying in the face of the Holy Evangelists and of Queen Elizabeth; and forgetful of morality, religion, common decency, and good example, had actually taken to themselves each a woman, who went by the name of *Miss Such-a-one*, but who had undergone, or was supposed to have undergone, the ceremony and consummation of marriage with such and such a perjured Fellow and parson of Dublin university," etc. etc.; and "that he was obliged to take away his son for fear of contamination," etc. etc.

It is easy to conceive that this publication, from the pen of a very gentlemanly, well-educated barrister, naturally made no

small bustle and fuss amongst a portion of the university men. Those who had kept out of the scrape were not reported to be in any state of deep mourning on the subject, as their piety was the more conspicuous; and it could not hurt the feelings of any of them to reflect that he might possibly get a step in his promotion, on account of the defection of those seniors whose hearts might be broken, or removal made necessary, by the never-ending perseverance of this tremendous barrister, who had christened his son *Dean* Swift, that he might appear a relative of that famous churchman, the patron and idol of the Irish people.

The gentlemen of the long robe were, of course, delighted with the occurrence: they had not for a long time met with so full and fair an opportunity of expending every sentence of their wit, eloquence, law, and logic, as in taking part in this celebrated controversy. I was greatly rejoiced at finding on my table a retainer against the Fellows and parsons of Trinity College, whom I had always considered as a narrow-minded and untalented body of men, getting from £1000 to £1500 a-year each for teaching several hundred students how to remain ignorant of most of those acquirements that a well-educated gentleman ought to be master of: it is true, the students had a fair chance of becoming good Latin scholars, of gaining a little Greek and Hebrew, and of understanding several books of Euclid with three or four chapters of Locke on the Human Understanding, and a sixpenny treatise on logic written by a very good divine, one of the body, to prove clearly that sophistry is superior to reason.* This being my opinion of them, I felt no qualms of conscience in undertaking the defence of Theophilus Swift, Esq.,

* Nothing can so completely stamp the character of the university of Dublin, as their suppression of the *only* school of eloquence in Ireland—"The Historical Society;"—a school from which arose some of the most distinguished, and estimable characters that ever appeared in the forum, or in the parliament of Ireland: this step was what the blundering Irish would call—"advancing backwards."—(*Author's note.*)

This famous society has been for some time rehabilitated, and is daily advancing in reputation. Since its revival, in 1843, several of its members have greatly distinguished themselves in public.

though most undoubtedly a libeller. It is only necessary to say, that Lord Clonmell, who had been, I believe, a sizer himself in that university, and in truth, all the judges (and with good reason) felt indignant at Theophilus Swift's so violently assailing and disgracing, in the face of the empire, the only university in Ireland—thus attacking the clergy though he defended a monster.

An information was in due form granted against Theophilus, and as he could neither deny the fact nor plead a justification to the libel, of course we had but a bad case of it. But the worse the case, the harder an Irish barrister always worked to make it appear a good one. I beg here to observe, that the Irish bar were never so decorous and mild at that time, as to give up their briefs in desperate cases, as I have seen done in England—politely to save, as asserted, public time, and conciliate their Lordships: thus sending their clients out of court, because they thought they were not defensible. On the contrary, as I have said, the worse the case entrusted to an Irish barrister, the more zealously did he labour and fight for his client. If he thought it indefensible, why take a fee? but his motto was, "while there is life there is hope."* In short, they always stuck to their cause to the very last gasp!—and it may appear fabulous to a steady regular English expounder of the law, that I have repeatedly seen a cause which the bar, the bench, and the jury, seemed to think was irrevocably lost,—after a few hours' rubbing and puffing, like the exertions of the Humane Society, brought into a state of restored animation; and, after another hour or two of cross-examination and perseverance, the judges and jury have changed their impressions, and sent home the cause quite alive in the pockets of the owner and lawful solicitor.

In making these observations, I cannot but mention a gentleman then at the very head of the bar, as Prime Serjeant of Ireland, Mr. James Fitzgerald. I knew him long in great practice, and never saw him give up one case whilst it had a single point to rest upon, or he a puff of breath left to defend it; and

* Here I have suppressed a dozen lines of a coarse and unmannerly tirade against Irish barristers. Without wit or truth, they merely fouled the page.

I can venture to say, that if the Right Honourable James Fitzgerald, had been sent ambassador to Stockholm in the place of the Right Honourable Vesey Fitzgerald, his *cher garçon*, he would have worked Bernadotte to the stumps, merely by treating him just as if he were a motion in the Court of Exchequer. There was no treaty which the Government of England might have ordered him to insist upon, that he would not have carried, at all events in a degree.

And now, reader! I have in my preface stated my objections to the epithet *gentle;* we will go back to Theophilus Swift, and the college, and the King's Bench. The trial at length came on, and there were decidedly more parsons present than I believe ever appeared in any court of justice of the same dimensions. The court set out full gallop against us; nevertheless, we worked on—twice twelve judges could not have stopped us! I examined the most learned man of the whole university, Dr. Barret, a little, greasy, shabby, croaking, round-faced vice-provost: he knew of nothing on earth, save books and guineas—never went out, held but little intercourse with mankind. I worked at him unsuccessfully for more than an hour; not one decisive sentence could I get him to pronounce: at length, he grew quite tired of me, and I thought to conciliate him by telling him that his father had christened me. "Indeed!" exclaimed he: "Oh! I did not know you were a Christian!" At this unexpected repartee the laugh was so strong against me that I found myself muzzled. My colleagues worked as hard as I: but a seventy-horse power could not have moved the court. It was, however, universally admitted that there was but one little point against us out of a hundred which the other side had urged: that point too had only three letters in it: yet it upset all our arguments: that talismanic word "law" was more powerful than two speeches of five hours each; and, by the unanimous concurrence of the court and jury, Theophilus Swift was found guilty of writing, publishing, and undoubtedly *proving*, that certain parsons, Fellows of Dublin University, had been living (conjugally) with certain persons of an entirely different sex: and, in consequence,

he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment in his Majesty's gaol of Newgate, where he took up his residence with nearly two hundred and forty felons and handy pickpockets.

My poor visionary friend was in a sad state of depression; but heaven had a banquet in store for him which more than counterbalanced all his discomfitures: an incident that I really think even the oracle of Delphos never would have thought of predicting.

The Rev. Doctor Burrows was, of all, the most inveterate enemy and active prosecutor of my friend Theophilus: he was one of those who, in despite of God and Queen Elizabeth, had fallen in love, and united his fortunes and person with the object of it, and thereby got within the circle of Swift's anti-moralists. This reverend person determined to make the public hate Theophilus as much as he did himself; and forgetting the doctrine of libel, and the precedent which he had himself just helped to establish, set about to slay the slayer, and write a quietus for Theophilus Swift during the rest of his days! Thus, hugging himself in all the luxury of complete revenge on a fallen foe, Dr. Burrows produced a libel at least as unjustifiable against the prisoner as the prisoner had promulged against him: and having printed, published, and circulated the same, his Reverence and Madame conceived they had executed full justice on the enemy of marriage and the clergy. But, alas! they reckoned without their host: no sooner had I received a copy of this redoubtable pamphlet, than I hastened to my friend Theophilus, whom, from a state of despondency and unhappiness, I had the pleasure, in half-an-hour, of seeing at least as happy and more pleased than any king in Europe. It is unnecessary to say more than that I recommended an immediate prosecution of the Rev. Doctor Burrows, for a false, gross, and malicious libel against Theophilus Swift, Esq. Never was any prosecution better founded, or more clearly and effectually supported; and it took complete effect. The reverend prosecutor, now culprit in his turn, was sentenced to one-half of Swift's term of imprisonment, and sent off to the same gaol.*

* What would the world be without Ireland! without its social and professional annals! But the sequel obscures all inventions, fables, and fancies.

The learned Fellows were astounded; the university so far disgraced; and Theophilus Swift immediately published both trials, with observations, notes critical and historical, etc.

But, alas! the mortification of the reverend Fellow did not end here. On arriving at Newgate, as the governor informed me, the Doctor desired a room as high up as could be had, that he might not be disturbed whilst remaining in that mansion. The governor informed him, with great regret, that he had not even a pigeon-hole in the gaol unoccupied at the time, there being two hundred and forty prisoners, chiefly pickpockets, many of whom were waiting to be transported; and that, till these were got rid of, he had no private room that would answer his reverence; but there was a very neat and good chamber in which were only two beds—one occupied by a respectable and polite gentleman; and if the Doctor could manage in this way meanwhile, he might depend on a preference the moment there should be a vacancy. Necessity has no law; and the Doctor, forced to acquiesce, desired to be shown to the chamber. On entering, the gentleman and he exchanged bows, but in a moment both started involuntarily at sight of each other. On one was to be seen the suppressed smile of mental triumph, and on the other the grin of mortification. But Swift, naturally the *pink* of politeness, gave no reason for an increase of the Doctor's chagrin. As the sunbeams put out a fire, so did a sense of his folly flash so strong upon the Doctor's reason, that it extinguished the blaze of his anger; and the governor having left them, in a short time an *eclaircissement* took place between these two fellow-lodgers in a room fourteen feet by twelve! I afterwards learned that they jogged on very well together till the expiration of their sentences, and I never heard of any libel published by either the Doctor or Swift afterwards.

PULPIT, BAR, AND PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.

A COMPARATIVE scale of the talents of the celebrated men of my day I have frequently attempted, but never with success. Though I knew most of them both in private and public, my mind could never settle itself to any permanent opinion on so complicated a subject. Nevertheless, I quite agree with the maxim of Pope—"that the noblest study of mankind is man!" and, consequently, the analysis of human character has ever formed one of my greatest amusements, though all endeavours to reduce my observations to a system have proved decidedly idle. Hence, I have at times grown out of humour with the science altogether, and made up my mind that there never was a more unprofitable occupation than that of determining a public character whilst the individual still lived. It is only after the grave has closed on men—when they can change no more, and their mortal acts are for ever terminated—that their respective natures become truly developed. This is a reflection that must surely force itself upon the mind and heart of every observant man.

The depressions of adversity generally leave the ostensible character pretty much as it appeared originally, save that it occasionally throws out either abjectness or fortitude, and that talent is sometimes elicited in a greater proportion than the sufferer was imagined to possess. But I have always seen high prosperity the true and almost infallible touchstone: and since I have had leisure to observe the world, its effects upon my fellow-countrymen have proved more remarkable than upon the people of any other country—and indeed, in many instances, thoroughly ridiculous.

Eloquence, a first-rate quality in my scale, is that for which the Irish *were* eminently celebrated. But the exercise of this

gift depends on so many accidental circumstances, and is withal so much regulated by fashion, that its decline is scarcely surprising. So few possess it, indeed, that it has become the interest of the bar, the only body in Ireland accustomed to extempore public speaking, to undervalue and throw it into the background, which they have effectually succeeded in doing. A dull fellow can cry "Come to the point!" as well as the most eloquent declaimer.

Pulpit eloquence is, in my opinion, by far the most important of any: the interest in which it is enlisted is, or ought to be, tremendously absorbing; and in consequence, it is deserving of the highest and most persevering cultivation. Yet, what is the fact?—Unless we resort to the temples of sectarianism, and run a risk of being annoyed by vulgarity and fanaticism, we have little or no chance of meeting with a preacher who seems in earnest. Polemical controversy may be carried on between priests without the least tincture of hearty zeal, and bishops may think it quite sufficient to leave the social duties and cardinal virtues to work their way by force of their own intrinsic merits; yet these are the points whereon a really eloquent and zealous minister might rouse the attention of his hearers to effectual purpose, and succeed in detaching them from methodistical cant and rant, which, at present, merely in consequence of apparent heartiness and a semblance of inspiration, draw away both old and young—both sensible and illiterate—from the tribe of cold metaphysical expositors who affect to illustrate the Christian tenets in our parochial congregations.

Nothing can better exemplify the latter observations than a circumstance connected with the island of Guernsey. There are seven Protestant churches in that island, where the usual service is gone through in the usual manner. A parcel of Methodists, however, professed themselves discontented with our Litany, established a different form of worship, and set up a meeting-house of their own, giving out that they could save *two* souls for every *one* that a common Protestant parson could manage. In due time they inveigled a set of fanatic persons to form a singing-

choir, which employed itself in chanting from morning till night; every girl who wanted to put her voice in tune being brought by her mother to sing psalms with the Methodists. This vocal bait, indeed, took admirably; and, in a short time, the congregations of the seven churches might have been well accommodated in one. On the other hand, although the meeting-house was enlarged, its portals even were thronged on every occasion, multitudes, both inside and out, all squalling away to the very stretch of their voices.

The dean and clergy, perceiving clearly that singing had beaten praying out of the field, made a due representation to the bishop of Winchester, and requested the instructions of that right reverend dignitary how to bring back the wayward flock to their natural folds and shepherds. The bishop replied, that as the desertion appeared to be in consequence of the charms of melody, the remedy was plain—namely, to get *better singers* than the Methodists, and to sing better tunes; in which case the Protestant churches would, no doubt, soon recover every one of their parishioners.

Not having for many years heard a sermon in Ireland, I am not aware of the precise state of its pulpit oratory at present. But of this I am quite sure, that politics and controversy are not the true attributes of Christian worship; and that, whenever they are made the topic of spiritual discourse, the whole congregation would be justified in dozing.

I have heard many parsons attempt eloquence, but very few of them, in my idea, succeeded. The present Archbishop of Dublin* worked hard for the prize, and a good number of the

* Dr. Magee, author of a text-book on the "Atonement," used in the Dublin University. Dr. Whately succeeded him, a man of profoundly heavy parts, but who affected wit. He wrote an excellent book on "Rhetoric," was very voluminous on trifles; but whatever English he had was thoroughly consumed by the "Rhetoric." He was as kind a man as ever breathed; and his good name will long survive his miserable puns and more stupid pamphlets. These remarks can, by no means, lessen the value of his volumes to the library of a country clergyman, who will find in them much common sense, and many maxims of moderation and Christian benevolence.

If the archbishop was not witty himself, he was often, without his suspecting

Fellows of Dublin College tried their tongues to little purpose: in truth, the preaching of one minister rendered me extremely fastidious respecting eloquence from the pulpit.

This individual was Dean Kirwan, now no more, who pronounced the most impressive orations I ever heard from the members of any profession, at any era. It is true, he spoke for effect, and therefore directed his flow of eloquence according to its apparent influence. I have listened to this man actually with astonishment! He was a gentleman by birth, had been educated as a Roman Catholic priest, and officiated some time in Ireland in that capacity; but afterwards conformed to the Protestant church, and was received *ad eundem*. His extraordinary powers soon brought him into notice; and he was promoted by Lord Westmorland to a living; afterwards became a dean; and would, most probably, have been a bishop;—but he had an intractable turn of mind, entirely repugnant to the usual means of acquiring high preferment. It was much to be lamented, that the independence of principle and action which he certainly possessed was not accompanied by any reputation for philanthropic qualities. His justly high opinion of himself seemed to overwhelm every other consideration.

Dr. Kirwan's figure, and particularly his countenance, were not prepossessing; there was an air of discontent in his looks, and a sharpness in his features, which, in the aggregate, amounted to something not distant from repulsiveness. His manner of preaching was of the French school: He was vehement for a while, and then, becoming, or affecting to become, exhausted, he held his handkerchief to his face: a dead silence ensued; he had skill to perceive the precise moment to recommence; and another blaze of declamation burst upon the congregation, and another fit of exhaustion was succeeded by another pause. The

it, the cause of wit in others. Some one was extolling the matchless firmness of the British squares in sustaining the furious charges of the French Guards at Waterloo. "What was their coolness to ours?" exclaimed Dr. X. "Had they to stand the *shock* of Whately's *charge*, as we did the other day, they'd soon disperse, I promise you."

men began to wonder at his eloquence, the women grew nervous at his denunciations. His tact rivalled his talent; and, at the conclusion of one of his finest sentences, a "celestial exhaustion," as I heard a lady call it, often terminated his discourse abruptly. If the subject was charity, every purse was laid largely under contribution. In the church of St. Peter's, where he preached an annual charity sermon, the usual collection, which had been under £200, was raised by the Dean to £1100. I knew a gentleman myself, who threw both his purse and watch into the plate!

Yet the oratory of this celebrated preacher would have answered in no other profession than his own, and served to complete my idea of the true distinction between pulpit, bar, and parliamentary eloquence. Kirwan in the pulpit, Curran at the bar,* and Sheridan in the senate, were the three most effective orators I ever recollect, in their respective departments.

Kirwan's talents seemed to me to be limited entirely to elocution. I had much intercourse with him at the house of Mr. Hely, of Tooke's Court. Whilst residing in Dublin I met him at a variety of places; and my overwrought expectations, in fact, were a good deal disappointed. His style of address had nothing engaging in it; nothing either dignified or graceful. In his conversation there was neither sameness nor variety—ignorance nor information; and yet, somehow or other, he avoided insipidity. His *amour propre* was the most prominent of his superficial qualities; and a bold, manly independence of mind and feeling, the most obvious of his deeper ones. I believe he was a good man,† if he could not be termed a very amiable

* Of those two, this is wonderful praise; and coming from Barrington, the greatest master of skilled composition of all his contemporaries, must be accepted almost unreservedly. But the effect is one thing; the critical quality another; and the property in the thought another. Most of Kirwan's ideas were born in France; Curran's were all the progeny of the soil.

† Is not this a contradiction? He has been flatly represented before as deficient in philanthropic qualities; how can he be a good man who wants the chief characteristics of goodness? Kirwan was as unfeeling and selfish a fellow as ever lived.

one; and learned, although niggardly in communicating what he knew.

I have remarked thus at large upon Dean Kirwan, because he was by far the most eloquent and effective pulpit orator I ever heard, and because I never met any man whose character I felt myself more at a loss accurately to pronounce upon. It has been said that his sermons were adroitly extracted from passages in the celebrated discourses of Saurin, the Huguenot, who preached at the Hague, grandfather to the late attorney-general of Ireland. It may be so; and in that case all I can say is, that Kirwan was a most judicious selector, and that I doubt if the eloquent writer made a hundredth part of the impression of his eloquent plagiarist.

I should myself be the plagiarist of a hundred writers, if I attempted to descant upon the parliamentary eloquence of Sheridan.* It only seems necessary to refer to his speech on Mr. Hasting's trial;† at least, that is sufficient to decide me as to his immense superiority over all his rivals in splendid declamation. Most great men have their individual points of superiority, and I am sure that Sheridan could not have preached, nor Kirwan have pleaded. Curran could have done both; Grattan neither; but, in language calculated to rouse a nation, Grattan, whilst young, far exceeded either of them.

I have often met Sheridan, but never knew him intimately. He was my senior and my superior. Whilst he was in high

* Most felicitously said. The opinion concluding this paragraph is very discriminative and just. One thing is wanting. In Sheridan's fire the nation would miss Grattan's sincerity. Soul never glowed more ardently than in Grattan; and his tongue was true to it.

† I had an opportunity of knowing that Mr. Sheridan was offered £1000 for that speech by a bookseller, the day after it was spoken, provided he would write it out correctly from the notes taken, before the interest had subsided; and yet, although he certainly had occasion for money at the time, and assented to the proposal, he did not take the trouble of writing a line of it! The publisher was of course displeased, and insisted on his performing his promise: upon which Sheridan laughingly replied in the vein of Falstaff:—"No, Hal!—were I at the strappado, I would do nothing *by compulsion!*" He did it at length—but too late!—and, as I heard, was (reasonably enough!) not paid.—(*Author's note.*)

repute, I was at laborious duties: whilst he was eclipsing everybody in fame in one country, I was labouring hard to gain any in another. He professed whiggism: I did not understand it, and I have met very few patriots who appear to have acted even on their own definition thereof.*

* The following extract so comprehensively and closely embraces some of the finest characteristics of popular oratory and orators, that I readily append it here, in compliance with the wish and recommendation of an eloquent lawyer who is also a sound critic.

"Without being in the least influenced by popular opinion, I do not hesitate to assign to O'Connell an honourable place amongst the best orators of any age. He cannot, indeed, be compared in detail to any particular one who is worthy of him. In many features, however, and these the most noble, he resembles Demosthenes and Brougham.

"In strength and clearness he is equal to either. Of all three the grand characteristic is energy; but the energy of the Celt, though more active, is less intense than that of the Greek, and more intense than that of the Scot, though not so durable or expansive. Of method, which, although less an endowment than an acquisition, is yet albeit a property of great wit, they had an equal share, but from different sources, and displaying a different organism. In his arrangement, Demosthenes observes the rhetorical rules without being burthened or narrowed by them. Brougham, early fashioned by mathematical discipline, is almost as systematic as a geometer. He keeps the subject always in view, but this severity does not impoverish or straiten him, for the stores of his learning are so vast and so various that his materials would embarrass, were it not for his skill in disposing them. O'Connell is generally, even in his set speeches, negligent of method. He was, notwithstanding, capable of laying down a judicious plan, but he seems to have been impatient of the trouble. When he gave sufficient consideration to a subject, he put his materials into order with rapidity and success. In general, he sought no more than a good beginning, and left the sequel to chance; for he depended on his adroitness in selecting, combining, and compounding, according to the demands of the occasion. But even on state occasions, when he came forward, prepared and trimmed, he could ill conceal the toga of the pleader. Some of his ablest efforts are constructed on the scheme of a law argument; but it must be remembered that some law arguments are fine specimens of composition. Whatever be the subject of disquisition, learning will always afford materials to give scope to method. In this respect Brougham had the advantage over almost all the public men of his time, while the springs of knowledge supplied O'Connell with but few streams to be skilfully conducted into a common channel; so that if, in the point under consideration, he appears inferior to his illustrious contemporary, it is rather from lack of means than of ability.

"In argument the Athenian convinces more by the loftiness of his manner

than the strictness of his logic; and while he is not greater than the Briton in force, he is less in philosophical dignity. In dialectic power, the Hibernian is on a level with either, but above both in acuteness and subtlety. Whilst in the matter of the argument there may be much parity, in the conduct of it there is little. Demosthenes is vehement, vituperative, insolent; Brougham, impassioned, haughty, or derisive; O'Connell, impetuous, abusive, or insinuating. The first is never gay or embellished; the second, never indolent or frivolous; the third is always robust and busy—generally in a genial humour—and with a nosegay, whether fresh or faded.

"Versatility renders O'Connell the most agreeable and entertaining. The gain, however, which results from it, does not always compensate for the trifles employed to support it. Many feel Demosthenes dry for want of those jets of vivacity with which O'Connell sprinkles his parterre and refreshes his flowers; but, on the other hand, the former imparts an enthusiasm which renders one insensible of fatigue, and compels him to persevere to the end. O'Connell understood, but perhaps undervalued, connection and continuity. He frequently breaks off to present you with pleasant scenery; gives you time to contemplate the landscape; and then calls you back to resume the journey with regaled senses and revived energy. Brougham does not draw you aside so often, or so capriciously; and when he does, it is not to lighten your burden, or to beguile your way, but to amplify the understanding—to illustrate his proofs—to triple the light, and to beautify the philosophy. Demosthenes never deviates in search of fascinating prospects and cheerful repose; he is stern, unaccommodating, unmerciful. He needs no rest himself, and gives you none. You are whirled to the destined goal—out of breath, but exulting in the triumphant career. Listen for a moment to any of the three, and your will is shorn of her wings; she is no longer at liberty, yields to the imperious authority of the Greek, the powerful sorcery of the Scot, or the soft seduction of the Irishman.

"In imagination, that most rare and fructifying gift of the mind; which creates, animates, and illumines; which engenders tender sentiments, quickens noble passions, and sheds celestial odour over the soul—in imagination, Brougham holds the first place, and Demosthenes the second; though both must give way to Burke, and even he to Sheridan. But in fancy, exuberant in all delights, which is often hard to be distinguished from imagination, to O'Connell rightfully belongs the not undisputed sceptre.

"Demosthenes, O'Connell, and Brougham, are equally remarkable for the solidity of their intellect; but in the quality of comprehensiveness the last has the largest share. O'Connell shows his knowledge of the human heart more frequently than either of the others. If he did not understand mankind better, he accommodated himself to them more; and was better fitted to do so by the pliancy of his passions and the bent of his opinions. Consequently, he used men, and especially the ignorant, more successfully. In his sway over the affections, he is approached by neither; and taking into consideration the different audience, and different circumstances, whatever we may have to deduct from his oratory must be recompensed by our praise of him as an orator. In one respect he stands

conspicuous—he is almost the only man that ever flattered democracy, and visibly improved it.

"Each attains to the same height, but not with the same facility or grandeur. Demosthenes leaves the earth most naturally, mounts most swiftly, moves with the ease of instinct; but at every cleaving of his wings the poles thunder. When his rivals soar, they gain the empyrean by a succession of mighty efforts, and with the resounding as of mighty waters; Brougham keeping his undazzled eye fixed on the orb of day; and O'Connell surveying the smiling fields of air.

"Between the merits of the two modern masters, whoever ventures to decide, let him not forget, that while the genius of Brougham was aided by consummate art, O'Connell's fame rests upon his genius alone. What the one produced was the mature progeny of patient gestation; that of the other, a sudden birth. The one brought his works to perfection by repeated touches of skill; the other, to wonderful excellence by a single felicitous stroke. In Brougham we admire the majestic proportions and classical symmetry; in O'Connell, the cluster of youthful charms, adorning manly strength, and glowing with life and joy."—Townsend Young's *History of Ireland.*

QUEEN CAROLINE.

I HAVE often mused on the unfortunate history and fate of the late Queen Caroline. It is not for me to discuss the merits or demerits of her case, or to give any opinion on the conduct of the ruling powers in the business. I shall only observe, that though it was not possible to foresee such events as subsequently took place, I had, from the time of my being presented to that Princess by Lord Stowell, felt an unaccountable presentiment that her destiny would not be a happy one.

Upon the close of the "delicate investigation," a drawing-room of the most brilliant description was held at St. James's, to witness the Princess's* reception by her Majesty, Queen Charlotte. I doubt if a more numerous and sparkling assemblage had ever been collected in that ancient palace; curiosity had no small share in drawing it together.

The sun was that day in one of his most glaring humours; he shone with unusual ardour into the windows of the antique ball-room; seeming as if he wished at the same moment to gild and melt down that mass of beauty and of diamonds which was exposed to all his fervour. I was necessitated to attend in my official dress: the frizzled peruke, loaded with powder and pomatum, covering at least half the body of the sufferer, was wedged in amongst the gaudy nobles. The dress of every person who was so fortunate as to come in contact with the wigs, like the cameleon, instantly imbibed the colour of the thing it came in collision with; and after a short intimacy, many a full-dress

* A genitive very awkward to *gentlemen*. The *vulgar* laudably accommodate the organs of speech by putting the accent on the second syllable. I hope, for their own sakes, this hint will be taken.

black received a large portion of my silvery hue, and many a splendid manteau participated in the materials which render powder adhesive.

Of all the distressed beings in that heated assembly, I was most amused by Sir Vicary Gibbs, then attorney-general. Hard-featured and impatient—his wig awry—his solids yielding out all their essence—he appeared as if he had just arisen, though not like Venus, from the sea. Every muscle of his angular features seemed busily employed in forming hieroglyphic imprecations! Though amused, I never pitied any person more—except myself. Wedged far too tight to permit even a heaving sigh at my own imprisonment, I could only be consoled by a perspective view of the gracious Charlotte, who stood stoutly before the throne like the stump of a baronial castle to which age gives greater dignity. I had, however, in due rotation, the honour of being presented, and of kissing the back of her Majesty's hand.

I am, of course, profoundly ignorant of her Majesty's manner in her family, but certainly her public receptions were the most gracious in the world: there could not be a more engaging, kind, and condescending address than that of the Queen of England. It is surprising how different a Queen appears in a drawing-room and in a newspaper.

At length the number of presentations had diminished the pressure, and a general stir in the crowd announced something uncommon about to take place. It was the approach of the Princess of Wales.

Whoever considered the painfully delicate situation in which this lady was then placed, could not help feeling a sympathy for her apparent sufferings. Her father, the Duke of Brunswick, had not long before expired of his wounds received at Jena; and after her own late trials it was, I thought, most inauspicious that deep mourning should be her attire on her reception—as if announcing at once the ill-fate of herself and of her parent: her dress was decked with a multiplicity of black bugles. She

entered the drawing-room leaning on the arm of the Duke of Cumberland, and seemed to require the support. To her it must, in truth, have been a most awful moment. The subject of the investigation, the loss of her natural protector, and the doubts she must have felt as to the precise nature of her reception by the Queen, altogether made a deep impression on every one present. She tottered to the throne: the spectacle grew interesting in the highest degree. I was not close; but a low buzz ran round the room that she had been received most kindly, and a few moments sufficed to show that this was her own impression.

After she had passed the ordeal, a circle was formed for her beyond the throne. I wished for an introduction, and Lord Stowell, then Sir William Scott, did me that honour. I had felt, in common with everybody, for the depression of spirits with which the princess had approached her Majesty. I, for my part, considered her in consequence as full of sensibility at her own situation; but, so far as her subsequent manner showed, I was totally deceived. The trial was at an end, the Queen had been kind, and a paroxysm of spirits seemed to succeed and mark a strange contrast to the manner of her entry. I thought it was too sudden and too decisive: she spoke much, and loud, and rather bold: it seemed to me as if all recollection of what had passed was rapidly vanishing. So far it pleased me to see returning happiness; but still the *kind* of thing made no favourable impression on my mind. Her circle was crowded; the presentations numerous; but, on the whole, she lost ground in my estimation.

This incident proved to me the palpable distinction between feeling and sensibility; words which people misconstrue and mingle without discrimination. I then compared the two ladies. The bearing of Queen Charlotte certainly was not that of a heroine in romance, but she was the best-bred and most graceful lady of her age and figure I ever saw; so kind and conciliating that one could scarcely believe her capable of anything but

benevolence. She appeared plain, old, and of dark complexion; but she was unaffected, and commanded that respect which private virtues ever will obtain for public character. I liked her vastly better than her daughter-in-law. Indeed I never could reconcile myself, in any instance, to extra-natural complexions.

I returned from the drawing-room with a hundred new thoughts, excited by circumstances which had never occurred to me on any former occasion, and by the time I arrived at the Adelphi had grown from a courtier into a philosopher! Even there, however, my lucubrations were doomed to interruption. From my chamber at the Caledonian, the beauty of the animated Thames quite diverted my mind from the suffocating splendour under the pressure of which I had passed three hours. The broad unruffled tide, reflecting the rich azure of the firmament, awakened in my mind ideas of sublimity which would have raised it towards heaven, had not dinner and a new train of observation unfortunately recalled me to worldly considerations, which I fancied I had for one evening completely laid aside. Another scene of equal brilliance in its own way soon riveted my attention. It was a Vauxhall evening, and thousands of painted and gilded skiffs darted along under my windows, crowded with flashy girls and tawdry cits, all enveloped in their holiday glories, and appearing to vie in gaudiness with the scullers of which they were the cargo. Here elegance and vulgarity, rank and meanness, vice and beauty, mingling and moving over the waters, led me to the mortifying reflection, that this apparently gay and happy company probably comprised a portion of the most miserable and base materials of the British population.

I soon became fatigued by the brilliant sameness of the scene; and a sort of spurious philosophy again led me back to the Queen's drawing-room, and set me reflecting on numerous subjects in which I had not the remotest interest; but as solitary reasoning is one of the very greatest incentives to drowsiness, that sensation soon overcame all others, the sensorial powers gradually yielded to its influence; and in a short time the

Queen and the Princess of Wales, the drawing-room and the gilded boats, the happy-looking girls and assiduous gallants, all huddled together in most irreverent confusion, sheered off (as a seaman would say); and left a sound and refreshing slumber in place of all that was great and gay, dazzling and splendid, in the first metropolis of the European hemisphere.

LORD YELVERTON AND THE BAR.

MR. WILLIAM FLETCHER, since chief-justice of the Common Pleas; Mr. James Egan,* afterwards judge of Kilmainham; and Mr. Bartholomew Hoare, one of the King's Counsel, were certainly the three most intractable men of their profession, though of characters very dissimilar.

Mr. Fletcher, a clever man and excellent lawyer, had a surly temper, combined with a kind heart and an honest free-spirited principle, which never forsook him either in private life or as a public functionary. He was hard-featured, and although morose in court, disposed to jocularity in society. His appetites seemed to incline towards *gourmandise*, and, in fact, toward voluptuousness, generally speaking. As a judge, he was upright, uninfluenced, and humane.

* This should be Mr. John Egan, who thus distinguished himself in the memorable debate of 1799. I quote from Sir Jonah's *Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*:—

"Mr. Egan, chairman of the County Dublin, a coarse, large, bluff, red-faced Irishman, was the last who entered. His exultation knew no bounds. As No. 110 was announced, he stopped a moment at the bar, flourished a great stick over his head, and cried out, 'I'm a hundred and eleven!' He then quietly sat down, and burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter—all heart. Never was there a finer picture of genuine patriotism. He was very far from being rich, and had an offer to be made a Baron of the Exchequer with £3500 a-year if he would support the Union, which he indignantly refused to do. On any other subject he would have supported the government."

I knew "Bully" Egan's family well. They were left poor, and some indigent. He was offered a fat living for his brother, the Rev. Carbery Egan; but this worthy poor curate suffered for his relative's honesty. His widow and children became inmates of the Widows' Asylum, once near Mercer's Hospital. On my representation, supported as it was by Mr. Arthur Hume of the Treasury, the late George Putland, who has not left his like behind, would have permanently provided for them; but the misconduct of the son, and the insanity of the daughters, baffled his benevolent purpose.

Mr. Egan, a huge, coarse-looking, red-faced, boisterous fellow, to as tender a heart as ever was enclosed in so rough an outside added a number of other good qualities which it would be too much to expect should exist without some alloy. His manners were naturally gross rather than refined; and it was very curious to see him, in full dress, endeavour to affect good-breeding. He had immense business at the bar at the time Lord Yelverton presided in the Court of Exchequer; and he executed that business zealously and successfully, with, however, as occasion served, a sprinkling of what we term balderdash. In fact, he both gave and received hits and cuts with infinite spirit, and in more ways than one; for he had fought a good number of duels, and had the good fortune to escape with an unpierced skin. Natural death was his final enemy.

Bartholomew Hoare was the inferior of both. He wrote well, but spoke most disagreeably;—his harangues being sententious and diffuse, though not destitute of point. He was ill-tempered, arrogant, and rude, with a harsh expression of countenance; but withal what was termed "an able man." In point of intellect, indeed, he perhaps exceeded Egan; but in heart I must rank him inferior. Egan was popular with the most talented men of his profession, Hoare could never attain popularity in any shape.

These are merely fugitive sketches of three men of the Irish Bar who, I knew not why, were generally named together, but whose respective careers terminated very differently. Bartholomew Hoare died in great distress.

The chief baron, Lord Yelverton, got, one day after dinner, at his house at Fairview, into an argument with Egan, which in truth he always courted, to enhance the merriment of the company. Hoare never heard an argument in his life between any two persons, or upon any subject, wherein he did not long to obtrude; and Fletcher, if he thought he had conceived a good hit, was never easy till he was delivered of it. On the evening in question, the trio had united in contesting with their host all manner of subjects, which he had himself designedly started, to

excite them. He was in high glee, and played them off in a style of the most superior wit and cleverness, assisted by much classic quotation. By successive assaults he upset the three, who were as less than one in the hands of Yelverton, when he chose to exert himself. The evening certainly turned out among the pleasantest I ever passed in society.

Lord Yelverton's wit and humour had a sort of weight and solidity in it, which emitted a fervid as well as a blazing light. I opened not my lips; had I mingled in their disputation, I should not only have got my full portion of the tattooing, as they termed it, but should also have lost, in becoming an actor, the gratification of witnessing the scene. At length Lord Yelverton wrote under the table with a pencil the following words, and sent the scrap by a servant to me:—"Barrington, these fellows will never stop! Pray write something about them, and send it to me." I left the room, and having written the following parody in a hand to resemble printing, sent it in to his Lordship sealed as a letter:—

Three pleaders, in one vulgar era born,
Mount Melic, Cork, and Blarney did adorn;
In solemn *surliness* the first surpass'd,
The next in *balderdash*—in both the last:
The force of Nature could no further go;
To make a third, she joined the former two!

Lord Yelverton, not expecting the lampoon to come in form of a letter, was greatly diverted; it was read over and over again, amidst roars of laughter. Everybody entertained his own conjecture respecting the writer, and each barrister appropriated to himself one of the three characteristics. I was not at all suspected that night, since I had in nowise interfered, and my brief absence had not been noticed: but next day in court, it somehow came out. Nobody but Hoare was vexed, and him I silenced by threatening that I would write another epigram on him *solus* if he provoked me.

Egan, however, professed annoyance at me from some cause or other in the course of that day. He was never remarkable

for the correctness of his English. In speaking to some motion that was pending, he used the word *obdurate* frequently. I happened to laugh; Egan turned round, and then addressing himself to the chief baron, "I suppose, my Lord," said he ironically, "the gentleman laughs at my happening to pronounce the word *obdurate* wrong."

"No, my Lord," replied I, "I only laughed because he happened to pronounce it *right*."

I never heard him utter the word *obdurate* afterwards.

MR. NORCOT'S ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.

MR. NORCOT was an eccentric Irish barrister, the uncertainty of whose fate has given rise to a vast number of surmises: the last authentic account described him as a Turk selling rhubarb and opium in the streets of Smyrna! When the Duke of Richmond was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland he was a great favourite at the Castle revels. He could drink as stoutly as the Duke himself, touch the piano as well as a lady, or gamble as deeply as any of the gentlemen: he could jest even better than Sir Charles Vernon, and drove, in his entertainments, all other bachelors out of the field. Hence, his reception was so flattering, that he discarded all reflection, and at length found his purse empty, his resources dry, his profession unproductive, his estate melted down, and his reputation not improved. The noble Duke gave him no place but at his dinner-table, while smiles and lemonade were the favours of the Duchess: the courtiers turned their faces towards him whilst he was rich, and their backs when he had grown poor: his best puns began to pass without notice, his mimicry excited no laughter, and his most high-flown compliments scarcely received a curtsy.

A fat, hearty, convivial fellow does not perceive what is termed the half-cut near so soon as your lank, sensitive, thorough-paced goer: and Norcot was not completely undeceived as to his own declining influence until, one evening, having lost much more money than he could pay, he began to consider how to make up the deficiency. He had very little cash left anywhere, and was not versed in the borrowing system: so he thought he would wait a few days to see what Providence would be pleased to do for him; and as he had never thought it worth his while to rely upon her before, he did not know exactly in what way to court

her assistance. Irish gentlemen so circumstanced are very apt to suppose that they may find *Providence*, or in other words *good luck*, at the bottom of two or three bottles of wine, and accordingly never omit the application thereunto. Norcot pursued the usual course, and certainly made away with that number at least next night with the Duke. But alas! this kind of exorcism was unsuccessful in his instance, and he was necessitated to return home, at three o'clock in the morning, sobered by the very lassitude of excess, and maddened by reflection. On arriving, he threw himself into his arm-chair, his mind became confused, his reason wandered: he thought of resources—there were none!—but the extent of his poverty and debts being as yet not publicly known, he thought of borrowing. The plan, however, seemed a doubtful one; and, besides, he was deterred from trying it by his pride. He next thought of prison; this inflamed his brain still farther, and drove him upon the fearful alternative of suicide! Here a door of retreat seemed open, although whither it led he knew not: but he had neither heart to bear up against misfortune, nor religion to assuage it; he had no steady friend to advise with, and no liberal one to relieve him.

He sank for a moment into an enviable state of insensibility. His servant Thomas, a broad, faithful Irishman, but who never had known the meaning of any kind of feelings, except corporeal ones, stood by surprised at the change in his master's manner. "Thomas!" exclaimed the desponding Norcot, "Thomas, are my pistols charged?"

"Right well, plase your honour," replied Thomas.

"The flints, Thomas?"

"I'm sure they'd strike fire enough to burn a barrel of gunpowder, if your honour wanted to blow it up!"

"Bring them hither!" said Norcot.

Thomas did not approve of this order, and answered, "Sure your honour can't want them till daylight, anyhow!" But, upon Norcot's authoritatively waving his hand, he brought the pistols, wondering what his master wanted with them.

"Thomas," said the desperate man, "you were always faithful!"

"And *why should not I?*" said Thomas.

"Well, then, Thomas, I can live no longer!"

"Thunder and oons, Master! why not?"

"'Tis enough to say, Thomas," pursued the hapless barrister, taking up one of the pistols, "that I am *determined* to die."

Thomas never having seen such a catastrophe, was quite alarmed, but all his eloquence was in vain: having wept and argued to no purpose, he ran towards the window to shout murder, but it was fast. Norcot, who was an unbeliever, shuddering meanwhile less at the idea of the crime he contemplated than at that of eternal annihilation, which his tenets induced him to anticipate, said, "Thomas, take one of these pistols and put it to my head; apply the other here, to my heart; fire both together, and put me out of my pain—for die I will!"

Thomas mused and bethought himself, and then answered, "I am willing to do the best I can for so good a master, but truly I can't shoot, and may be I'd miss your honour! hadn't I better go to some gentleman of your acqaintance that I heard you say never missed anybody—and who would do it cleverly?"

"None but you," returned the unyielding desperado, "shall shoot me, Thomas!"

"I never shot anybody!" cried the servant: "but," taking up the pistols, "your honour says, one at your head: may I crave what part of it?"

"There," said Norcot, pointing to his temple; "the other through my heart!"

"And which side is your honour's heart to-night?" inquired the dilatory valet.

"Here!" replied Norcot: "now cock and fire!"

Thomas, who had been planning all this time how to get rid of the business, now seemed on the sudden to recollect himself. "But, master dear!" said he, "when you were going to fight a duel with that Captain O'Brien, at the Cove of Cork, your honour took out Surgeon Egan with you, saying that no gentle-

man should risk his life without a doctor: so, if you plase, I'll just step over first and foremost, and fetch Surgeon Macklin here *for fear of accidents!*" Without waiting any reply, he instantly stepped out of the room as fast as he could, taking the pistols with him, and leaving Norcot in astonishment: he actually went to the doctor, told him the story, and brought him over to reason with his master, who remained in a state of perfect distraction. However, the fit somewhat subsided; and the incidents being thus placed in a novel and ridiculous point of view had the most extraordinary effect on Norcot's mind. He recovered the use of his reason, and calm reflection succeeded the burning frenzy. He could scarcely avoid smiling at Thomas; and relating the adventure himself, pretended it was only a trick of his own to terrify his servant. But when he was left to himself he considered what was best to be done, and adopted it. He made up all the means he could, and got into a place of secrecy, where he awaited the result of the "Chapter of Accidents," and the efforts of his great friends to procure him some employment for subsistence; nor was he long unprovided for. He was appointed to an office, I think at Malta, but where he soon disgraced himself in a manner which for ever excluded him from society. Being now lost past all redemption, he fled to the Morea, and from thence to Constantinople, where he renounced the cross and became a Mussulman. But even there he was not fortunate: he has for some time been lost sight of, and exhibits a most edifying lesson to the dissipated and unbelieving. After commencing the world with as plausible prospects of success and respectability as most men of his day, Norcot, if dead, has died a disgraced and blasphemous renegado; thus confirming an observation of mine, throughout life, that a free-*thinker* is ever disposed to be also a free-*actor*, and is restrained from the gratification of all his vices only by those laws which provide a punishment for their commission.

ANECDOTES OF IRISH JUDGES.

BEFORE and for some time after I was called to the bar, the bench was in some instances very curiously manned as to judges.* The uniform custom had previously been to send over these dignitaries from England;—partly with a view to protect the property of absentees, and partly from political considerations: and the individuals thus sent appeared as if generally selected because they were good for nothing else. In truth, till the judges of Ireland were made independent of the crown in 1784, no English barrister who could earn his bread at home would accept a precarious office in a strange country, and on a paltry salary. Such Irishmen, also, as were in those days constituted puisne judges, were of the inferior class of practising barristers, on account of the last-mentioned circumstance.

A vulgar idea, most ridiculous in its nature, formerly prevailed in Ireland, of the infallibility of judges. It existed at an early period of my observations, and went so far even as to conceive† that an ignorant barrister, whose opinion nobody probably would ask, once placed on the judicial bench, immediately changed his character, appropriated the lore of all the books in his library, by virtue of his office. The great seal and the king's patent were held‡ to saturate his brain in half-an-hour

* This is a violent descent; "manned as to judges!" It is an obvious attempt at what is called a popular style; but the people who are pleased with such attempts are also debased by them. The author was at one time fastidious as to phrase, and accordingly the tone of *The Rise and Fall* is dignified throughout. That book Moore greatly admired for its literary merits. There is indeed much mannerism in it. When I observed that the structure ran up like the rounds of a ladder, Moore replied—"Ay, but, like Jacob's, that ladder runs up to heaven!"

† "An idea went to conceive" is neither Irish nor English.

‡ Technical, *i.e. shop.*

with all that wisdom and learning which he had in vain been trying to get even a peep at during the former portion of his life.

Law had long been a system of precedents, without any question among the judges whether such precedents were right or wrong.

To show the great improvement of the Irish bench, and the rapid advance in the administration of justice in the law courts, I will subjoin a few illustrative anecdotes.

Baron Monckton, of the Exchequer, an importation from England, was said to understand *black* letter and *red* wine better than any who had preceded him in that situation. At all events, being often *vino deditus*, he on those occasions described the segment of a circle in making his way to the seat of justice! This learned baron was longer on the bench than any other in my recollection. I have also in later days enjoyed the intimacy of a very clever well-informed man, and a sound lawyer, who (like the baron) rather indecorously indulged in the juice of the grape, and whom Lord Clare had made a judge for some services rendered to himself. The newspapers eulogised this gentleman very much for his singular *tender-heartedness*, saying—So great was the humanity of Judge Boyd, that when he was passing sentence of death upon any unfortunate criminal, it was observable that his Lordship seldom failed to have "a drop in his eye."*

I remember a barrister being raised to the Irish bench, who had been previously well known by the ingenious surname of

* Baron Green observed upon this—"Why, Crampton *can't* sentence a man to be hanged without 'a drop in his eye.' Crampton was an earnest teetotaller. When Dr. Whately heard of Crampton's conversion to Mathewism, he said—"Well, water is a good thing to wash down law, but a very bad thing to wash it up."

This puts me in mind of a really droll thing of the archbishop; a lady having asked the meaning of *ariston men to hudor*, he replied—"Water is the best thing for fish, sea-fights, and steam-engines!" The lady stared, asking, "Does it mean all that, your grace?" "Oh!" he cried with the complacency of a cherub, "there's no getting meaning out of Greek without a paraphrase. You understand, ma'am."

Counsellor *Necessity*,—because "necessitas *non legem* habet;" and certainly, to do him no more than justice, he consistently merited the cognomen after his elevation as well as before.

Old Judge Henn, a very excellent private character, was dreadfully puzzled on circuit, about 1789, by two pertinacious young barristers, who flatly contradicted one another as to the "law of the case." At last they unanimously requested his Lordship to decide the point.

"How, gentlemen," said Judge Henn, "*can* I settle it between you?—You, sir, positively say the law is *one way*, and you, turning to the opposite party, as unequivocally affirm that it is the other way. I wish to God, Billy Harris (to his registrar who sat underneath), I knew what the law *really* was!"

"My Lord," replied Billy Harris most sententiously, "if I possessed that knowledge, I would tell your Lordship with a great deal of pleasure!"

"Then we'll *save the point*, Billy Harris," exclaimed the judge.

A more modern justice of the Irish King's Bench, in giving his *dictum* on a certain will case, absolutely said, "he thought it very clear that the *testator* intended to keep a *life interest* in the estate to *himself*." The bar did not laugh outright; but Curran soon rendered that consequence inevitable. "Very true, my Lord," said he, "very true! testators generally do secure life interests to themselves. But, in this case, I rather think your Lordship takes the *will* for the *deed*."*

The chief-justices were, however, generally accomplished men, and of first-rate talent as lawyers; and the chancellors, with few exceptions, both able and dignified—qualities which Lord Lifford was the last to unite in an eminent degree.

On the subject of judges, I cannot omit a few anecdotes of a very different description from the foregoing, which occurred in my own time.

Baron Power was considered an excellent lawyer, and was altogether one of the most curious characters I have met in

* *Durissimum!*

the profession. He was a morose, fat fellow, affecting to be genteel: he was very learned, very rich, and very ostentatious. Unfortunately for himself, Baron Power held the office of usher of the Court of Chancery, which was principally remunerated by fees on monies lodged in that court. Lord Clare, then chancellor, hated and teased him, because Power was arrogant himself, and never would succumb to the arrogance of Fitzgibbon. The chancellor had a certain control over the usher; at least he had a sort of license for abusing him by innuendo, as an officer of the court, and most unremittingly did he exercise that license. Baron Power had a large private fortune, and always acted in office strictly according to the custom of his predecessors; but was attacked so virulently and pertinaciously by Lord Clare, that having no redress, it made a deep impression, first on his pride, then on his mind, and at length on his intellect. Lord Clare followed up his blow, as was common with him: he made incessant attacks on the baron, who chose rather to break than bend, and who, unable longer to stand this persecution, determined on a prank of all others the most agreeable to his adversary! The baron walked quietly down early one fine morning to the south wall, which runs into the sea about two miles from Dublin; there he very deliberately filled his coat-pockets with pebbles, and walked into the ocean, which, however, did not retain him long, for his body was thrown ashore with great contempt by the tide.*

Had the matter ended here it might not have been so very remarkable; but the precedent was too respectable and inviting not to be followed by persons who had any particular reasons for desiring strangulation, as a judge drowning himself gave the thing a sort of dignified legal *éclat!* It so happened that a Mr. Morgal, then an attorney residing in Dublin, of large dimensions, and with shin-bones curved like the segment of a rainbow, had, for good and sufficient reasons, long appeared rather dissatisfied with himself and other people. But as attorneys were considered much more likely to induce their neighbours to cut their throats

* The sequel discloses that the judge committed suicide.

than to execute that office upon themselves, nobody ever suspected Morgal of any intention to shorten his days in a voluntary manner.

However, it appeared that the signal success of Baron Power had excited in the attorney a great ambition to get rid of his sensibilities by a similar exploit. In compliance with such his impression, he adopted the very same preliminaries as the baron had done, walked off by the very same road to the very same spot, and, having had the advantage of knowing, from the coroner's inquest, that the baron had put pebbles into his pocket with good effect, adopted likewise this judicial precedent, and committed himself in due form, and with equal success, into the hands of Father Neptune.

As a sequel to this little anecdote of Crosby Morgal, it is worth observing that, though I do not recollect any of the *attorneys* immediately following his example, four or five of his *clients* very shortly after started from this world of their own accord, to try, as people then said, if they could any way overtake Crosby, who had left them no conveniences for staying long behind him.*

Mr. William Johnson, the present judge,† was the only one of my brother barristers whose smiles were not agreeable to me when we went circuits together. I liked his frowns extremely, because they were generally very sincere, extremely picturesque,

* Some years ago, a suitor in the Court of Exchequer complained in person to the Chief Baron, that he was quite *ruinated*, and could go on no further! "Then," said Lord Yelverton, "you had better leave the matter to be decided by reference."—"To be sure I will, my Lord," said the plaintiff: "I've been now at law thirteen years, and can't get on at all! I'm willing, please your Lordship, to leave it all either to one *honest man* or two *attorneys*, whichever your Lordship pleases." "You had better toss up for that," said Lord Yelverton, laughing. Two attorneys were, however, appointed, and, in less than a *year*, reported that "they could not agree:" both parties then declared they would leave the matter to a very honest farmer—a neighbour of theirs. They did so, and, in about a *week*, came hand-in-hand to the court, thanked his Lordship, and told him their neighbour had settled the whole affair square and straight to their entire satisfaction. Lord Yelverton used to tell the anecdote with great glee.—(*Author's note.*)

† Long dead.

and never niggardly bestowed. But his paroxysms of good humour were occasionally so awkward, I frequently begged of him to cheer up our society by getting into a little passion; and sometimes took the liberty of putting him into one myself, to make him more agreeable.

Be it remembered, however, that this was before Mr. William Johnson became a judge; and I cannot say what effect an inoculation by Lord Norbury's temperament may have had upon his constitution. But I frequently told him that either physic or wrangling was indispensably necessary, to keep his bile from stagnation.

Though divers anecdotes occur to me of my said friend, Judge William Johnson, I do not conceive that many of them can be very interesting out of court, particularly after he becomes defunct, which nature has certainly set down as a "motion of course." One or two, however, which connect themselves with my egotistical feelings, shall not be omitted. At the same time, I assure him, that I by no means approve of our late brother Daly's method of reasoning, who, on his speaking rather indecorously of Mr. William Johnson, in his absence, at the Bar-mess on circuit, was tartly and very properly asked by the present Mr. Justice Jebb, "Why he would say such things of Mr. Johnson behind his back?" "Because," replied Mr. Daly, "I would not *hurt his feelings* by saying them to his *face*."

I often reflect on a most singular circumstance which occurred between Johnson and me, as proving the incalculability of what is called in the world "fortune," which, in my mind, cannot have a better definition than "The state lottery of nature." My friend is the son of a respectable apothecary, in Fishamble Street, Dublin, and was called to the bar some few years before me; but the world being blind as to our respective merits, I got immediately into considerable business, and he, though a much wiser man and a much cleverer lawyer, got none at all. Prosperity, in short, deluged me as it were; when suddenly I fell ill of a violent fever on circuit, which nearly ended my career. Under these circumstances, Johnson acted by me in a most kind and friendly

manner, and insisted on remaining with me, to the neglect of his own concerns. This I would not allow; but I never forgot the proffered kindness, and determined, if ever it came within my power, to repay his civility.

The next year I was restored to health, and my career of good fortune started afresh, whilst poor Johnson had still no better luck. He remained assiduous, friendly, and good-natured to me; but at the same time he drooped, and told me at Wexford, in a state of despondency, that he was determined to quit the bar and go into orders. I endeavoured to dissuade him from this, because I had a presentiment that he would eventually succeed; and I fairly owned to him that I doubted much if he were *mild* enough for a parson.

In about two years after I was appointed King's Counsel. My stuff gown had been, so far, the most fortunate one of our profession, and Johnson's the least so. I advised him to get a new gown; and shortly after, in the whim of the moment, fancying there might be some seeds of good luck sticking to the folds of my old stuff after I had quitted it for a silken robe, I dispatched a humorous note to Johnson, together with the stuff gown, as a mark of my gratitude for his attentions, begging he would accept it from a friend and well-wisher, and try if wearing it would be of equal service to him as to me.

He received my jocose gift very pleasantly, and in good part; and, laughing at my conceit, put on the gown. But, whatever may become of prepossessions, certain it is that from that period Johnson prospered; his business gradually grew larger; and, in proportion as it increased, he became, what they call in Ireland, *high enough* to everybody but the attorneys; and thus my friend William Johnson trudged on through thick and thin to the Parliament House, into which Lord Castlereagh stuffed him, as he said himself, "to put an end to it." However, he kept a clear look-out, and now sits in the place his elder brother Judge Robert had occupied, who was rather singularly *un*judged for having *Cobbettised* Lord Redesdale, as will hereafter appear.

Old Mr. Johnson, the father of these two gentlemen, when

upwards of sixty, procured a diploma as physician—to make the family genteeler. He was a decent, orderly, good kind of apothecary, and a very respectable, though somewhat ostentatious doctor; and, above all, a good, orthodox, hard-praying Protestant. I was much amused one day after dinner at Mr. Hobson's, at Bushy, near Dublin, where the doctor, Curran, myself, and many others were in company. The doctor delighted in telling of the successes of his sons, Bob, Bill, Gam, and Tom the attorney, as he termed them: he was fond of attributing Bob's advancement rather to the goodness of Providence than that of the Marquess of Downshire; and observed, most parentally, that he had brought up his boys, from their very childhood, with "the fear of God always before their eyes." "Ah! 'twas a fortunate circumstance indeed, doctor," said Curran, "very fortunate indeed—that you *frightened* them so early."

One of the most honourable and humane judges I ever saw upon the Irish Bench was the late Justice Kelly of the Common Pleas. He was no common man. Numerous ancedotes have been told of him: many singular ones I myself witnessed;* but none which did not do credit to some just or gentlemanly feeling. He had practised several years in the West Indies; and studying at the Temple on his return, was in due season admitted to the Irish bar, to the head of which he rose with universal approbation.

At the time the Irish insisted on a declaration of their independence, Judge Kelly had attained the high dignity of Prime Serjeant, a law-office not known in England: in Ireland the Prime Serjeant had rank and precedence of the attorney and solicitor-general. On the government of Ireland first opposing that declaration of independence, Kelly, from his place in Parliament, declared "he should consider it rather a disgrace than an honour to wear the Prime Serjeant's gown under a ministry which resisted the rights of his country!" and immediately sent in his resignation, and retired to the rank of a private barrister.

Among such a people, and in consequence of such conduct,

* An eye-witness of an anecdote is a rare fellow. Those simple memorials of Kelly are very consoling after the Johnsonian disappointment.

it is useless to attempt describing his popularity. His business rose to an extent beyond his powers. Nobody was satisfied who had not Tom Kelly for his advocate in the courts; no suitor was content who had not Tom Kelly's opinion as to title; all purchasers of property must have Tom Kelly's sanction for their speculations. This enviable old man lived splendidly, yet saved a large fortune. At length it was found so unpopular to leave him at the bar, that he was first appointed Solicitor-General and then mounted on the bench of the Common Pleas, where, having sat many years, he retired to his beautiful country residence near Stradbally, Queen's County, and lived, as a country gentleman, in hospitable magnificence.

After Judge Kelly had assumed the bench, the public began to find out that his legal knowledge had been overrated. His opinions were overruled and his deductions esteemed illogical; in short, he lost altogether the character of an infallible lawyer, but had the happiness of thinking he had confirmed his reputation for honour, justice, and integrity. He used to say, laughingly, "So they find out now that I am not a very stanch lawyer. I am heartily glad they did not find it out thirty years ago."

He loved the world, and this was only gratitude, for the world loved him; and nobody ever yet enjoyed his existence with more cheerfulness and composure. "Egad!" he used to say, "this world is wheeling round and round quite too fast to please me. For my part, I'd rather be a *young* shoe-boy than an *old* judge." (Who would not? says the author.) He always most candidly admitted his legal mistakes. I recollect my friend William Johnson once pressing him very fiercely to a decision in his favour, and stating as an *argument* (in his usual peremptory tone to judges he was not afraid of), that there could be no doubt on the point,—precedent was imperative in the matter—as his Lordship had decided the same points the same way twice before.

"So, Mr. Johnson," said the judge—looking archly, shifting his seat somewhat, and shrugging up his right shoulder; "so,

because I decided *wrong* twice, Mr. Johnson, you'd have me do so a *third* time? No, no, Mr. Johnson, you must excuse me. I'll decide the other way this bout!" And so he did.

The anecdotes of his quaint humour are in fact innumerable, and some of his charges quite extraordinary. His profile was very like Edmund Burke's. He had that sharp kind of nose which gives a singular cast to the general contour; but there was always an appearance of drollery lurking in his countenance. No man could more justly boast of carrying about him proofs of nationality, as few ever had the Irish dialect stronger. It was in every word and every motion! Curran used to say he had the *brogue* in his *shoulders*. If Judge Kelly conceived he had no grounds to be ashamed of his country, she had still less to be ashamed of him. He was calculated to do credit to any land.*

I also had the pleasure of being acquainted with Mr. Arthur Wolfe† intimately, afterwards Baron Kilwarden and Chief-Justice of Ireland. This gentleman had, previously to his advancement, acquired very high eminence as an equity lawyer. He was much my senior at the bar.

Wolfe had no natural genius, and but scanty *general* information. His talents were originally too feeble to raise him by their unassisted efforts into any political importance. Though patronised by the Earl of Tyrone, and supported by the Beresford aristocracy, his rise was slow and gradual, and his promotion to the office of Solicitor-General had been long predicted, not from his ability, but in consequence of his reputation as a good-hearted man and a sound lawyer.

On the elevation of Mr. John Fitzgibbon to the seals, Mr. Wolfe succeeded him as Attorney-General, the parliamentary duties of which office were, however, far beyond the reach of his oratory, and altogether too important for his proportion of intellect; and hence he had to encounter difficulties which he was

* This unaffected tribute to unaffected goodness is beyond all praise.

† Of a very respectable family, whose property is in the County Kildare, near Sallins. They were related to Theobald Wolfe Tone. The author of "The Burial of Sir John Moore" was a nephew of the judge. Captain Theobald Wolfe is the present representative.

unable successfully to surmount. The most gifted members of his own profession were, in fact, then linked with the first-rate political talents of the Irish nation, to bear down those measures which it had become Mr. Wolfe's imperative official duty to originate or support.

In the singular character of Mr. Wolfe there were strange diversities of manner and of disposition. On first acquaintance, he seldom failed to make an unfavourable impression; but his arrogance was only apparent, his pride innoxious, his haughtiness theoretical. In society, he so whimsically mixed and mingled solemn ostentation with playful frivolity, that the man and the boy, the judge and the jester, were generally alternate.

Still, Kilwarden's heart was right and his judgment sufficing. In feeling he was quick, in apprehension slow. The union of these qualities engendered a sort of spurious sensibility, which constantly led him to apprehend offence where none was ever intended. He had a constant dread of being thought petulant, and the excitement produced by this dread became itself the author of that techy irritation which he so much deprecated.*

Lord Kilwarden, not perceiving the true distinction between pride and dignity, thought he was supporting the appearance of the one, when in fact he was only practising the formality of the other; and, after a long intercourse with the world, he every day evinced that he knew any one's else character better than his own. As Attorney-General during a most trying era, his moderation, justice, and discretion, were not less evident than was his strict adherence to official duties.

In the celebrated cause of the King against Heavy, in the King's Bench, Mr. Curran and I were Heavy's counsel, and afterwards moved to set aside the verdict on grounds which we considered to form a most important point, upon legal principles.

Curran had concluded his speech, and I was stating what I considered to be the law of the case, when Lord Kilwarden,

* This word, so incorrectly used here, is, I think, always employed correctly in *The Rise and Fall.*

impatient and fidgetty, interrupted me: "God forbid, Mr. Barrington," said he, "that should be the law!"

"God forbid, my Lord," answered I, "that it should *not* be the law."

"You are rough, sir," exclaimed he.

"More than one of us have the same infirmity, my Lord."

"I was right, sir," said he.

"So was I, my Lord," returned I, unbendingly.

He fidgetted again and looked haughty and sour. I thought he would break out, but he only said, "Go on, sir—go on, sir!" I proceeded: and, whilst I was speaking, he wrote a note, which was handed me by the officer: I kept it, as affording a curious trait of human character. It ran thus:—

"Barrington—You are the most impudent fellow I ever met. Come and dine with me this day at six. You will meet some strangers, so I hope you will behave yourself, though I have no reason to expect it! K."

To conclude this sketch: Lord Kilwarden was, in grain, one of the best men I ever knew; but, to be liked, it was necessary he should be known. He had not an error, to counterbalance which some merit did not exhibit itself. He had no wit, though he thought he said good things: as a specimen of his punning, he used to call *Curran "Gooseberry."* *

The instability of human affairs was lamentably exemplified in his Lordship's catastrophe:—his life was prosperous, and deservedly so; his death cruel and unmerited. There scarcely exists in record a murder more inhuman or more wanton than that of the chief justice.†

* He could say better. He asked a brother barrister why he led him such a way, and received for answer, "For a short cut; *circuitus evitandus.*" "A very unsuitable motto for a lawyer," cried Wolfe. A parson, who was entering on some vindictive proceedings against one of his own parishioners, having met Wolfe in the hall of the courts intently looking into a brief, inquired jocularly, "What is written in the law? How readest thou?" "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," was the prompt and solemn reply. The proceedings were stopped.

† It was not, however, preconcerted, as will be seen.

In 1803, on the evening when the partial but sanguinary insurrection broke out in Dublin, organised by Mr. Emmet, Kilwarden had retired to his country-house near the metropolis, and was tranquilly enjoying the society of his family, when he received an order from government to repair to town on particular business: in fact, the police, the secretaries, and all attached to executive, had continued incredulous and supine, and never believed the probability of a rising until it was at the very point of commencing.*

Kilwarden immediately ordered his carriage, and, attended only by his nephew, a clergyman, and one of his daughters, proceeded to Dublin without the least suspicion of violence or interruption. His road, however, lay through a wide and long street, wherein the rebels had first assembled; and, previously to Kilwarden's arrival, had commenced operations. Before his Lordship could conceive or had time to ask the cause of this assemblage, he was in the midst of their ranks; hemmed in on every side by masses of armed ruffians, there was no possibility of retreat; and without being conscious of a crime, he heard the yells of murder and revenge on every side around him, and perceived that he was lost beyond the power of redemption.

A general shout ran amongst the insurgents of "The Chief-Justice! The Chief-Justice!" Their crime would have been the

* This is not strictly true. Mr. Walter Locke, a respectable paper-stainer, an honest man, but a savage bigot, although he had a superstitious esteem for popish women, from whom he selected two admirable wives, was cautioned on the morning of the Saturday of the outbreak against going to Thomas Street that evening by one of his workmen, who was finishing a house for him there, and left off work in order to prepare for action. Mr. Locke had an immediate communication with the proper functionary in the Castle, and succeeded in keeping his man back from the riot. Locke had his only son piked to death in 1798; and was the last survivor of Emmet's jurors. He was a remarkable example of the pernicious influence of party or religious hate. He was not only honest but moral, and was one of the few whose sense of honour shrinks from a convenient lie. He was frank; a little stern; very firm to his friends, among whom were several Catholics. Yet that man more than once assured me that if any papist were tried before him on a charge of high treason, he would find him guilty on the indictment merely, *except he knew him*. Mr. Locke's information was the cause of the order.

same in either case, but it was alleged that they were mistaken as to the person, conceiving it to be Lord Carleton, who, as justice of the Common Pleas, had some years before rendered himself beyond description obnoxious to the disaffected of Dublin, in consequence of having been the judge who tried and condemned the two Counsellors Sheares, who were executed for treason, and to whom that nobleman had been testamentary guardian, by the will of their father. The mob thought only of him; and Lord Kilwarden fell a victim to their revenge against Lord Carleton.

The moment the cry went forth, the carriage was stopped, and the door torn open. The clergyman and Miss Wolfe got out and ran: the latter was suffered to escape; but the pikemen pursued, and having come up with Mr. Wolfe, mangled and murdered, in a horrid manner, as fine and inoffensive a young gentleman as I ever knew.

Hundreds of the murderers now surrounded the carriage, ambitious only who should first spill the blood of a chief-justice; a multitude of pikemen at once assailed him, but his wounds proved that he had made many efforts to evade them. His hands were lacerated all over, in the act of resistance; but, after a long interval of torture, near thirty stabs in various parts of his body incapacitated him from struggling further with his destiny. They dragged him into the street; yet, when conveyed into a house, he was still sensible, and able to speak a few words, but soon after expired.

Certain events which arose out of that cruel murder are singular enough. Mr. Emmet, a young gentleman of great abilities but of nearly frantic enthusiasm, who had been the organ and leader of that partial insurrection, was son to the state physician of Ireland, Doctor Emmet. Some time after the unfortunate event, he was discovered, arrested, tried, and executed. On his trial, Mr. Plunket was employed to act for the crown, with which he had not before been connected, but was soon after appointed Solicitor-General. The circumstances of that trial were printed and are no novelty; but the result of it was a paper which appeared in Cobbett against Lord Redesdale, and which was con-

sidered a libel.* It was traced to Judge Robert Johnson, of the Common Pleas, who was in consequence pursued by the then Attorney-General, Mr. O'Grady, as was generally thought by the bar, and as I still think, in a manner contrary to all established principles both of law and justice. The three law-courts had the case argued before them; the judges differed on every point: however, the result was that Judge Johnson, being kidnapped, was taken over to England, and tried before the King's Bench at Westminster, for a libel undoubtedly written in Ireland, although published by Cobbett in both countries. He was found guilty; but, on the terms of his resigning office, judgment was never called for. As, however, Judge Johnson was one of those members of parliament who had voted for a union, the government could not abandon him altogether. They gave him twelve hundred pounds a-year for life; and Robert has lived many years not a bit the worse for Westminster; whilst his next brother, to whom I have already paid my respects, was made Judge of the Common Pleas. This is the Mr. Robert Johnson who, from his having been inducted into two offices, Curran used to style, on alluding to him in the House of Commons, "the *learned* barrack-master." He was a well-read entertaining man, extremely acute, an excellent writer, and a trustworthy, agreeable companion. But there was something tart in his look and address, and he was neither good-natured in his manner nor gentlemanly in his appearance, which circumstances, altogether, combined with his public habits to render him extremely unpopular. He did not affect to be a great pleader, but he would have made a first-rate attorney: he was very superior to his brother William in everything except law and arrogance, in which accomplishments William, when a barrister, certainly was entitled to a pre-eminence which none of his contemporaries refused to concede him.

* It will be found in Cobbett's *Annual Register* for 1803. It is so carefully worded as to bear evidence of the writer's knowledge of the law. It is not very biting nor very eloquent; and how any twelve men could be brought to consider it a libel can be accounted for only by the temper of the times, which tainted judges and juries. Verily, our intelligence has humanised us a bit.

THE FIRE-EATERS.

It may be objected that anecdotes of duelling have more than their due proportion of space in these sketches, and that no writer should publish feats of that nature (if feats they can be called), especially when performed by persons holding grave offices, or by public functionaries. The time, however, has happily passed over when such details might have proved very reprehensible incentives to bad principles and bad passions. There is no other species of detail or anecdote which so clearly brings in illustration before a reader's eye the character, genius, and manners of a country, as that which exemplifies the distinguishing propensities of its population for successive ages. Much knowledge will necessarily be gained by possessing such a series of anecdotes, and by then going on to trace the decline of such propensities to the progress of civilisation in that class of society where they had been prevalent. The number of grave personages who appear to have adopted the national taste, though in most instances it was undoubtedly before their elevation to the bench that they signalised themselves in single combat, removes from me all imputation of pitching upon and exposing any unusual frailty; and I think I may challenge any country in Europe to show such an assemblage of gallant judicial and official antagonists at fire and sword as is exhibited even in the following list.*

* Single combat was formerly a very prevalent and favourite mode of *administering justice* in Ireland, was authorised by law, and frequently conducted before the high authorities and their ladies. The last exhibition of that nature which I have read of was between two Irish gentlemen—Connor Mac Cormac O'Connor and Teige Mac Kilpatrick O'Connor. They fought with broadswords and skeens (large knives), in the Castle of Dublin, in the presence of the archbishop and all the chief authorities and ladies of rank. They had hewed each other for a full

The lord chancellor of Ireland, Earl Clare, fought the master of the Rolls, Curran.

The chief-justice K.B., Lord Clonmell, fought Lord Tyrawley (a privy counsellor), Lord Llandaff, and two others.

The judge of the county of Dublin, Egan, fought the master of the Rolls, Roger Barrett, and three others.

The chancellor of the exchequer, the right honourable Isaac Corry, fought the right honourable Henry Grattan, a privy counsellor, and another.

Medge, baron of the exchequer, fought his brother-in-law, and two others.

The chief-justice C. P., Lord Norbury, fought Fire-eater Fitzgerald, and two other gentlemen, and frightened Napper Tandy, and several besides ; only one hit.

The judge of the prerogative court, Doctor Duigenan, fought one barrister and frightened another on the ground.

The chief counsel to the revenue, Henry Deane Grady, fought counsellor O'Mahon, counsellor Campbell, and others : all hits.

The master of the Rolls fought Lord Buckinghamshire, the chief secretary, etc.

The provost of the university of Dublin, the right honourable Hely Hutchinson, fought Mr. Doyle, master in chancery (they went to the plains of Minden to fight), and some others.

The chief-justice C. P., Patterson, fought three country gentlemen, one of them with swords, another with guns, and wounded all of them.

The right honourable George Ogle, a privy councillor, fought Barney Coyle, a distiller, because he was a papist. They fired eight shots and no hit ; but the second of one party broke his own arm.

hour, when Mr. Mac Kilpatrick O'Connor, happening to miss his footing, Mr. Mac Cormac O'Connor began to cut his head off very expertly with his knife, which, after a good deal of cutting, struggling, and hacking, he was at length so fortunate as to effect; and, having got the head clear off the shoulders, he handed it to the lords-justices (who were present), and by whom the head and neck was most graciously received.—(*Author's note.*)

Thomas Wallace, K. C., fought Mr. O'Gorman, the Catholic secretary.

Counsellor O'Connell fought the champion of the Corporation, Captain d'Estérre: fatal to the champion of Protestant ascendency.*

The collector of the customs of Dublin, the honourable Francis Hutchinson, fought the right honourable Lord Mountmorris.

The reader of this abridged list† will surely see no great indecorum in an admiralty judge having now and then exchanged broadsides, more especially as they did not militate against the law of nations.

However, it must be owned that there were occasionally very peaceable and forgiving instances amongst the barristers. I saw a very brave king's counsel, Mr. Curran, horse-whipped most severely in the public street, by a very savage nobleman, Lord Clanmorris; and another barrister was said to have had his eye saluted by a moist messenger from Mr. May's lips, in the body of the House of Commons.‡ Yet, both those incivilities were arranged amicably, without the aid of any deadly weapon whatsoever. But the people of Dublin used to observe, that a judgment came upon Counsellor O'Callaghan for having kept Mr. Curran quiet in the horse-whipping affair, inasmuch as his own brains were literally scattered about the ground by an attorney very soon after he had turned pacificator.§

It is incredible what a singular passion the Irish gentlemen, though in general excellent-tempered fellows, formerly had for

* Mr. O'Connell made no offer of a pension to the captain's widow. He was in no condition to do so at the time; and, had he done so, he could easily have foreseen how insolently the offer would have been rejected as an ostentatious pretence. I am fully informed on this matter.

† Two hundred and twenty-seven memorable and official duels have actually been fought during my grand climacteric.—(*Author's note.*)

‡ *Cuique sua voluptas.* Better to have written, "Mr. May spat in a barrister's face," etc.

§ Such is the *clan* of Sir Jonah's genius, occasionally.

fighting each other and immediately making friends again. A duel was considered a necessary piece of a young man's education, but by no means a ground for future animosity with his opponent.

One of the most humane men existing, an intimate friend of mine, and at present a prominent public character, but who had frequently played both "hilt to hilt" and "muzzle to muzzle," was heard endeavouring to keep a little son of his quiet:—"Come, be a good boy! Come," said my friend, "don't cry, and I'll give you a case of nice little pistols to-morrow. Don't cry, and we'll *shoot them all* in the morning." I have heard the late Sir Charles Ormsby strengthen the credibility of this story by an equally illustrative one about a butcher in Nenagh who effectually stopped his son's tears by saying,—"Come, now, be a good boy! don't cry, and you shall *kill a lamb* to-morrow!"—"Oh yes, yes," said the child sobbing; "Father, is the *lamb ready?*"

Within my recollection, this national propensity for fighting and slaughtering was nearly universal, originating in the spirit and habits of former times. When men had a glowing ambition to excel in all manner of feats and exercises, they naturally conceived that manslaughter in an *honest* way (that is, not knowing *which* would be slaughtered) was the most chivalrous and gentlemanly of all their accomplishments; and this idea gave rise to an assiduous cultivation of the arts of combat, and dictated the wisest laws for carrying them into execution with regularity and honour.

About the year 1777 the *Fire-eaters* were in great repute in Ireland. No young fellow could finish his education till he had exchanged shots with some of his acquaintances. The first two questions always asked as to a young man's respectability and qualifications, particularly when he proposed for a lady, were,—"What family is he of?"—"Did he ever blaze?"*

* I have often heard "the blazing" inquired after one way or another. In the southern Arcadia, Cork, the success of Orlando depended on the answers that were given to—"Can he keep a table? Is he a good judge of wine?"

Mr. Henry White, who is still remembered in Cork as a wit and a wag, was once slily interrogated by the bloomer most concerned, and whose purpose he had reason to suspect—"Is he a fire-eater, Mr. White?" "A fire-eater, Glaucopis?

Tipperary and Galway were the ablest schools of the duelling science. Galway was most scientific at the sword; Tipperary most practical and prized at the pistol: Mayo not amiss at either; Roscommon and Sligo had many professors and a high reputation in the leaden branch of the pastime.

When I was at the university, Jemmy Keogh, Buck English, Cosey Harrison, Crowe Ryan, Reddy Long, Amby Bodkin, Squire Falton, Squire Blake, Amby Fitzgerald, and a few others, were supposed to understand the points of honour better than any men in Ireland, and were constantly referred to.

In the North, the Fallows and the Fentons were the first hands at it, and most counties could have then boasted their regular *point-of-honour* men. The present chief-justice of the Common Pleas was supposed to have understood the thing as well as any gentleman in Ireland.

In truth, these oracles were in general gentlemen of good connections* and most respectable families, otherwise nobody would fight or consult them.

Every family then had a case of hereditary pistols, which descended as an heir-loom, together with a long silver-hilted sword, for the use of their posterity. Our family pistols, deno-

Why, he'd eat as much fire as fifty sweeps; but he can't get a second man from this to Londonderry to join him." Glaucopis gave an inquisitive and amazed look. "You see he always contrives to reserve his distance according to the Galway Rules (see 17th). He allows no blackguard to be beforehand with him, and so wisely gives the first insult. This secures him the choice of distance. He settles thus: two chairs four yards apart; a brace of empty pistols; a bason of fine dry powder, and another of bright bullets." "Dreadful! what's the signal?" "Both seconds count five as fast or as slow as they please; the moment 'five' is heard, the blazing begins, if ever."

* There was an association in the year 1782, a volunteer corps, which was called the "Independent Light Horse." They were not confined to one district, and none could be admitted but the younger brothers of the most respectable families. They were all both "hilt and muzzle boys;" and, that no member should set himself up as greater than another, every individual of the corps was obliged, on reception, to give his honour "that he could cover his fortune with the crown of his hat."

Roscommon and Sligo then furnished some of the finest young fellows, fire-eaters, I ever saw; their spirit and decorum were equally admirable, and their honour and liberality conspicuous on all occasions.—(*Author's note.*)

minated *pelters*,* were brass (I believe my second brother has them still): the barrels were very long and *point-blankers*. They were included in the armoury of our ancient castle of Ballynakill in the reign of Elizabeth (the stocks, locks, and hair-triggers were, however, modern), and had descended from father to son from that period: one of them was named "sweet lips," the other "the darling." The family rapier was called "skiver the pullet" by my grand-uncle, Captain Wheeler Barrington, who had fought with it repeatedly, and run through different parts of their persons several Scots officers, who had challenged him all at once for some national reflection. It was a very long, narrow-bladed, straight cut-and-thrust, as sharp as a razor, with a silver hilt, and a guard of buff leather inside it. I kept this rapier as a curiosity for some time; but it was stolen during my absence at Temple.

I knew Jemmy Keogh extremely well. He was considered in the main a peacemaker, for he did not like to see anybody fight but himself; and it was universally admitted that he never killed any man who did not well deserve it. He was a plausible, although black-looking fellow, with remarkably thick, long eyebrows closing with a tuft over his nose. He unfortunately killed a cripple in the Phœnix Park, which accident did him great mischief. He was land-agent to Bourke of Glinsk, to whom he always officiated as second.

At length so many quarrels arose without sufficient provocation, and so many things were considered as quarrels *of course*, which were not quarrels at all,—that the principal fire-eaters of the South saw clearly disrepute was likely to be thrown on the science, and thought it full time to arrange matters upon a proper and rational footing; and to regulate the time, place, and other circumstances of duelling, so as to govern all Ireland on one principle.

A branch society had been formed in Dublin termed the "Knights of Tara," which met once a month at the theatre, Capel Street, gave premiums for fencing, and proceeded in the

* Other names are *bull-dogs*, and *barking-irons*.

most laudably systematic manner. The amount of the admission-money was laid out on silver cups, and given to the best fencers, as prizes, at quarterly exhibitions of pupils and amateurs.

Fencing with the small-sword is certainly a most beautiful and noble exercise: its acquirement confers a fine bold manly carriage, a dignified mien, a firm step, and graceful motion. But, alas! its practisers are now supplanted by contemptible groups of smirking quadrillers with unweaponed belts, stuffed breasts, and strangled loins!—a set of squeaking dandies, whose sex may be readily mistaken, or, I should rather say, is of no consequence.*

The theatre of the Knights of Tara, on these occasions, was always overflowing:—the combatants were dressed in close cambric jackets, garnished with ribbons, each wearing the favourite colour of his fair one: bunches of ribbons also dangled at their knees, and roses adorned their morocco slippers, which had buff soles, to prevent noise in their lounges. No masks or visors were used, as in these more timorous times; on the contrary, every feature was uncovered, and its inflections all visible. The ladies appeared in full morning dresses, each handing his foil to her champion for the day, and their presence animating the singular exhibition. From the stage-boxes the prizes likewise were handed to the conquerors by the fair ones, accompanied each with a wreath of laurel, and a smile then more valued than a hundred victories! The tips of the foils were blackened, and therefore instantly betrayed the hits on the cambric jacket, and proclaimed without doubt the successful combatant. All was decorum, gallantry, spirit, and good temper.

The Knights of Tara also had a select committee to decide on all actual questions of honour referred to them;—to reconcile differences, if possible; if not, to adjust the terms and continuance of single combat. Doubtful points were solved generally

* Their *dancing days* are over. Young gentlemen now take their places in society in one or other of those distinguished classes—the *muffs*, the *swells*, or the *snobs*

on the peaceable side, provided women were not insulted or defamed; but when that was the case the knights were obdurate, and blood must be seen. They were constituted by ballot, something in the manner of the Jockey Club, but without the possibility of being dishonourable, or the opportunity of cheating each other.

This most agreeable and useful association did not last above two or three years. I cannot tell why it broke up: I rather think, however, the original fire-eaters thought it frivolous, or did not like their own ascendency to be rivalled. It was said that they threatened direct hostilities against the knights; and I am the more disposed to believe this, because, soon after, a comprehensive code of the laws and points of honour was issued from the Southern fire-eaters, with directions that it should be strictly observed by all gentlemen throughout the kingdom, and kept in their pistol-cases, that ignorance might never be pleaded. This code was not circulated in print, but very numerous written copies were sent to the different county clubs, etc. My father got one for his sons; and I transcribed most (I believe not all) of it into some blank leaves. These rules brought the whole business of duelling into a focus, and have been much acted upon down to the present day. They called them in Galway "the thirty-six-commandments."

As far as my copy went, they appear to have run as follows:—

Rules of Duelling.

The practice of duelling and points of honour settled at Clonmell summer assizes, 1777, by the gentlemen delegates of Tipperary, Galway, Mayo, Sligo, and Roscommon, and prescribed for general adoption throughout Ireland.

Rule 1.—The first offence requires the first apology, though the retort may have been more offensive than the insult: example;—A tells B he is impertinent, etc., B retorts, that he lies: yet A must make the first apology, because he gave the first offence, and then (after one fire) B may explain away the retort by subsequent apology.

Rule 2.—But if the parties would rather fight on, then, after two shots each (but in no case before), B may explain first, and A apologise afterwards.

N.B.—The above rules apply to all cases of offences in retort not of a stronger class than the example.

RULE 3.—If a doubt exist who gave the first offence, the decision rests with the seconds : if they *won't* decide or *can't* agree, the matter must proceed to two shots, or to a hit, if the challenger require it.

RULE 4.—When the *lie direct* is the *first* offence, the aggressor must either beg pardon in express terms, exchange two shots previous to apology, or three shots followed up by explanation ; or fire on till a severe hit be received by one party or the other.

RULE 5.—As a blow is strictly prohibited under any circumstances amongst gentlemen, no verbal apology can be received for such an insult ; the alternatives therefore are—the offender handing a cane to the injured party, to be used on his own back, at the same time begging pardon ; firing on until one or both is disabled ; or exchanging three shots, and then asking pardon, *without* the proffer of the *cane*.

If swords are used, the parties engage till one is well blooded, disabled, or disarmed ; or until, after receiving a wound, and blood being drawn, the aggressor begs pardon.

N.B.—A *disarm* is considered the same as a *disable :* the disarmer may (strictly) break his adversary's sword ; but if it be the challenger who is disarmed, it is considered as ungenerous to do so.

In case the challenged be disarmed and refuses to ask pardon or atone, he must not be *killed*, as formerly ; but the challenger may lay his own sword on the aggressor's shoulder, then break the aggressor's sword, and say, " I spare your life !" The challenged can never revive that quarrel—the challenger may.

RULE 6.—If A gives B the lie, and B retorts by a blow (being the two greatest offences), no reconciliation *can* take place till after two discharges each, or a severe hit ; *after* which, B may beg A's pardon humbly for the blow, and then A may explain simply for the lie ; because a blow is *never* allowable, and the offence of the lie therefore merges in it. (See preceding rule.)

N.B.—Challenges for undivulged causes may be reconciled on the ground after one shot. An explanation or the slightest hit should be sufficient in such cases, because no personal offence transpired.

RULE 7.—But no apology can be received, in any case, after the parties have actually taken their ground, without exchange of fires.

RULE 8.—In the above case, no challenger is obliged to divulge his cause of challenge (if private), unless required by the challenged so to do *before* their meeting.

RULE 9.—All imputations of cheating at play, races, etc., to be considered equivalent to a blow ; but may be reconciled after one shot, on admitting their falsehood, and begging pardon publicly.

RULE 10.—Any insult to a lady under a gentleman's care or protection to be considered as, by one degree, a greater offence than if given to the gentleman personally, and to be regulated accordingly.

RULE 11.—Offences originating or accruing from the support of ladies' reputation to be considered as less unjustifiable than any others of the same class, and as admitting of slighter apologies by the aggressor: this to be determined by the circumstances of the case, but *always* favourably to the lady.

RULE 12.—In simple unpremeditated *rencontres* with the small sword, or *couteau-de-chasse*, the rule is—first draw, first sheath; unless blood be drawn; then both sheath and proceed to investigation.

RULE 13.—No dumb-shooting or firing in the air admissible *in any case*. The challenger ought not to have challenged without receiving offence; and the challenged ought, if he gave offence, to have made an apology before he came on the ground: therefore, *children's play* must be dishonourable on one side or the other, and is accordingly prohibited.

RULE 14.—Seconds to be of equal rank in society with the principals they attend, inasmuch as a second may either choose or chance to become a principal, and equality is indispensable.

RULE 15.—Challenges are never to be delivered at night, unless the party to be challenged intend leaving the place of offence before morning; for it is desirable to avoid all hot-headed proceedings.

RULE 16.—The challenged has the right to choose his own weapon, unless the challenger gives his honour he is no swordsman; after which, however, he cannot decline any *second* species of weapon proposed by the challenged.

RULE 17.—The challenged chooses his ground: the challenger chooses his distance: the seconds fix the time and terms of firing.

RULE 18.—The seconds load in presence of each other, unless they give their mutual honours they have charged smooth and single, which should be held sufficient.

RULE 19.—Firing may be regulated—first, by signal; secondly, by word of command; or, thirdly, at pleasure—as may be agreeable to the parties. In the latter case, the parties may fire at their reasonable leisure, but *second presents* and *rests* are strictly prohibited.

RULE 20.—In all cases, a miss-fire is equivalent to a shot, and a *snap* or a *non-cock* is to be considered as a miss-fire.

RULE 21.—Seconds are bound to attempt a reconciliation *before* the meeting takes place, or *after* sufficient firing or hits, as specified.

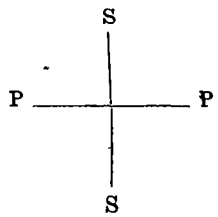
RULE 22.—Any wound sufficient to agitate the nerves and necessarily make the hand shake, must end the business for *that day*.

RULE 23.—If the cause of meeting be of such a nature that no apology or explanation can or will be received, the challenged takes his

ground, and calls on the challenger to proceed as he chooses : in such cases, firing at pleasure is the usual practice, but may be varied by agreement.

RULE 24.—In slight cases, the second hands his principal but one pistol ; but in gross cases two, holding another case ready-charged in reserve.

RULE 25.—Where seconds disagree, and resolve to exchange shots themselves, it must be at the same time and at right angles with their principals, thus :—



If with swords, side by side, with five paces interval.

N.B.—All matters and doubts not herein mentioned will be explained and cleared up by application to the committee, who meet alternately at Clonmell and Galway, at the quarter-sessions, for that purpose.

CROW RYAN, *President.*
JAMES KEOGH, } *Secretaries.*
AMBY BODKIN, }

ADDITIONAL GALWAY ARTICLES.

RULE 1.—No party can be allowed to bend his knee or cover his side with his left hand ; but may present at any level from the hip to the eye.

RULE 2.—None can either advance or retreat, if the ground be measured ; if no ground be measured, either party may advance at his pleasure, even to touch muzzle ; but neither can advance on his adversary after the fire, unless the adversary steps forward on him.

N.B.—The seconds on both sides stand responsible for this last rule being *strictly* observed ; bad cases having accrued from neglecting of it.*

* A wisp of a witling, known as Annadale Hamilton, concocted two mortal volumes on "Duelling," one of which was entituled "The Code of Honour." They were published in Dublin about thirty years ago, at the expense of his brother philanthropists, whom he ruined by incessant levies. The literary merits of his books and pamphlets, combined with his importunities, rapidly disheartened fighting philanthropy and literary subscriptions. It is said he almost annihilated the metropolitan contributions to the Bible Society. If the amount of unemployed genius in Dublin were spiritedly patronised, it is thought it would bring a million a-year into circulation, and relieve the banks of their stagnant repletion. I'd recommend a reprint of "The Code of Honour" for the benefit of book-makers.

These rules and resolutions of the "Fire-eaters" and "Knights of Tara" were the more deeply impressed on my mind, from my having run a great chance of losing my life, when a member of the university, in consequence of the strict observance of one of them. A young gentleman of Galway, Mr. Richard Daly, then a Templar, had the greatest predilection for single combat of any person I ever recollect. He had fought sixteen duels in the space of two years: three with swords and thirteen with pistols; yet, with so little skill, or so much good fortune, that not a wound worth mentioning occurred in the course of the whole. This gentleman afterwards figured for many years as patentee of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, and had the credit of first introducing that superior woman and actress, Mrs. Jordan, when Miss Francis, on the Dublin boards.

I was surprised one winter's evening at college by receiving a written challenge in the nature of an invitation, from Mr. Daly, to fight him early the ensuing morning. I never had spoken a word to him in my life, and scarcely *of* him, and no possible cause of quarrel that I could guess existed between us. However, it being then a decided opinion that a first overture of that nature could never be declined, I accepted the invitation without any inquiry; writing, in reply, that as to place I chose the field of Donnybrook fair as the fittest spot for all sorts of encounters. I had then to look out for a second, and resorted to a person with whom I was very intimate, and who, as he was a curious character, may be worth noticing. He was brother to the unfortunate Sir Edward Crosby, Bart., who was *murdered* by a court-martial at Carlow, May 1798.* My friend was afterwards called "Balloon Crosby," being the first aeronaut who constructed a Hibernian balloon, and ventured to take a journey into the sky from Ireland.†

* About the same time as Mr. Cornelius Grogan of Johnston Castle, Wexford, whom the insurgents forced into their service. Though an opposition member, and perhaps a sympathiser with the movement, it is thought that his appearance among the armed bands was not a voluntary act. He was a feeble old man, beyond seventy.

† And a most unfortunate journey it was for the spectators. The ascent was

Crosby was of immense stature, being above six feet three inches high. He had a comely-looking, fat, ruddy face, and was, beyond all comparison, the most ingenious mechanic I ever knew. He had a smattering of all sciences, and there was scarcely an art or a trade of which he had not some practical knowledge. His chambers at college were like a general workship for all kinds of artizans. He was very good tempered, exceedingly strong, and as brave as a lion; but as dogged as a mule. Nothing could change a resolution of his, when once made; and nothing could check or resist his perseverance to carry it into execution. He highly approved of my promptness in accepting Daly's invitation, but I told him that I unluckily had no pistols, and did not know where to procure any against the next morning. This puzzled him; but on recollection, he said he had no complete pistols either; but he had some *old locks, barrels, and stocks*, which, as they did not originally belong to each other, he should find it very difficult to make anything of. Nevertheless, he would fall to work directly. He kept me up till late at night in his chambers to help him in filing the old locks and barrels, and endeavouring to patch up two or three of them so as to go off and answer that individual job. Various trials were made. Much filing, drilling, and scanning were necessary. However, by two o'clock in the morning, we had completed three entire pistols, which, though certainly of various lengths and of the most ludicrous workmanship, struck their fire right well, and that was all we wanted of them—symmetry, as he remarked, being of no great value upon these occasions.

It was before seven o'clock on the twentieth of March, with a cold wind and a sleety atmosphere, that we set out on foot for the field of Donnybrook fair, after having taken some good chocolate and a plentiful draught of cherry brandy, to keep the cold wind out. On arriving, we saw my antagonist and his friend

from the Duke of Leinster's lawn, Merrion Square. The crowds outside were immense, and so many squeezed together and leaned against a thick parapet wall fronting the street, that it gave way, and the spectators and wall came tumbling down together. Several were killed, and many disabled.—(*Author's note.*)

Jack Patterson, nephew to the chief-justice, already on the ground. I shall never forget Daly's figure. He was a very fine-looking young fellow, but with such a squint that it was totally impossible to say what he looked at, except his nose, of which he never lost sight. His dress made me ashamed of my own: he wore a pea-green coat; a large tucker with a diamond brooch stuck in it; a three-cocked hat with a gold button-loop and tassels; and silk stockings; and a *couteau-de-chasse* hung gracefully dangling from his thigh. In fact, he looked as if already standing in a state of triumph, after having vanquished and trampled on his antagonist. I did not half like his steady position, showy surface, and mysterious squint; and I certainly would rather have exchanged *two* shots with his slovenly friend, Jack Patterson, than *one* with so magnificent and overbearing an adversary.

My friend Crosby, without any sort of salutation or prologue, immediately cried out, "Ground, gentlemen! ground, ground! damn measurement!" and placing me on his selected spot, whispered into my ear, "*Medio tutissimus ibis:* never look at the head or the heels: *hip* the maccaroni! the hip for ever, my boy! hip, hip!"—when my antagonist's second, advancing and accosting mine, said, Mr. Daly could not think of going any further with the business; that he found it was totally a mistake on his part, originating through misrepresentation, and that he begged to say he was extremely sorry for having given Mr. Barrington and his friend the trouble of coming out, hoping they would excuse it and shake hands with him. To this arrangement I certainly had no sort of objection; but Crosby, without hesitation, said, "We cannot do that *yet*, sir: I'll show you we can't (taking a little manuscript book out of his breeches' pocket): there's the *rule!*—look at that, sir," continued he, "see No. 7;—no apology can be received *after* the parties meet, *without a fire.* You see, there's the rule," pursued Crosby, with infinite self-satisfaction; "and a young man on his *first blood* cannot break rule, particularly with a gentleman so used to the sport as Mr. Daly. Come, gentlemen, proceed! proceed!"

Daly appeared much displeased, but took his ground, with-

out speaking a word, about nine paces from me. He presented his pistol instantly, but gave me most gallantly a full front.

It being, as Crosby said, my first blood, I lost no time, but let fly without a single second of delay, and without taking aim: Daly staggered back two or three steps, put his hand to his breast, cried, "I'm hit, sir!" and did not fire. Crosby gave me a slap on the back which staggered me, and a squeeze of the hand which nearly crushed my fingers. We got round him: his waistcoat was opened, and a black spot, about the size of a crown-piece, with a little blood, appeared directly on his breast-bone. I was greatly shocked: fortunately, however, the ball had not penetrated; but his brooch had been broken, and a piece of the setting was sticking fast in the bone. Crosby stamped, cursed the damp powder or under-loading, and calmly pulled out the brooch: Daly said not a word; put his cambric handkerchief doubled to his breast, and bowed. I returned the salute, extremely glad to get out of the scrape, and so we parted without conversation or ceremony; save that when I expressed my wish to know the cause of his challenging me, Daly replied that he would *now* give no such explanation, and *his* friend then produced his book of rules, quoting No. 8:—"If a party challenged accepts the challenge without asking the reason of it, the challenger is never bound to divulge it afterwards."

My friend Crosby, as I have mentioned, afterwards attempted to go off from Dublin to England in a balloon of his own making, and dropped between Dublin and Holyhead into the sea, but was saved. The poor fellow, however, died far too early in life for the arts and sciences, and for friendship, which he was eminently capable of exciting. I never saw two persons in face and figure more alike than Crosby and my friend Daniel O'Connell: but Crosby was the taller by two inches, and it was not *so* easy to discover that he was an Irishman.

DUELLING EXTRAORDINARY.

Our elections were more prolific in duels than any other public meetings: they very seldom originated at a horse-race, cock-fight, hunt, or at any place of amusement: folks then had pleasure in view, and "something else to do" than to quarrel; but at all elections, or at assizes, or, in fact, at any place of business, almost every man, without any very particular reason, immediately became a violent partisan, and frequently a furious enemy to somebody else; and gentlemen often got themselves shot before they could tell what they were fighting about.

At an election for Queen's County, between General Walsh and Mr. Warburton of Garryhinch, about the year 1783, took place the most curious duel of any which have occurred within my recollection. A Mr. Frank Skelton, one of the half-mounted gentlemen described in the early part of this volume—a boisterous, joking, fat young fellow—was prevailed on, much against his grain, to challenge the exciseman of the town for running the butt-end of a horse-whip down his throat the night before, whilst he lay drunk and sleeping with his mouth open. The exciseman insisted that snoring at a dinner-table was a personal offence to every gentleman in company, and would therefore make no apology.

Frank, though he had been nearly choked, was very reluctant to fight; he said "he was sure to die if he did, as the exciseman could snuff a candle with his pistol-ball; and as he himself was as big as a hundred dozen of candles, what chance could he have?" We told him jocosely to give the exciseman no time to take aim at him, by which means, he might perhaps hit his adversary first, and thus survive the contest. He seemed some-

what encouraged and consoled by the hint, and most strictly did he adhere to it.

Hundreds of the towns-people went to see the fight on the green of Maryborough. The ground was regularly measured; and the friends of each party pitched a ragged tent on the green, where whisky and salt-beef were consumed in abundance. Skelton having taken his ground, and at the same time two heavy drams from a bottle his foster-brother had brought, appeared quite stout till he saw the balls entering the mouths of the exciseman's pistols, which shone as bright as silver, and were nearly as long as fusils. This vision made a palpable alteration in Skelton's sentiments: he changed colour, and looked about him as if he wanted some assistance. However, their seconds, who were of the same rank and description, handed to each party his case of pistols, and half bellowed to them—"Blaze away, boys!"

Skelton now recollected his instructions, and *lost no time:* he cocked *both* his pistols at once; and as the exciseman was deliberately and most scientifically coming to his "dead level," as he called it, Skelton let fly.

"Halloa!" said the exciseman, dropping his level, "I'm battered by ——!"

"The devil's cure to you!" said Skelton, instantly firing his second pistol.

One of the exciseman's legs then gave way, and down he came on his knee, exclaiming "Holloa! holloa! you bloodthirsty villain! do you want to take my life?"

"Why, to be sure I do!" said Skelton. "Ha! ha! have I *stiffened* you, my lad?" Wisely judging, however, that if he stayed till the exciseman recovered his legs, he might have a couple of shots to stand, he wheeled about, took to his heels, and got away as fast as possible. The crowd shouted; but Skelton, like a hare when started, ran the faster for the shouting.

Jemmy Moffit, his own second, followed, overtook, tripped up his heels, and cursing him for a disgraceful rascal, asked "why he ran away from the exciseman?"

"Ough, thunther!" said Skelton, with his chastest brogue,

"how many holes did the villain want to have drilled into his carcass? Would you have me stop to make a *riddle* of him, Jemmy?"

The second insisted that Skelton should return to the field, to be shot at. He resisted, affirming that he had done *all* that *honour* required. The second called him "*a coward!*"

"By my sowl," returned he, "my dear Jemmy Moffit, may be so! you may call me a coward if you plase; but I did it all for *the best*,"

"The *best*, you blackguard?"

"Yes," said Frank; "sure it's *better* to be a *coward* than a *corpse!* and I must have been either *one* or *t'other* of them."

However, he was dragged up to the ground by his second, after agreeing to fight again, if he had another pistol given him. But, luckily for Frank, the last bullet had stuck so fast between the bones of the exciseman's leg that he could not stand. The friends of the latter then proposed to strap him to a tree, that he might be able to shoot Skelton; but this being positively objected to by Frank, the exciseman was carried home: his first wound was on the side of his thigh, and the second in his right leg; but neither proved at all dangerous.

The exciseman, determined on *haling* Frank, as he called it, on his recovery challenged Skelton in his turn. Skelton accepted the challenge, and chose *fists* as the weapons. These implements the exciseman declined, and the affair dropped.

The only modern instance I recollect to have heard of as applicable to No. 25 (refer to the regulations detailed in last sketch), was that of old John Bourke of Glinsk, and Mr. Amby Bodkin. They fought near Glinsk, and the old family steward and other servants brought out the present Sir John, then a child, and held him upon a man's shoulder to see papa fight. On that occasion, both principals and seconds engaged: they stood at right angles, ten paces distant, and all began firing together on the signal of a pistol discharged by an umpire. At the first volley the two principals were touched, though very slightly. The second volley told better;—both the seconds, and

Amby Bodkin, Esq., staggered out of their places: they were well hit, but no lives lost. It was, according to custom, an election squabble.

The Galway rule No. 2 was well exemplified in a duel between a friend of mine, the present first counsel to the Commissioners of Ireland, and a counsellor O'Maher. O'Maher was the challenger: no ground was measured; they fired *ad libitum*. G—y, never at a loss upon such occasions, took his ground at once, and kept it steadily: O'Maher began his career at a hundred paces' distance, advancing obliquely and gradually contracting his circle round his opponent, who continued changing his front by corresponding movements; both parties now and then aiming as feints, then taking down their pistols. This *pas de deux* lasted more than half-an-hour, as I have been informed; at length, when the assailant had contracted his circle to firing distance, G—y cried out, suddenly and loudly: O'Maher obeyed the signal, and instantly fired: G—y returned the shot, and the challenger reeled back *hors de combat*.

On the same occasion, Mr. O'Maher's second said to G—'s, the famous counsellor Ned Lysight, "Mr. Lysight, take care; your pistol is cocked!"—"Well then," said Lysight, "cock yours, and let me take a slap at you, as we are idle!" However, this proposition was not acceded to.

There could not be a greater game-cock than G—y. He was not only spirited himself, but the cause of infusing spirit into others. It will appear, from the following friendly letter which I received from him during my contested election for Maryborough, that Lord Castlecoote, the returning officer, had a tolerable chance of becoming acquainted with my friend's *reporters* (the pet name for *hair-triggers*), which he was so good as to send me for the occasion. His Lordship, however, declined the introduction.

"Dublin, Jan. 29th, 1800.

"My dear Jonah,

"I have this moment sent to the mail coach-office two bullet-moulds, not being certain which of them belongs to the

reporters: suspecting, however, that you may not have time to melt the lead, I also send half-a-dozen bullets, merely to keep you going while others are preparing.

"I lament much that my situation and political feeling prevent me from seeing you *exhibit* at Maryborough.

"Be bold, wicked, steady, and *fear nought!*

"Give a line to yours truly,

"H. D. G.

"Jonah Barrington, Esq."

My friend G—y did not get off so well in a little affair which he had in Hyde Park in the night, on which occasion I was his guardian; a counsellor Campbell happened to be a better shot than my friend, and the moon had the unpleasant view of his discomfiture: he got what they call a *crack;* however it did not matter much, and in a few days G—y was on his legs again.

There could not be a better elucidation of Rule No. 5 of the code of honour than an anecdote of Barry Yelverton, second son of Lord Avonmore, baron of the exchequer. Barry was rather too odd a fellow to have been accounted at all times perfectly *compos mentis.* He was a barrister. In a ball-room on circuit, where the officers of a newly-arrived regiment had come to amuse themselves and set the Munster lasses agog, Barry, having made too many libations, let out his natural dislike to the military, and most grossly insulted several of the officers; abusing one, treading on the toes of another, jostling a third, and so forth, till he had got through the whole regiment. Respect for the women, and reluctance to commit themselves with the black gowns on the first day of their arrival, induced the insulted parties to content themselves with only requiring Barry's address, and his hour of visibility next morning. Barry, with great satisfaction, gave each of them his card, but informed them that sending to him was unnecessary;—that he was *his own second,* and would meet every man of them at eight o'clock next morning, in the ball-room; concluding by desiring them to bring their swords, as that was always his weapon. Though this was rather a curious ren-

dezvous, yet, the challenged having the right to choose his weapon, and the place being *à propos*, the officers all attended next day punctually, with the surgeon of the regiment and a due proportion of small-swords, fully expecting that some of his brother gownsmen would join in the rencontre. On their arrival, Barry requested to know how many gentlemen had done him the honour of giving him the invitation, and was told their names, amounting to nine. "Very well, gentlemen," said Yelverton; "I am well aware I abused some of you, and gave others an offence equivalent to a blow, which latter being the greatest insult, we'll dispose of those cases first, and I shall return in a few minutes fully prepared."

They conceived he had gone for his sword and friends. But Barry soon after returned alone, and resumed thus:—"Now, gentlemen, those to each of whom I gave an equivalent to a blow, will please step forward:"—four of them accordingly did so, when Barry took from under his coat a bundle of switches, and addressed them as follows: "Gentlemen, permit me to have the honour of handing each of you a switch (according to the Rule No. 5 of the Tipperary Resolutions), wherewith to return the blow, if you feel any particular desire to put that extremity into practice: I fancy, gentlemen, that settles *four* of you; and as to the rest, here"—handing one of his cards to each, with *I beg your pardon* written above his name—"that's agreeable to No. 1" (reading the rule). "Now I fancy *all* your cases are disposed of; and having done my duty according to the Tipperary Resolutions, which I will never swerve from,—if, gentlemen, you are not satisfied, I shall be on the bridge to-morrow morning, with a case of *barking-irons*." The officers stared, first at him, then at each other: the honest, jolly countenance and drollery of Barry were quite irresistible; first a smile of surprise, and then a general laugh, took place, and the catastrophe was their asking Barry to dine with them at the mess, where his eccentricity and good humour delighted the whole regiment. The poor fellow grew quite deranged at last, and died, I believe, in rather unpleasant circumstances.

The late Lord Mount Garret, afterwards Earl of Kilkenny, had for several years a great number of lawsuits at once on his hands, particularly with some insolvent tenants, whose causes had been gratuitously taken up by Mr. Ball, an attorney, Mr. William Johnson, the barrister, and seven or eight others of the circuit. His Lordship was dreadfully tormented. He was naturally a very clever man, and devised a new mode of carrying on his lawsuits. He engaged a clientless attorney, named Egan, as his working solicitor, at a very liberal yearly stipend, upon the express terms of his undertaking no other business, and holding his office solely in his Lordship's own house and under his own eye and direction. His Lordship applied to Mr. Fletcher, afterwards judge, and myself, requesting an interview; upon which he informed us of his situation; that there were generally ten counsel pitted against him, but that he would have much more reliance on the advice and punctual attendance of two steady than of ten straggling gentlemen; and that, under the full conviction that one of us would always attend the courts when his causes were called on, and not leave him in the lurch as he had been left, he had directed his attorneys to mark on our two briefs ten times the amount of fees paid to each on the other side: "Because," said his Lordship, "if you won't surely attend, I must engage ten counsel, as well as my opponents, and perhaps not be attended to after all" The singularity of the proposal set us laughing, in which his Lordship joined.

Fletcher and I accepted the offer, and did most punctually attend his numerous trials—were most liberally fee'd—but most unsuccessful in our efforts; for we were never able to gain a single cause or verdict for our client.

The principle of strict justice certainly was with his Lordship, but certain formalities of the law were decidedly against him: thus, perceiving himself likely to be foiled, he determined to take another course, quite out of our line, and a course whereby no suit is decided in modern days—namely to *fight it out*, muzzle to muzzle, with the attorney and *all* the counsel on the other side.

The first procedure on this determination was a direct challenge from his Lordship to the attorney, Mr. Ball: it was accepted, and a duel immediately followed, in which his Lordship got the worst of it. He was wounded by the attorney at each shot, the first having taken place in his Lordship's right arm, which probably saved the solicitor, as his Lordship was a most accurate marksman. The noble challenger received the second bullet in his side, but the wound was not dangerous.

My Lord and the attorney having been thus disposed of, the honourable Somerset Butler, his Lordship's son, now took the field, and proceeded, according to due form, by a challenge to Mr. Peter Burrowes, the first of the adversaries' counsel, now judge-commissioner of insolvents. The invitation not being refused, the combat took place, one cold frosty morning, near Kilkenny. Somerset knew his business well; but Peter had had no practice whatever in that line of litigation.

Few persons feel too warm on such occasions. An old woman who sold spiced gingerbread-nuts in the street he passed through accosted him, extolling her nuts to the very skies. Peter bought a pennyworth on the advice of his second, Dick Waddy, an attorney, and duly receiving the change of a sixpenny-piece, put the coppers and nuts into his *waistcoat pocket*, and marched off to the scene of action.

Preliminaries being soon arranged, the pistols given, ten steps measured, the flints hammered, and the feather-springs set, Somerset, a fine dashing young fellow, full of spirit, activity, and animation, gave elderly Peter but little time to take his fighting position; in fact, he had scarcely raised his pistol to a wabbling level, before Somerset's ball came *crack dash* against Peter's body. The halfpence rattled in his pocket. Peter dropped flat. Somerset fled. Dick Waddy roared "Murder!" and called out to Surgeon Pack. Peter's clothes were ripped up, and Pack, *secundum artem*, examined the wound. A black hole designated the spot where the lead had penetrated Peter's abdomen. The doctor shook his head, and pronounced but one short word—"*mortal!*" It was, however, more expressive than a long speech.

Peter groaned, and tried to recollect some prayer, if possible, or a scrap of his catechism. His friend Waddy began to think about the coroner; his brother barristers sighed heavily; and Peter was supposed to be fast departing this world, when Surgeon Pack, after another exclamation, taking leave of Peter, and leaning his hand on the grass to assist him in rising, felt something hard, took it up, and looked at it curiously. The spectators closed in the circle to see Peter die. The patient turned his expiring eyes towards Surgeon Pack, as much as to ask, "Is there no hope?"—when lo! the doctor held up to the astonished assembly the *identical bullet*, which had flattened its own body on the surface of a copper, and left his Majesty's bust distinctly imprinted, in black and blue shading, on his subject's carcass! Peter's heart beat high; he lost as little time as possible in rising from the sod on which he had lain extended; a bandage was applied round his body, and in a short time Peter was *able* to begin the combat anew.

His Lordship having now, on his part, recovered from the attorney's wound, considered it high time to recommence hostilities according to his original plan of the campaign; and the engagement immediately succeeding was between him and the present counsellor John Byrne, king's counsel, and next in rotation of his learned adversaries.

His Lordship was much pleased with the spot upon which his son had chosen to hit counsellor Peter, and resolved to select the same for a hit on counsellor John. The decision appeared to be judicious; and, as if the pistol itself could not be ignorant of its direction, and had been gratified at its own previous accuracy and success, for it was the same, it sent a bullet in the identical level, and counsellor John Byrne's carcass received a precisely similar compliment with counsellor Peter Burrowes's, with this difference, that the former had bought no gingerbread nuts, and the matter consequently appeared more serious. I asked him during his illness how he felt when he received the *crack*. He answered, just as if he had been punched by the mainmast of a man of war! Certainly a grand simile; but how

far my friend Byrne was enabled to form the comparison he never divulged to me.

My Lord having got through two of them, and his son a third, it became the duty of Captain Pierce Butler, brother to Somerset, to take his turn in the lists. The barristers now began not much to relish this species of argument; and a gentleman who followed next but one on the list owned fairly to me that he would rather be on *our* side of the question. But it was determined by our noble client, so soon as the first series of combats should be finished, to begin a new one, till he and the lads had tried the mettle, or "touched the inside," of the remaining barristers. Mr. Dicky Guinness, a little, dapper, popular, lisping, jesting pleader, was the next on the list; and the honourable Pierce Butler, his intended slaughterer, was advised, for variety's sake, to put what is called the *onus* on that little gentleman, and thereby force *him* to become the challenger.

Dick's friends kindly and candidly informed him that he could have but little chance, the honourable Pierce being one of the most resolute of a courageous family, and quite an undeviating marksman; that he had, besides, a hot, persevering, thirsty spirit, which a little fighting would never satisfy; and as Dicky was secretly informed that he would to a certainty be forced to battle, it being his turn, and as his speedy dissolution was nearly as certain, he was recommended to settle all his worldly concerns without delay.

But it was otherwise decided. Providence took Dick's part. The honourable Pierce injudiciously put his *onus*, rather a wicked one, on Dick in open court before the judge; an uproar ensued, and the honourable Pierce hid himself under the table. However, the Sheriff lugged him out, and prevented that encounter effectually, Pierce with great difficulty escaping from incarceration on giving his honour not to meddle with Dicky. At length his Lordship, finding that neither the laws of the land nor those of battle were likely to adjust affairs to his satisfaction, suffered them to be terminated by the three duels and as many wounds.

Leonard M'Nally,* well known both at the English and Irish bars, and in the dramatic circles, as the author of that popular little piece, "Robin Hood," etc., was one of the strangest fellows in the world. His figure was ludicrous; he was very short, and nearly as broad as long. His legs were of unequal length, and he had a face which no washing could clean. He wanted one thumb, the absence of which gave rise to numerous expedients on his part; and he took great care to have no nails, as he regularly ate every morning the growth of the preceding day. He never wore a glove, lest he should appear to be guilty of affectation in concealing his deformity. When in a hurry, he generally took two thumping steps with the short leg to bring up the space made by the long one; and the bar, who never missed a favourable opportunity of nicknaming, called him accordingly, "One *pound* two." He possessed, however, a fine eye, and by no means an ugly countenance; a great deal of middling intellect; a shrill, full, good bar voice; great quickness at cross-examination, with sufficient adroitness at defence; and in Ireland was the very staff and standing-dish of the criminal jurisdictions. In a word, M'Nally was a good-natured, hospitable, talented, dirty fellow; and had by the latter qualification so disgusted the circuit bar, that they refused to receive him at their mess—a cruelty I set my face against, and every summer circuit endeavoured to vote him into the mess, but always ineffectually; his neglect of his person, the shrillness of his voice, and his frequenting low company, being assigned as reasons which never could be set aside.

M'Nally had done something in the great cause of Napper and Dutton, which brought him into still further disrepute with the bar. Anxious to regain his station by some act equalising

* This gentleman was one of the popular barristers employed in defending the unfortunate prisoners of 1798. He was in the pay of government, and performed good service in return, by disclosing beforehand the line of defence he intended to pursue, and betraying its weak points. Sir Jonah did not live to see the exposure of this fellow's baseness. He says M'Nally possessed a middling intellect—a respectable endowment when accompanied with a frank, generous heart. This he had not in the least. But oh, the luck of rogues! he survived his treachery many years, and died before its full discovery.

him with his brethren, he determined to offend or challenge some of the most respectable members of the profession, who, however, showed no inclination to oblige him in that way. He first tried his hand with counsellor Henry Deane Grady, a veteran, but who upon this occasion refused the combat. M'Nally, who was as intrepid as possible, by no means despaired; he was so obliging as to honour me with the next chance, and in furtherance thereof, on very little provocation, gave me the retort, *not* courteous, in the court of King's Bench.

I was well aware of his object; and, not feeling very comfortable under the insult, told him, taking out my watch, "M'Nally, you shall meet me in the Park in an hour."

The little fellow's eyes sparkled with pleasure at the invitation, and he instantly replied, "In *half-an-hour*, if you please," comparing, at the same moment his watch with mine:—"I hope you won't disappoint me," continued he, "as that —— Grady did."

"Never fear, Mac," answered I; "there's not a gentleman at the bar but will fight you *to-morrow*, provided you live so long, which I can't promise."

We had no time to spare, so parted to get ready. The first man I met was Mr. Henry Harding, a huge, wicked, fighting King's County attorney. I asked him to come out with me: to him it was fine sport. I also summoned Rice Gibbon, a surgeon, who, being the most ostentatious fellow imaginable, brought an immense bag of surgical instruments, etc., from Mercer's Hospital. In forty-five minutes we were regularly posted in the middle of the review-ground in the Phœnix Park; and the whole scene, to any person not so seriously implicated, must have been irresistibly ludicrous. The sun shone brightly; and Surgeon Gibbon, to lose no time in case of a hit, spread out all his polished instruments on the grass, glittering in the light on one side of me. My second having stepped nine paces, then stood at the other side, and handed me a case of pistols. M'Nally stood before me, very like a beer-barrel on its stilling, and by his side were ranged three unfortunate barristers, who

were all soon afterwards hanged and beheaded for high-treason—namely, John Sheares (who was his second, and had given him his *point-blanks*), with Henry Sheares and Bagenal Harvey,* who came as amateurs. Both of the latter, I believe, were amicably disposed; but a negotiation could not be admitted, and to it we went. M'Nally presented so coolly, that I could plainly see I had but little chance of being missed, so I thought it best to lose no time on my part. The poor fellow staggered, and cried out, "I am hit!" and I found some twitch myself at the moment which I could not at the time account for. Never did I experience so miserable a feeling. He had received my ball directly in the curtain of his side. It appeared to have hit the buckle of his gallows, yclept suspenders, by which it had been partially impeded, and had turned round, instead of entering his body. Whilst I was still in dread as to the result, my second, after seeing that he had been so far protected by the suspenders, inhumanly exclaimed, "Mac! you are the only rogue I ever knew that was *saved* by the *gallows!*"

On returning home, I found the skirt of my coat perforated on both sides, and a scratch of the skin on both my thighs. This accounts for the *twitch* I have spoken of.

My opponent soon recovered, and after the *precedent* of being wounded by a King's Counsel, he could not afterwards be decently refused satisfaction by any barrister. He was, therefore, no longer insulted, and the poor fellow has often told me since that my shot was his salvation.

Leonard was a great poetaster; and having fallen in love with a Miss Janson, daughter to a very rich attorney, of Bedford Row, London, he wrote on her the celebrated song of "The Lass of Richmond Hill." There her father had a lodge. She could not withstand the song, and returned his flame. This young lady was absolutely beautiful, but quite a slattern in her person. She likewise had a turn for versifying, and was therefore altogether well adapted to her lame lover, particularly

* Of Bargay Castle, County Wexford; the same who was hanged in '98.

as she never could spare time from her poetry to wash her hands—a circumstance in which M'Nally was sympathetic. The father, however, notwithstanding all this, refused his consent; and consequently M'Nally took advantage of his dramatic knowledge, by adopting the precedent of Barnaby Brittle, and bribed a barber to lather old Janson's *eyes* as well as his *chin*, and with something rather sharper too than Windsor soap. Slipping out of the room whilst her father was getting rid of the lather and the smart, this Sappho, with her limping Phaon, escaped, and were united in the holy bands of matrimony the same evening; and she continued making, and M'Nally correcting, verses, *till* it pleased God to call them away. This curious couple conducted themselves, both generally and towards each other, extremely well after their union. Old Janson partly forgave them, and made some settlement upon their children.

The ancient mode of duelling in Ireland was generally on horseback. The combatants were to gallop past each other at a distance marked out by posts which prevented a nearer approach. They were at liberty to fire at any time from the commencement to the end of their course; but it must be at a hand-gallop. Their pistols were previously charged alike with a certain number of balls, slugs, or whatever was most convenient, as agreed upon.

There had been, from time immemorial, a spot marked out on level ground near the Down of Clapook, Queen's County, on the estate of my granduncle, Sir John Byrne, which I have often visited as *classic ground*. It was beautifully situated near Stradbally, and here, according to tradition and legendary tales, the old captains and chieftains used to meet and decide their differences. Often did I walk it over, measuring its dimensions step by step. The bounds of it are still palpable, about sixty or seventy steps long, and about thirty or forty wide. Large stones remain on the spot where, I suppose, the posts originally stood to divide the combatants, which posts were about eight or nine yards asunder—the shortest distance from which they

were to fire. The time of firing was voluntary, so as it occurred during their course, and, as before stated, in a hand-gallop. If the quarrel was not terminated in one course, the combatants proceeded to a second; and if it was decided to go on after their pistols had been discharged, they then either finished with short broad-swords on horseback or with small-swords on foot; but the tradition ran, that when they fought with small-swords they always adjourned to the rock of Donamese, the ancient fortress of the O'Moores and the Princes of Offaly. This is the most beautiful of the inland ruins I have seen in Ireland.

My grandfather, Colonel Jonah Barrington, of Cullenaghmore, had a great passion for telling stories as to duels and battles fought in his own neighbourhood. I remember many of his recitals, and, best of all, one of my grandfather's engagements, which came off about the year 1759. He and a Mr. Gilbert had an irreconcilable grudge, I believe for a very silly cause. The relatives of both parties found it must inevitably end in a combat, which, were it postponed till the sons of each grew up, might be enlarged perhaps from an individual into a regular family engagement. It was therefore thought better that the business should be ended at once; and it was decided that they should fight on horseback on the green of Maryborough; that the ground should be one hundred yards of race and eight of distance; the weapons of each, two holster pistols, a broad-bladed but not very long sword with basket-handle; and a skeen or long broad-bladed dagger—the pistols to be charged with one ball and swan-drops.

All due preliminaries being arranged, the country collected and placed as at a horse-race, and the ground kept free by the gamekeepers and huntsmen mounted, the combatants started, and galloped towards each other. Both fired before they reached the nearest spot, and missed. The second course was not so lucky. My grandfather received many of Gilbert's shot full in his face; the swan-drops penetrated no deeper than his temple and cheek-bones; the large bullet fortunately passed him. The wounds not being dangerous, a fierce battle, hand to hand,

ensued. My grandfather got three cuts, which he used to exhibit with great glee; one on the thick of the right arm, a second on his bridle-arm, and the third on the inside of the left hand. His hat, which he kept to the day of his death, was also sliced in several places; but both had iron skull-caps under their hats, which probably saved their brains from remaining upon the green of Maryborough.

Gilbert had received two pokes from my grandfather on his thigh and his side, but neither dangerous. I fancy he had the best of the battle, being as strong as, and less irritable than, my grandfather, who, I suspect, grew towards the last a little ticklish on the subject; for he rushed headlong at Gilbert, and instead of striking at his person, thrust his broad-sword into the horse's body, until the beast dropped with his rider underneath him. My grandfather then leaped off his horse, threw away his sword, and putting his skeen, or broad dagger, to the throat of Gilbert, told him to ask his life or die, as he must do either one or the other in half-a-minute. Gilbert said he would ask his life only upon the terms that they should shake hands heartily and be for ever friends. These terms breathed intrepidity and a good heart. Both parties acquiesced in them; and from that time they were the most attached and joyous companions of the county they resided in.

My grandfather afterwards fought at Clapook a Mr. Fitzgerald, who was badly shot. On this occasion, old Gilbert was my grandfather's second. I well remember having seen him; as I do also the late chief-justice, then serjeant, Pattison, who had come down to Cullenaghmore to visit my grandfather, and, as I afterwards discovered, to cheat him. Gilbert brought me a great many sweet things; and I heard that evening so many stories of fights at Clapook, and on the ridge of Maryborough, that I never forgot them. My memory seldom fails me in anything, and least of all in recitals such as the foregoing.

GEORGE HARTPOLE.

In the year 1791, George Hartpole of Shrewl Castle, Queen's County, Ireland, had just come of age. He was the last surviving male of that name, which belonged to a popular family, highly respectable and long established in the county. Few private gentlemen commenced life with better promise, and none better merited esteem and happiness. He was my relative by blood; and though considerably younger, the most intimate and dearest friend I had.

His father, Robert, had married a sister of the late and present Earls of Aldborough, who became thereby the mother of George; and in this connection originated my intercourse with that eccentric nobleman and his family.

A singular fatality had attended the Hartpole family from time immemorial. The fathers seldom survived the attainment of the age of twenty-three years by their elder sons, which circumstance gave rise to numerous traditionary tales of sprites and warnings.*

Robert, as usual with the gentlemen of his day, was the dupe of agents, and the victim of indolence and the spirit of hospitality. He had deposited his consort in the tomb of her fathers, and had continued merrily enjoying the convivialities of the world (principally in the night-time) till his son George had passed his twenty-second year; and then punctually made way for the succession, leaving George inheritor of a large territory,

* The Hartpoles were the hardest livers in the county. This may not fully account for the phenomenon; but the tendency of whisky and wine to accumulate its poison in successive generations has been fully recognised by medical men. The representatives of three or four generations of topers will never be found a sturdy race.

a moderate income, a tattered mansion, an embarrassed rent-roll, and a profound ignorance (without the consciousness of it) of business in all departments.

George, though not at all handsome, had completely the mien and manners of a gentleman. He was mild, brave, generous, and sincere; yet on some occasions he was obstinate and peevish; in his friendships, George Hartpole was immutable.

He was of the middle height, and exhibited neither personal strength nor constitutional vigour; his slender form and languid look indicated excitation without energy; yet his spirits were moderately good, and the most careless observer might feel convinced that he had sprung from no ordinary parentage.

Shrewl Castle, the hereditary residence of the Hartpoles, picturesquely seated on a verdant bank of the smooth and beautiful Barrow, had, during the revolutions of time, entirely lost the character of a fortress; patched and pieced after all the numberless orders of village architecture, it had long resigned the dignity of a castle without acquiring the comforts of a mansion; yet its gradual descent, from the stronghold of powerful chieftains to the rude dwelling of an embarrassed gentleman, could be traced even by a superficial observer. Its half-levelled battlements, its solitary and decrepit tower, and its rough and dingy walls, giving it the appearance of a sort of habitable buttress, combined to portray the downfall of an ancient family.

Close bounding the site of this ambiguous heritage was situate the ancient burial-place of the Hartpole family and its followers for ages. Scattered graves, some green—some russet—denoted the recency or remoteness of the different interments; and a few broad flag-stones indented with defaced or illegible inscriptions, and covering the remains of the early masters of the domain, just uplifted their mouldering sides from amongst weeds and briars, and thus half disclosed the only objects which could render that cemetery interesting.

One melancholy yew-tree, spreading wide its straggling branches over the tombs of its former lords and the nave of an

ancient chapel, seemed* to await, in awful augury, the honour of expiring with the last scion of its hereditary chieftains.

To me the view of this melancholy tree always communicated a low feverish sensation which I could not well account for. It is true, I ever disliked to contemplate the residence of the dead:† but that of the Hartpole race, bounding their hall of revelry, seemed to me a check upon all hilarity; and I never could raise my spirits in any room, or sleep soundly in any chamber, which overlooked that sanctuary.

The incidents which marked the life of the last owner of Shrewl Castle were singular and affecting, and on many points may tend to exhibit an instructive example. Nothing, in fact, is better calculated to influence the conduct of society, than the biography of those whose career has been conspicuously marked either by eminent virtues or peculiar events. The instance of George Hartpole may serve to prove, were proof wanting, that matrimony, as it is the most irrevocable, so is it the most precarious step in the life of mortals; and that sensations of presentiment and foreboding (as I have already more than once maintained) are not always visionary.

I was the most valued friend of this ill-fated young man. To me his whole heart was laid open; nor was there one important circumstance of his life—one feeling of his mind—concealed from me. It is now many years since he paid his debt to nature; and, by her course, I shall not much longer tarry to regret his departure; but, whilst my pilgrimage continues, that regret cannot be extinguished.

George had received but a moderate education, quite inadequate to his rank and expectations; and the country life of his careless father had afforded him too few conveniences for culti-

* A word of most extensive use in subjective poetry. By means of its force and flexibility we can impart to the very stocks and stones intelligence, reflection, sympathy; draw sweet discourse from speechless things; and people unsocial vacuity with gentle spirits.

† In a note of fourteen lines the author declares that for the last forty years, except once, he has not attended the funeral even of a friend, in consequence of the disagreeable sensations inspired by a graveyard.

vating his capacity. His near alliance, however, and intercourse with the Aldborough family, gave him considerable opportunities to counteract, in a better class of society, that tendency to rustic dissipation to which his situation had exposed him, and which, at first seductive, soon becomes habitual, and ruinous in every way to youthful morals.

Whatever were the other eccentricities or failings of Robert, Earl of Aldborough, the uncle of Hartpole, the hyperbolical ideas of importance and dignity which he had imbibed furnished him with a certain address and air of fashion which excluded rusticity from his society, and, combined with a little classic learning and modern belles-lettres, never failed to give him an ascendency over his ruder neighbours.

The most remarkable act of his Lordship's life was an experiment regarding his sister, Lady Hannah Stratford. The borough of Baltinglass was in the patronage of the Stratford family; and on that subject his brothers, John and Benjamin, never gave him a peaceable moment: they always opposed him, and generally succeeded. He was determined, however, to make a new kind of burgomaster or returning-officer, whose adherence he might religiously depend on. He therefore took his sister Lady Hannah down to the corporation, and recommended *her* as a fit and proper returning-officer for the borough of Baltinglass! Many highly approved of her Ladyship, by way of a change, and a double return ensued—a man acting for the brothers, and the lady for the nobleman. This created a great battle. The honourable ladies all got into the thick of it: some of them were well trounced—others gave as good as they received: the affair made a great uproar in Dublin, and informations were moved for and granted against some of the ladies. However, the brothers, as was just, kept the borough, and his Lordship never could make any farther hand of it.

The *high*-ways of Lord Aldborough, and the *by*-ways with which he intersected them, are well exhibited by an incident that occurred to him when the country was rather disturbed in 1797. He proceeded in great state, with his carriage, outriders,

etc., to visit the commanding officer of a regiment of cavalry which had just arrived in that part of the country. On entering the room, he immediately began by informing the officer that he was the Earl of Aldborough, of Belan Castle; that he had the finest park and fish-ponds in that neighbourhood, and frequently did the military gentlemen the honour of inviting them to his dinners; adding, with what he thought a dignified politeness, "I have come from my castle of Belan, where I have all the conveniences and luxuries of life, for the especial purpose of saying, Major, that I am glad to see the military in my county, and have made up my mind to give *you*, Major, my countenance and protection." The Major, who happened to be rather a rough soldier and of a country not famed for the softness of its manners, could scarcely repress his indignation at his Lordship's arrogant politeness; but when the last sentence was pronounced, he could restrain himself no longer:—"Countenance and protection!" repeated he contemptuously, two or three times; "as for your *protection*, Mister my Lord, Major M'Pherson is always able to protect himself; and as for your *countenance*, by George I would not *tak* it for your earldom!"

His Lordship withdrew, and the Major related the incident as a singular piece of assurance. My Lord, however, knew the world too well to let the soldier's answer stick against himself: next day he invited every officer of the regiment to dinner, and so civilly, that the Major lost all credit with his brother officers for his surly reply to so hospitable a nobleman! Nay, it was even whispered amongst them at mess, that the Major had actually invented the story, to show off his own wit and independence; and thus Lord Aldborough obtained complete revenge.

On another occasion his Lordship got off better still:—being churchwarden of Baltinglass parish, he did not please the rector, Bob Carter, as to his mode of accounting for the money in the poor-boxes. The peer treated Bob, who was as hard-going, good-hearted, devil-may-care a parson as any in Ireland, with the greatest contempt. The parson, who felt no sort of personal respect for my Lord, renewed his insinuations of his Lordship's

false arithmetic, until the latter, highly indignant, grew wroth, and would give Bob no further satisfaction on the matter: upon which the rector took the only revenge then in his power, by giving out a second charity sermon, inasmuch as the proceeds of the first had not been duly forthcoming. The hint went abroad, the church was crowded, and to the infinite amusement of the congregation, Bob put forth as his text—"Whosoever *giveth* to the *poor, lendeth to the Lord.*" The application was so clear, that the laugh was irresistible. Bob followed up his blow all through the sermon, and "the Lord" was considered to be completely blown; but, skilfully enough, he contrived to give the matter a turn that disconcerted even Bob himself. After the sermon was concluded, his Lordship stood up, publicly thanked Bob for his most excellent text and charity sermon, and declared that he had no doubt the Lord Lieutenant or the bishop would very soon promote him, according to his extraordinary merits, which he was ready to vouch in common with the rest of the parishioners; and finally begged of him to have the sermon printed!

Hartpole's fortune on the death of his father was not large; but its increase would be great and *certain*. He purchased a commission in the army, and commenced his *entré* into a military life and general society with all the advantages of birth, property, and character.

A cursory observation of the world must convince us of one painful and inexplicable truth—that there are some men, and frequently the best, who, even from their earliest youth, appear born to be the victims of undeviating misfortune. Ever disappointed in his most ardent hopes—his best attentions overthrown—his purest motives calumniated and abused; no rank or station suffices to shelter such an unfortunate. *Ennui* creeps upon his hopeless mind, communicates a listless languor to a sinking constitution, and at length he almost joyfully surrenders an existence which he finds burdensome even perhaps at its outset.*

* Here, in a note, Sir Jonah suspended a young lady's poem "to illustrate the state of a person so chased by misery." The reader will be fully satisfied with a

Such nearly was the lot of the last of the Hartpoles. He had scarcely commenced a flattering entrance into public life, when one false and fatal step, to which he was led in the first place by a dreadful accident, and subsequently by his own benevolent disposition, worked on by the chicanery of others, laid the foundation of all his future miseries.

Whilst quartered with his regiment at Galway in Ireland, his gun, on a shooting party, burst in his hand, which was so shattered that it was long before his surgeon could decide that amputation might be dispensed with.

During the protracted period of his indisposition, he was confined to his chamber at a small inn, such as Ireland then exhibited, and still exhibits, in provincial towns. The host, whose name was Sleven, had two daughters, both of whom assisted in the business. The elder, Honor, had long been celebrated as a vulgar humourist, and the cleverest of all her contemporaries; and the bar, on circuits, frequented her father's house purposely to be amused by her witticisms. Her morals had all the advantages of coarse repulsive defences. She occasionally amused the judges also; and Lord Yelverton, the chief baron, was Honor's greatest partisan.

Mary, the younger sister, was of a different appearance and character, rather well-looking, but not captivating. She was

lambent touch of this sweet; for the purpose of enjoying which the second stanza is presented:—

II.

Oft have I mark'd the heav'nly moon
  Wandering her pathless way
Along the midnight's purple noon,
  More fair—more loved than day:
But soon she flung her shadowy wreath
  O'er dark eternity,
As a faint smile on the cheek of death
  'Twixt hope and agony.

What is fairer than the heavenly moon? What more affecting than her wandering without a path? Now muse on the tender hour of midnight's *purple* noon, as refreshing as a bunch of lady's-fingers. Then behold Miss Moon flinging her shadowy wreath o'er dark eternity, and say is not this note worth a sovereign?

mild and unassuming. Though destitute of any kind of talent, she yet appeared as if better born than Honor.

Throughout George's painful and harassing confinement, the more than assiduous care of Mary Sleven could not escape the observation of the too sensitive convalescent. Hartpole has often described to me the rise and progress of the giddy, romantic feeling which then seized upon him; how he used to catch her moistened eye watching his interrupted slumbers, or the progress of his recovery; and when she was conscious of being perceived, how the mantling blush would betray a degree of interest far beyond that of an ordinary attendant.

He could not but perceive, indeed, that the girl actually *loved* him, and his vanity of course was alive to the disclosure. Her partiality flattered him in his seclusion, and led his thoughts gradually and imperceptibly into a channel inconsistent with the welfare of himself, the honour of his family, and the becoming pride of a gentleman. It was, after all, a sort of nondescript passion; it certainly was not love.

Meanwhile, the keen masculine understanding of Honor soon perceived the game which it would be wise in her to play, and conceived a project whereby to wind up Hartpole's feeling to the pitch she wanted, and insensibly to lead his gratitude to love, and his love to *matrimony*. This was Honor's aim, but she overrated her own penetration, and deceived herself as to Hartpole's character: she *overacted* her part, and consequently weakened its effect.

At length, awakened from his vision of romantic gratitude, and beginning to open his eyes to the views of the two women, my friend determined, by going over to England, to avoid all their machinations; and he also determined that his departure should be abrupt.

Honor, however, soon discovered the secret of his thoughts; and guessing the extent of his resolution, impressed upon him the *entire* attachment of her pining sister, but at the same time communicated Mary's resolution to be seen by him no more—since it would be useless further to distract her devoted heart by

cultivating society from which she must so soon be separated for ever.

After a day and night of calm reflection, George conquered the dangers of his high-flown gratitude, and departed at daybreak from the inn without even desiring to see the love-lorn and secluded Mary.

The sisters were thus totally disappointed. He had paid munificently for the trouble he had given them, written a letter of grateful thanks to Mary, left her a present, and set off to Dublin to take immediate shipping for England.

In Dublin he stopped at the Marine Hotel, whence the packet was to sail at midnight, and the time of embarkation had nearly arrived when a loud shriek issued from an adjoining chamber to his, at the hotel. Ever alive to any adventure, Hartpole rushed into the room, and beheld—Mary Sleven! She was, or affected to be, fainting, and was supported by the artful Honor, who hung over her, apparently regardless of all other objects, and bemoaning, in low accents, the miserable fate of her only sister.

Bewildered both by the nature and suddenness of this rencontre, Hartpole told me that for a moment he nearly lost his sight—nay, almost his reason; but he soon saw through the scheme, and mustered up sufficient courage to withdraw without explanation. He had, in fact, advanced to the door, and was on the outside step, the boat being ready to receive him, when a second and more violent shriek was heard from the room he had just quitted, accompanied by exclamations of "She's gone! she's gone!" Hartpole's presence of mind entirely forsook him; he retraced his steps, and found Mary lying, as it should seem, quite senseless, in the arms of Honor: his heart relented; his evil genius profited by the advantage; and he assisted to restore her. Gradually Mary's eyes opened; she regarded George wildly but intently, and having caught his eye, closed hers again—a languid, and, as it were, an involuntary pressure of his hand, conveying to him her sensations. He spoke kindly to her; she started at the sound, and renewed the pressure with increased force. As she slowly and gradually revived, the scene became more inter-

esting. A medical man, planted to be at hand, ordered her Madeira. She sipped, looked tenderly at Hartpole, who sipped and looked tenderly too. Exchange of this kind is no robbery. All that is given and received vastly fructifies on both sides. The doctor took his glass, and spurred on the occasion. Honor had her drain, and brightened up. Galen pledged George, and George cheerfully reciprocated. In short, it became a moist party.

Thus did an hour flit away, and, meanwhile, the packet had sailed. Another person affected also to have lost his passage whilst occupied about the patient, and this turned out to be a Catholic *couple-beggar* in shiny black; some methodism in the cut of his hair, curling with festivity, but grizzling with years; his eyes beaming with a quiet grey light; and a decayed sanctity lingering in the furrows of his ruddy cheek. Some refreshment was ordered: the doctor and the priest were pressed to stay: the stuff was replenished, and the rapid hour unnoticed fled! But the morning's sun rose to show the yoke of matrimony on the neck of George and his happy wife, Mrs. Mary Hartpole.

Too soon the moments of reflection returned, when Hartpole's sensitive mind became the field of tumultuous emotions. He had lost himself! he therefore yielded to his fate, abandoned all idea of further resistance, and was led back in chains by the triumphant sisters.

His family and connections, however, never would receive his wife; and George, for a while sunk and disgraced, without losing all his attachment for the girl, had lost all his tranquillity. After two years' struggle between his feelings for her and his aspirations after a more honourable station in society, the conspiracy which had effected his ruin appeared in the most hideous colours.

The conflict now became still more keen within his breast: but, at length, his pride and resolution prevailed over his sensibility, and he determined (after providing amply for her) to take advantage of that statute which declares null and void all marriages solemnised by a popish priest. He made this determina-

tion, but unfortunately he lingered as to its execution. Her influence meanwhile was not extinguished; and she succeeded in inducing him to procrastinate from time to time the fatal resolve. She could not, it is true, deny that he had been inveigled, and had made up her own mind, should he stand firm, to accept a liberal provision, and submit to a legal sentence, which indeed could not be resisted.

The suit for a decree of nullity was commenced, but no effective proceedings were ever taken, nor any sentence in the cause pronounced, owing to events still more unfortunate to poor Hartpole.

Prior to this fatal act of George's, I had never observed an attachment on his part towards any female, save a very temporary one to a young lady in his neighbourhood, the second daughter of Mr. Yates of Moon.*

On his return from Scotland he immediately repaired to Clifton. Here fate threw in the way of this ill-fated youth another lure for his destruction, but such a one as might have entrapped even the most cautious and prudent. Love, in its genuine and rational shape, now assailed the breast of the ever-sensitive Hartpole,—and an attachment grew up fatal to his happiness, and, I think I may add, eventually to his life.

At Clifton, my friend made the acquaintance of a family, in one of whose members were combined all the attractive qualities of youth, loveliness, and amiability, whilst their possessor at the same time moved in a sphere calculated to gratify the requisitions of a decent pride. Those who saw and knew the object of George's present attachment could feel no surprise at the existence of his passion. The unfortunate young man, however, sorely felt that his situation under these new circumstances was

* As this lady acts the part of a mere dummy, I must cut my author down to save the reader. The digression had no application whatever; and the paragraph above has been retained to prove my readiness to spare every readable sentence. I now give the sum of the whole passage. An old gentleman lived at Moon; Miss Yates was his handsome daughter. Hartpole was her neighbour, and admirer, but not her lover. Romance, like bad poetry, is easily boiled down to a bad jelly.

even more dreadful than in the former connection. He wrote to me, expressing the full extent of his feelings—that is, as fully as pen could convey them. But imperfect indeed must be all words which attempt to describe intensity of feeling. It was from blots and scratches, and here and there the dried-up stain of a tear, rather than from words, that I gathered the excess of his mental agony. He required me to *advise* him—a task to the execution of which I was utterly incompetent. All I could properly advise him to, was what I knew he would not comply with—namely, to come over to Ireland, and endeavour to conquer the influence of his passion, or at least to take no decisive step in divulging it till the law had pronounced its sentence on his existing connection. Such decree was not indeed *necessary;* but to have it upon record was judged advisable. Though the incipient proceedings had been taken by his proctor, they were not completed, and Mary Sleven's marriage *never* was formally declared a nullity by the sentence of the Ecclesiastical Court, nor was she ever technically separated from the deluded Hartpole.

Under all these circumstances I was bewildered as to what ought to be my friend's future conduct, when I was one morning greatly surprised by the sudden appearance of Hartpole at my breakfast-table, obviously in better health; his eye sparkled, and there was an air of satisfaction diffused over his features which convinced me that some decisive step had been taken by him. He lost no time in telling me that he had proposed for Miss Otway to her father and mother; that she herself had consented; that Mr. and Mrs. Otway had come over to have his fortune investigated, and wished to see me with as little delay as convenient.

I could not but start on hearing all this, and declined entering at all into the business with Mr. Otway till George had given me a written license to communicate with him as I pleased. He acceded to all I desired, and the next morning I waited on that gentleman.

I never felt more embarrassed in my life than at this inter-

view. I had in the interim made myself master of Mr. Otway's character, and the knowledge by no means contributed to ease my scruples or diminish my embarrassment. However, to my astonishment, a very short time disposed of both, and in a way which I had conceived impossible.

I found Colonel Cooke Otway a strong-minded, steady, peremptory, gentlemanly man, obviously with more head than heart, and with sufficient good sense to appear good-natured. He introduced me to Mrs. Otway, whose character required no research. It was ordinary, but amiable. She had evidently great kindness of heart, and her conduct was uniformly reported to be such as left nothing to amend either as wife or mother.*

Miss Maria Otway united in her appearance, her manners, and her obvious disposition, most of those amiable and engaging traits which the age of eighteen so frequently developes in a female. Her figure, in height rather below the middle stature, had just arrived at that proportionate fulness which forms the just medium between the round and slender, and without the defects of either gives the advantages of both. Her limbs, cast in the mould of perfect symmetry, were moved with that ease and moderate activity which constitute the natural grace of female action. Her features small, and not strictly justifying the epithet beautiful, yet formed in their assemblage a blooming and expressive index of the young heart that ruled them; and the disadvantage of a less prominent profile than should be was almost disregarded on account of the brilliant delicacy of her complexion. Her blue eyes were untutored; but her smile was intoxicating, and my friend was bound in the trammels of female witchery.†

Over such a man as Hartpole the victory of Miss Otway's beauty was complete, and the result of that unfortunate passion convinces me that a man, unless his judgment be superior to his sensibility, cannot commit an act of greater folly than to encou-

* How this was so quickly discovered does not appear.

† Barrington had a keen eye "in a fine frenzy rolling."

rage an attachment to any woman whom he thinks everybody else must admire as well as himself. *

Mr. Otway at once opened the business, and told me Hartpole had referred him to me for a statement of his estates and financial situation. On this point I had come fully prepared. Hartpole's circumstances exceeded rather than fell below Mr. Otway's expectation.

"I am quite satisfied, my dear sir," said he to me, with a significant nod; "you know that in Ireland we always make a small allowance for a Stratford connection."

I now found my embarrassment recommence, but determined at every risk to free myself from all future responsibility or reproach. I therefore informed Colonel Otway explicitly of Hartpole's marriage, and that no sentence had as yet been pronounced to declare that marriage a nullity, though in point of law it was so.

Having heard me throughout with the greatest complacency, he took me by the hand. "My dear sir," said he, with a smile which at first surprised me, "I am happy to tell you that I was fully apprised before I came to Ireland of all the circumstances you have related to me, and do not consider them any impediment to the present negotiation."

The negotiation went on. Miss Sleven was no more regarded; and after a deal of discussion, but no difference of opinion, all the terms were agreed upon, and the settlements prepared for a marriage, in all its results as unfortunate for the young people, and *as culpable in the old,* as any that ever came within my recollection.

A circumstance of singular and not very auspicious nature occurred on the first step towards the completion of that ill-starred alliance. It was necessary to procure a license from the Prerogative Court for the solemnisation of the marriage in the

* Discoursing on the subject alluded to here, but not at all thinking of Sir Jonah, the late Purcell O'Gorman, judge of the County Kilkenny, observed to me, "It is a false and cowardly maxim; and if it prevailed, would be of infinite injury to the sex. They are all beautiful, you know—beautiful to distraction!"

city of Dublin, and Hartpole's uncle, the honourable Benjamin O'Neil Stratford, now Earl of Aldborough, attended with George upon Doctor Duigenan, then judge of the prerogative, for that purpose.

The doctor, who when irritated was the most outrageous judge that ever presided in a civil law court, was on the bench officiating upon their arrival. Benjamin conceived that his rank and intimacy with the Doctor would have procured him at least common civility, but in this he was egregiously mistaken.

Benjamin O'Neil Stratford, who attended his nephew on that dangerous expedition, was endowed with several good-natured qualities; but, as folks said, rather inclined to the pleasures of *litigation*. In every family which is not very popular there is always one of whom people in general say, "Oh! he is *the best of them;*" and this was Benjamin's reputation in the Stratford family.*

* The noble Earl had then also the appellation of "Blind Ben," which had been conferred on him by the witty Lady Aldborough, and which ought not to have been by any means considered derogatory, inasmuch as his name is certainly Benjamin, and one of his eyes was actually out; and as the abrupt mode of its quitting his Lordship's head was rather humorous, it may be amusing to mention it.

He had once, as he thought, the honour of killing a crane. Benjamin's evil genius, however, maliciously scattered the shot, and the crane had only been what they call in Ireland *kilt;* but feeling pretty sure that her death was determined on, she resolved to die heroically, and not unrevenged. She fell, and lying motionless, seduced her assassin to come and wring her head off, according to the usual rules and practices of humanity. The honourable sportsman approached triumphantly, and stooping to seize the *spolia opima*, Madam Crane, having as good eyes of her own as the one that took aim at her, in return of his compliment, darted her long bill plump into the head of the Honourable Benjamin O'Neil Stratford, entering through the very same window which he had closed the shutters of to take his aim. She, in fact, turned the honourable gentleman's eye clean out of its natural residence; and being thus fully gratified by extinguishing the light in one of her enemy's lanterns, she resigned her body to be plucked, stuffed, and roasted, in the usual manner, as was performed accordingly. Thus, though her slayer was writhing in agony, his *family* was fully revenged by *feasting* on his *tormentor*. Daily consultations were held to ascertain whether her long rapier had not actually penetrated the *brain* of the honourable Benjamin. One of the tenants being heard to say, in a most untenant-like manner, that it might in

On their arrival in the presence of the doctor, who pretended never to know anybody in court, he asked "Who those people were?" and on being informed, proceeded to inquire what business brought them there.

The honourable Benjamin answered, "that he wanted a marriage-license for his nephew, George Hartpole of Shrewl Castle, Esq., and Miss Maria Otway, County Tipperary."

He had scarcely pronounced the words when the doctor, rising with the utmost vehemence, roared out, "George Hartpole! George Hartpole! is that the rascal who has another wife living?"

George, struck motionless, shrank within himself; but Benjamin, not being so easily frightened, said something equally warm, whereupon the doctor, without further ceremony, rushed at him, seized him by the collar, and cried, "Do you want me to countenance bigamy, you villains?" at the same time roaring to his crier and servants to "turn the fellows out!" which order was virtually performed.

The fact was, the suit of nullity had been actually commenced in the Court, but not having been proceeded on, the judge only knew Hartpole as a married man upon record, and it certainly could not appear very correct of the honourable Benjamin to apply to the same judge who was to try the validity of the first marriage to grant his license for the solemnisation of a second whilst the first remained undecided. On Hartpole's mind the circumstance made an indelible impression, and he never afterwards took any further proceedings in the cause then instituted.

What was now to be done, since no license could be obtained

such case be *all for the best*, was asked his reason for so undutiful an expression; and replied, that if she had just pricked his honour's brain, may be it might have let out the *humours* therein, which would have done no harm either to his honour or to Baltinglass.—(*Author's note.*)

This is a thundering note, and richly deserves to be retained, if only for the sake of a remark it drew from Captain Holmes—"Jonah's residence in Paris greatly improved him; he grew more Irish every day, and was liked the better for it. Count de la Vigne once called him, with enthusiasm, "the Apollo Belvedere of Hibernians."

in Dublin? A general consultation was held; Mr. Otway (still singularly to me) appeared to regard the circumstance as a mere *bagatelle.* I thought far otherwise; and it was so deeply engraven on Hartpole's mind, that he mentioned it to me not three days previously to his dissolution, as having foreboded all his subsequent misfortunes.

It was at length agreed upon that he should be married in the diocese of Kildare, by a license from the bishop's surrogate there. This was in effect accomplished. I was not present at the ceremony; after which the parties pursued their journey to Castle Otway, where, in the midst of everything that was desirable on earth, Hartpole commenced the trial of his new connection.

Spite of these apparent advantages, however, my friend soon began either to find or conjure up new and dangerous sources of uneasiness. He continued some months at Castle Otway, listless and devoured by *ennui;* he pined for a change of scene, and longed to return to his hereditary domain. His health, too, steadily, although slowly, declined; yet he took no medical advice: the remote symptoms of consumption began to exhibit themselves. But, amidst all this, he fancied for a while that he possessed everything he could wish for; his wife daily improved in her person, her manners were delightful, her conduct unexceptionable.

Maria was adored by her parents. The thought of separating from them was to her almost unbearable. Her reluctance could not be concealed from the sharp eye of her uneasy husband. Every mark of affection lavished by her on her parents, he considered as if filched from him. He thought her heart should have no room for any attachments but to himself, whereas it had been wholly pre-occupied by filial tenderness. In a word, she had never *loved* Hartpole, for whom she felt no other than a neutral species of attachment.*

* This excessive, silly, apron-string love has often caused misery midst all the elements of domestic bliss. How frequently has the current of conjugal love been disturbed and thwarted by a billet from *home!* If this little note have one successful embassy, let the *Missus* pray for Barrington.

At length it was agreed that they should come, on a visit, to my house in Dublin for some time, and that her mother should afterwards stay with her at Shrewl Castle, till Maria was gradually reconciled to the dreaded change, and to final residence with a man who I believe she early discovered was not exactly calculated to make her happy. The story of Mary Sleven, I believe, she had not heard; if she had, I am pretty sure she never would have left the protection of her father.

When Hartpole arrived at my house, I soon perceived that my gloomy auguries had been too well grounded. I found his mind bewildered; he received no enjoyment from reading; his health did not permit strong exercise; he took no pleasure in new and strange society, but, on the contrary, pined for his own home, his free associates, his steward, his tenants, his colliers, and above all, for a passive, fond companion, who should have no wish but her husband's.

Now, none of these things were to Maria's taste, and she yielded to the inroads of discontent, as I think, unreasonably: still, this feeling never showed itself with offensive prominence. She gave way to every desire expressed by her husband, but her acquiescence seemed to me like that of a victim. I have often noticed that, even whilst she intimated her obedience, her averted eye betrayed a rebel tear, and she only awaited the moment when it might gush out with safety, and relieve her.

I perceived that, unless some step was taken to occupy George's mind, a residence at Shrewl Castle would surely proclaim to the world both his folly and his ruin. I therefore applied to Mr. Pelham, then secretary in Ireland, to procure Hartpole promotion to the office of high-sheriff for Queen's County for the ensuing year, 1794. My application was immediately conceded. I also took out for him a commission of the peace. Meanwhile his old castle was in part newly furnished, and I was happy to see that he felt a sort of gratification in the appointment of sheriff; and though in a state of health badly calculated to execute the duties of such an office, the occupation of his mind would, I hoped, make ample amends for his neces-

sary personal exertions. If that year had passed favourably, it was my intention to have recommended a tour to some foreign country, where change of climate and of scene might tend to restore my friend's health, to amuse his mind, and perhaps to make a desirable alteration in the feelings both of himself and his wife; but Heaven decreed otherwise.

Whilst on their visit at my house, I perceived in Hartpole's disposition, among other traits which so close a communion could scarcely fail to develop, one which I had never before suspected in him—jealousy, the most terrible of human passions. His jealousy had no fixed object on which to fasten itself, but wandered from person to person. Indeed, it could have no resting-place; for Maria was blameless. But in the eye of my friend she had guilt—the guilt of being attractive; and he conceived that everybody must love her as he did himself.

This melancholy and morbid state of mind appeared to me likely to increase from residence in a metropolis, and I hastened his departure for Shrewl Castle, to take upon himself the office of high sheriff. I did not go with them, for my mind misgave me: her mother met them there, and innocently completed the ruin of her children by a step, the consequences whereof should ever be a warning to wives, to parents, and to husbands!

At Shrewl Mrs. Otway perceived George's ideal malady; she was a silly woman who fancied she was wise, and thought she never could do wrong because she always intended to do right. She proposed to Maria a most desperate remedy to cure her husband of his jealousy, though she did not reflect that it might probably be at the expense of his existence, and certainly of her daughter's duty. They conspired together, and wrote two or three letters directed to Mrs. Hartpole, without signature, but professing love and designating meetings. These they took measures to drop so as Hartpole might accidentally find some of them, and thus they thought in the end to convince him of his folly, and laugh him out of his suspicions.

The result may be easily anticipated by those who have read with attention the character of the husband. He became

outrageous; the development did not pacify him; and his paroxysm was nearly fatal. Maria was in consequence but little better, and the unexpected result of her own injudicious conduct nearly distracted the unhappy mother. But it was too late to retrieve their error: the die was thrown; Hartpole was inflexible; and the first I heard of it was Maria's departure to her father's, and a final separation:—and thus, after a marriage of little more than eighteen months, that ill-starred young man, completely the sport of fortune, became once more solitary! Labouring under the false idea that he could soon conquer his attachment, he made Maria an ample separate maintenance, and determined to go to Lisbon, where he thought a change of scene might, perhaps, restore his peace, and the climate his shattered constitution.

Before he sailed, I endeavoured in vain to reconcile them. She did not love him well enough to risk a further residence at Shrewl, in the absence of her connections; and his mind was case-hardened against the whole family from which she sprang. His reasons to me for parting from her finally were at least plausible.

"I acquit her at once," said he, "of ever having shown a symptom of impropriety, nay even of giddiness: there I was wrong, and I own it; but she has proved herself perfectly capable of, and expert at, *deception;* and the woman that has practised deception for *my* sake would be equally capable of practising it for *her own.* So far from *curing my error,* she has confirmed me in it; and when confidence ceases separation ought to ensue."

Hartpole shortly after embarked for Portugal, and only returned to terminate his short career by a lingering and painful death.

On his arrival at Lisbon without any amendment either in mind or body, I felt, and I am sure he did himself, that the world was fast receding from him. The ruffianly manners of the person whom he had chosen as a led captain were little congenial to his own characteristic mildness. He had, however, a most faithful valet; and after a few posts, I conceived, from his letters,

that his spirits had very much improved, when a circumstance occurred which, had he been in health, would have been merely ludicrous; but which the shattered state of his nerves rendered him almost incapable of bearing up against.

On his marriage he had given the commission he then held to Mr. Otway, his brother-in-law; on his separation, however, he determined to resume the profession, and accordingly purchased a commission in a regiment of the line then raising by his uncle the late Lord Aldborough; and he had been gazetted previously to his departure.

After he had been a short time at Lisbon, some mischievous person, for some mischievous object, informed his uncle that he had been dead a fortnight! and, without further inquiry, that nobleman resold George's commission, and an announcement appeared in the newspapers, that Hartpole had fallen a victim at Lisbon to consumption, adding the name of the party who had succeeded him in his regiment.

His valet described to me coarsely the instantaneous effect of this circumstance on his master's mind. It seemed to proclaim his fate by anticipation:—his commission was disposed of, under the idea that he was actually dead; every melancholy reflection crowded upon him; he totally relapsed; and I firmly believe that paragraph was his death-blow. After lingering several months longer, he returned to England, and I received a letter requesting me to meet him without delay at Bristol, and stating that he had made his will. I immediately undertook the journey, and took him over a horse which I conceived adapted to him at that time. His sister was with him. His figure was emaciated to the last degree, and he was sinking rapidly into the grave.

The patient had, however, declined but little in appetite, when the disorder suddenly fixed itself in his throat, and he ceased to have the power of eating; he now entirely gave himself up as a person who must die of hunger. This melancholy scene almost distracted me, and produced a most unpleasant affection of the head. The doctor gave us little consolation;

and Hartpole himself, though reduced to such a state, was really the most cheerful of the party, evincing a degree of resignation at once heroic and touching. His will had been prepared by Mr. Lemans of Bristol, and executed whilst I was in Ireland; he informed us all that I was joint executor with two of his uncles.

On the morning of Hartpole's death he sent for me to rise and come to him. I found him in an *agony of hunger*—perspiration in large drops rolling down his face. He said, neither food nor liquid could descend into his stomach; that his ribs had contracted inwards, as if convulsively drawn together; and that he was in great pain. I cannot describe my emotion! He walked about his room and spoke to me earnestly on many subjects, on some of which I have been, and ever shall be, totally silent. At length he called me to the window:—"Barrington," said he, "you see at a distance a very green field?" "Yes," I replied. "Well," continued George, "it is my dying request that I may be buried there *to-morrow evening*."

He spoke so calmly and strongly, that I felt much surprised. He observed this, and said, "It is true: *I am in the agonies of death*." I now called in the doctor and Hartpole's servant. The invalid sat down upon the bed; and when he took me by the hand, I shuddered, for it was burning hot, whilst every nerve and sinew seemed to be in spasmodic action. I never had been in collision with a dying person before; he pressed my hand with great fervour, and murmured, "My friend!"—these were the last words I heard him utter. I looked in his face; his eyes were glazed, his lips quivered, he laid his head on the pillow, and expired.

I disobeyed Hartpole's injunctions respecting his funeral; for I had his body enclosed in a leaden coffin, and sent to be interred at Shrewl Castle, in the cemetery of his ancestors.

On the reading of the will, his first bequest appeared to be to—"his friend Barrington, six thousand pounds," together with the reversion of his landed estates and collieries, on the death of his sisters without children. One had been some time married and had none, the other was unmarried, but soon after made a

match with a gentleman of considerable property, but whom I should think few young ladies of fortune would have fancied.

The uncles would not act as executors, considered me as an interloper, and commenced a suit to annul the will, as prepared under undue influence. Fortunately for my reputation, I had never known the persons who prepared it, was in another kingdom at the time, and had not seen Hartpole for many months before its execution. His sister was with him, not I.

I got a decree without delay. The family of Stratford, who preferred law to all other species of pastime, appealed. My decree was confirmed, and they were burdened with the whole costs; and, in effect, paid me six thousand pounds on an amicable arrangement. My reversion yielded me nothing; for I fancy the sisters have since had nearly twenty children between them to inherit it.

Thus ended Hartpole's life, and thus a most respectable family became extinct. I neither looked to nor expected any legacy from my friend, beyond a mourning-ring. He left numerous other bequests, including a considerable one to Mary Sleven, whose fate I never heard.

The sequel of Maria Otway's history was not much less melancholy than that of her unhappy partner, as she died prematurely, by the most affecting of all deaths—in childbirth. I saw her after the separation, but never after George's decease.

Maria, I think, never had been attached to Hartpole, and, within two years after his decease, she made another and a most unexceptionable match—namely, with Mr. Prittie, the present member for Tipperary. But Providence seemed to pursue fatally even the relict of my friend, and, at the age of twenty-three, death cut off the survivor of that union which an unconcerned spectator would have deemed so auspicious.

I have been diffuse on the memoirs of Hartpole, who was sponsor to my only son. I felt myself interested in almost every material event of his career. To overlook our friendship, indeed, and his liberality, would have been ungrateful in any memoir of myself.

Before I quit these "fond records," and the associations which they excite, I am tempted once more to revert to the peculiarities of the Stratford family, which indeed present an ample field for anecdote. More curious or dissimilar characters never surely bore the same name!

Earl Robert, one of those who declared war against me on Hartpole's death, was surnamed "The Peer of a Hundred Wills;" and it is matter of fact, that upon a trial at law in County Wicklow, since his Lordship's death, fifty different wills were produced, together with a great number of affidavits, etc., also signed by the Earl. Several of these documents are of the most singular description, highly illustrative of the Earl's character, and, I should think, amongst the most extraordinary papers existing in the Prerogative Court.

It was a general rule with this peer to make a will or codicil in favour of any person with whom he was desirous of carrying a point, taking especial care that the party should be made acquainted with his proceeding. No sooner, however, was his end accomplished, and other game started, than a fresh instrument annulled all the provisions of the preceding one. Thus, if desirous of obtaining a lady's regards, *he made a will in her favour*, and let her find it *by accident!* He at length got £50,000 with a granddaughter of the Duke of Chandos.

In the cause before mentioned I was retained by the late Earl John to argue that his brother was mad, and Mr. Plunket was employed as my opponent. In support of *our* position it was that the fifty wills were produced; and I hesitate not to say that *either* of them, had it emanated from any other individual than his lordship, would have been deemed conclusive. But the jury had known the party whose vagaries they were summoned to decide upon; and therefore found, as usual, in favour of his lordship's *last* will. I subsequently asked one of those gentlemen the grounds of their verdict; and his answer was—"We all knew well that the testator was more * * * * * than fool. Did you ever hear of anybody *taking him in?*" And the truth is, the jury were right; for I never met with a

man who had more worldly sense and tact than Robert, Earl of Aldborough, and, owing to my close connection with his nephew, Hartpole, I had abundant opportunities of judging.

The present Countess Dowager of Aldborough was in the habit of uttering *jeux d'esprit* with more spirit and grace than any woman in the world. She often cut deeply; but so keen and polished was the edge of her wit, that the patient was never mangled.

The cause of her naming the Honourable and Reverend Paul Stratford, her brother-in-law, "Holy Paul," was droll enough. Mount Neil, a remarkably fine old country house, furnished in the ancient style, was that ecclesiastic's family mansion, wherein he resided many years, but of which it was thought he at last grew tired. One windy night this house, some time after it had been insured to a large amount, most perversely and miraculously took fire. No water was to be had; the flames raged; the tenants bustled, jostled, and tumbled over each other in a general uproar and zeal to save his reverence's great house—his reverence alone, meek and resigned, beheld the voracious element devour his hereditary property, piously attributing the evil solely to the just will of Providence as a punishment for his having vexed his mother some years before her death! Under this impression, the Hon. and Rev. Paul adopted the only rational and pious means of extinguishing the conflagration: he fell on his knees in front of the blazing mansion, and, with clasped and uplifted hands, besought the Lord to show him mercy and extinguish the flames. The people around exerted themselves, whilst practicable, to bring out the furniture piecemeal, and range it on the grass-plat. Paul no sooner perceived the result of their exertions than, still on his knees, he cried out—"Stop, stop! throw all my valuables back into the flames! never fly, my friends, in the face of heaven! when the Almighty resolved to burn my house He most certainly intended to destroy the furniture. I feel resigned. The Lord's will be done!"

The tenants reluctantly obeyed his orders; but unfortu-

nately for "Holy Paul," the insurance company, when applied to for payment of his losses, differed altogether from his reverence as to the dispensation of Providence, and absolutely refused to pay any part of the damage incurred.

So much disrepute did the Hon. and Rev. Paul get into by this occurrence, that people were not prone to employ him on clerical functions, and his nephew himself peremptorily declined being married by him. In fact, the stain of Holy Paul's character was inordinate love of money. He had very good property, but was totally averse to paying away anything. He was put into prison by his niece's husband, where he long remained rather than render a due account; and when at length he did so, he refused to pay a few pounds fees, and continued voluntarily in confinement until his death.

HAMILTON ROWAN AND THE BAR.

THERE were few persons whose history was connected with that of Ireland during my time, who excited my interest in a greater degree than Mr. Hamilton Rowan. The dark points of this gentleman's character have been assiduously exhibited by persons who knew little or nothing of his life, and that too, long after he had ceased to be an obnoxious character. I will endeavour to show the obverse of the medal; and I claim the meed of perfect disinterestedness, which will, I think, be awarded, when I state that I never had the least social intercourse with Mr. Rowan, whose line of politics was always decidedly opposed to my own.

Archibald Hamilton Rowan (I believe he still lives) is a gentleman of most respectable family and of ample fortune: considered merely as a private character, I fancy there are few who will not give him full credit for every quality which does honour to that station in society. As a philanthropist, he certainly carried his ideas even beyond reason, and to a degree of excess which I really think laid in his mind the foundation of all his enthusiastic proceedings, both in common life and in politics.

The first interview I had with this gentleman did not occupy more than a few minutes; but it was of a most impressive nature, and though now eight-and-thirty years back, appears as fresh to my eye as if it took place yesterday—in truth, I believe it must be equally present to every individual of the company who survives, and is not too old to remember anything.

There is generally in every metropolis some temporary incident which serves as a common subject of conversation; something which *nominally* excites interest, but which in fact nobody cares a *sous* about, though for the day it sells all the newspapers,

and gives employment to every tongue till some new occurrence happens to work up curiosity and change the topic.

In 1788 a very young girl, of the name of Mary Neil, had been ill-treated by a person unknown, aided by a woman. The late Lord Carhampton was supposed to be the transgressor, but without any proof whatsoever of his Lordship's culpability. The humour of Hamilton Rowan, which had a sort of Quixotic tendency to resist all oppression and to redress every species of wrong, led him to take up the cause of Mary Neil with a zeal and enthusiastic perseverance which nobody but the knight of La Mancha could have exceeded. Day and night the ill-treatment of this girl was the subject of his thoughts, his actions, his dreams: he even went about preaching a kind of crusade in her favour, and succeeded in gaining a great many partisans among the citizens; and in short, he eventually obtained a conviction of the woman as accessary to a crime, the perpetrator whereof remained undiscovered, and she accordingly received sentence of death. Still Mary Neil was not bettered by this conviction: she was utterly unprovided for, had suffered much, and seemed quite wretched. Yet there were not wanting persons who doubted her truth, decried her former character, and represented her story as that of an impostor: this not only hurt the feelings and philanthropy, but the pride of Hamilton Rowan; and he vowed personal vengeance against all her calumniators, high and low.

At this time about twenty young barristers, including myself, had formed a dinner club in Dublin: we had taken large apartments for the purpose; and as we were not yet troubled with *too much* business, were in the habit of faring luxuriously every day, and taking a bottle of the best claret which could be obtained.*

There never existed a more cheerful, nor half so cheap, a dinner club. One day, whilst dining with our usual hilarity, the servant informed us that a gentleman below stairs desired to be

* One of us, Counsellor Townley Fitgate, afterwards chairman of Wicklow County, having a pleasure cutter of his own in the harbour of Dublin, used to send her to smuggle claret for us from the Isle of Man; he made a friend of one of the tide-waiters, and we consequently had the very best wines on the cheapest possible terms.—(*Author's note.*)

admitted for a moment. We considered it to be some brother-barrister who requested permission to join our party, and desired him to be shown up. What was our surprise, however, on perceiving the figure that presented itself!—a man, who might have served as model for a Hercules, his gigantic limbs conveying the idea of almost supernatural strength: his shoulders, arms, and broad chest, were the very emblems of muscular energy; and his flat, rough countenance, overshadowed by enormous dark eyebrows, and deeply furrowed by strong lines of vigour and fortitude, completed one of the finest, yet most formidable figures I had ever beheld. He was very well dressed: close by his side stalked in a shaggy Newfoundland dog of corresponding magnitude, with hair a foot long, and who, if he should be voraciously inclined, seemed well able to devour a barrister or two without overcharging his stomach; as he entered, indeed, he alternately looked at us and then up at his master, as if only awaiting the orders of the latter to commence the onslaught. His master held in his hand a large, yellow, knotted club, slung by a leathern thong round his great wrist: he had also a long small-sword by his side.

This apparition walked deliberately up to the table; and having made his obeisance with seeming courtesy, a short pause ensued, during which he looked round on all the company with an aspect, if not stern, yet ill calculated to set our minds at ease either as to his or his dog's ulterior intentions.

"Gentlemen!" at length he said, in a tone and with an air at once so mild and courteous, nay so polished, as fairly to give the lie, as it were, to his gigantic and threatening figure: "Gentlemen! I have heard with very great regret that some members of this club have been so indiscreet as to calumniate the character of Mary Neil, which, from the part I have taken, I feel identified with my own: if any present hath done so, I doubt not he will now have the candour and courage to avow it.—*Who* avows it?" The dog looked up at him again; he returned the glance; but contented himself, for the present, with patting the animal's head, and was silent: so were we.

The extreme surprise indeed with which our party was seized, bordering almost on consternation, rendered all consultation as to a reply out of the question; and never did I see the old axiom that "what is everybody's business is nobody's business" more thoroughly exemplified. A few of the company whispered each his neighbour, and I perceived one or two steal a fruit-knife under the table-cloth, in case of extremities; but no one made any reply. We were eighteen in number; and as neither would or could answer for the others, it would require eighteen replies to satisfy the giant's single query; and I fancy some of us *could not* have replied to his satisfaction, and stuck to the truth into the bargain.

He repeated his demand, elevating his tone each time, thrice: "Does any gentleman avow it?" A faint buzz now circulated round the room, but there was no *answer* whatsoever. Communication was cut off, and there was a dead silence: at length our visitor said, with a loud voice, that he must suppose, if any gentleman had made any observations or assertions against Mary Neil's character he would have had the *courage* and spirit to avow it; "therefore," continued he, "I shall take it for granted that my information was erroneous; and, in that point of view, I regret having *alarmed* your society." And, without another word he bowed three times very low, and retired backwards toward the door, his dog also backing out with equal politeness, where, with a salaam doubly ceremonious, Mr. Rowan ended this extraordinary interview. On the first of his departing bows, by a simultaneous impulse, we all rose and returned his salute, almost touching the table with our noses, but still in profound silence; which *booing* on both sides was repeated, as I have said, till he was fairly out of the room. Three or four of the company then ran hastily to the window to be sure that he and the dog were clear off into the street; and no sooner had this satisfactory *denouement* been ascertained, than a general roar of laughter ensued, and we talked it over in a hundred different ways: the whole of our arguments, however, turned upon the question "which had behaved the *politest* upon the

occasion?" but not one word was uttered as to which had behaved the *stoutest.**

This spirit of false chivalry, which took such entire possession of Hamilton Rowan's understanding, was soon diverted into the channels of political theory; and from the discussion of general politics he advanced to the contemplation of sedition. His career in this respect was short:—he was tried and convicted of circulating a factious paper, and sentenced to a heavy fine and a long imprisonment, during which political charges of a much more serious nature were arrayed against him. He fortunately escaped from prison to the house of Mr. Evans of Portrane, near Dublin, and got off in a fishing-boat to France, where, after numerous dangers, he at length arrived safely. Rowan subsequently resided some years in America, in which country he had leisure for reflection, and saw plainly the folly and mischief of his former conduct. The government found that his contrition was sincere; he eventually received His Majesty's free pardon; and I have since seen him and his family at the Castle drawing-rooms in dresses singularly splendid, where they were well received by the Viceroy and by many of the nobility and gentry: and people should consider that His Majesty's free pardon for political offences is always meant to wipe away every injurious feeling from his subjects' recollection.†

* The style of this description is almost faultless throughout. Here and there it is a little racy; but upon the whole I cannot deny it the applause of true wit; a commodity as hard of discernment as a *cock egg*.

† Archibald Hamilton, who assumed his mother's name, Rowan, was born in 1751. He died in 1834, and was placed in the vaults of St. Mary's Church, Dublin. He was educated at Westminster school and at Cambridge. His youth was remarkable for an insatiable love of pranks, adventure, daring, and notoriety; the last a passion of irrepressible exuberance in every village and every calling in Ireland. He was born to a good fortune, and mixed well at his starting. Having become acquainted with Lord C. Montague, governor of South Carolina, he went with him as his private secretary, and returned to Cambridge after an absence of three months. His expensive habits brought him into difficulties, from which his mother extricated him. When he occupied a house on Hounslow Heath, his coachman was the famous "sixteen-string Jack," who, it is said, clandestinely used his master's hunters in the charitable work of lightening the nocturnal travellers of their burthens on the dreary heath. In France he became

The mention of Mr. Rowan reminds me of an anecdote of a singular nature, extremely affecting, and which at the time was the subject of much conversation; and as a connection was alleged to exist between him and the unfortunate gentleman to whom it relates, which connection had nearly proved fatal to Mr. Rowan, I consider this not an inappropriate place to allude to the circumstance.

acquainted with the unfortunate George Robert Fitzgerald, to whom he acted second in the ferocious duel with Mr. Boggs. In his thirtieth year he married Miss Dawson of Carrickmacross, a young lady that does not appear to have imposed much restraint upon his Quixotic temperament. After the purchase of Rathcoffey, in the County Kildare, in 1784, he removed to Dublin, where the business of Mary Neil soon blew him into publicity. Not long after he joined his father's company of volunteers at Killyleagh, and was elected delegate for the County Down. For an inflammatory paper, attributed to him and Tandy, and circulated in 1794 among the volunteers, he was visited with an *ex-officio* by the attorney-general. After much delay he was brought to trial, and defended by Curran in an exceedingly fine, glowing, but rather flaring speech, well calculated to produce an impression on the most exquisitely plastic material in the world, an Irish brain. But notwithstanding all the vehement and tumultuous eloquence, a verdict of guilty was brought in. Rowan was sentenced to £500 fine; two years' imprisonment; and heavy bail for seven years' good behaviour. While in confinement Tone gave him a copy of his "Statement of the Situation of Ireland," of which Rowan made two transcripts. One of these he gave to the Rev. Mr. Jackson to be forwarded to France—a business which he intrusted to his false companion, Cockayne. This fellow was in Pitt's pay; directed the parcel to Hamburg, from whence it found its way to the minister, and, as a matter of course, brought Jackson into his fatal trouble. Cockayne was brought before the privy council; Jackson thrown into Newgate; and Rowan so reasonably alarmed for his life, that he instantly took measures to secure his escape from prison. As soon as he got into locomotion he went to Mr. Sweetman's house at Baldoyle. This gentleman put him into a fishing wherry with two boatmen named Sheridan, and wished him a safe voyage to France. Connected with his flight some little romances are told, of no interest but to the tedium of a honeymoon or the *boulimia* of a novel-reader.

To the daring credit of Clare and Castlereagh, who were thwarted by the English Chancellor, they seconded the efforts of his noble wife to obtain a free pardon for Mr. Rowan. In answer to a manly petition to the king, written in July 1802, Rowan obtained permission to return to England; and subsequently, through Castlereagh's interest, he was restored to his country, his family, and fortune. No man ever better deserved the royal clemency, his domestic felicity, or his country's confidence and esteem. He outlived his loving wife and brave sons. The eldest, Captain Gawin Rowan Hamilton, was a naval officer who had greatly distinguished himself.

Mr. Jackson, an English clergyman, who had come over to assist in organising a revolution in Ireland, had been arrested in that country, tried, and found guilty of high treason in corresponding with the enemy in France. I was in court when Mr. Jackson was brought up to receive sentence of death; and I believe whoever was present must recollect it as one of the most touching and uncommon scenes which appeared during that eventful period.

He was conducted into the usual place where prisoners stand to receive sentence. He was obviously much affected as he entered; his limbs seemed to totter, and large drops of perspiration rolled down his face. He was supposed to *fear death*, and to be in great terror. The judge began the usual admonition before he pronounced sentence: the prisoner seemed to regard it but little, appearing abstracted by internal agony. This was still attributed to apprehension: he covered his face, and seemed sinking: the judge paused—the crowd evinced surprise—and the sheriff, on examination, declared the prisoner was *too ill* to *hear* his sentence. Meanwhile, the wretched culprit continued to droop: and at length, his limbs giving way, he fell! A visitation so unexampled created a great sensation in the court: a physician was immediately summoned, but too late; Jackson had eluded his denouncers, and was no more.

It was discovered that, previous to his coming into Court, he had taken a large quantity of arsenic and aquafortis mixed in tea. No judgment, of course, was pronounced against him. He had a splendid funeral: and, to the astonishment of Dublin, it was attended by several members of parliament and barristers! a Mr. Tigh, and counsellor Richard Guinness, were amongst them.

It is worthy of observation, that I was always on friendly, nay intimate terms, with many leading persons of the two most hostile and intolerant political bodies that could possibly exist together in one country; and in the midst of the most tumultuous and bloody scenes, I did not find that I had one enemy. It is singular, but true, that my attachment to the government,

and my activity in support of it, yet placed me in no danger from its inveterate enemies; and in several instances I was sought as mediator between the rebel and Lord Kilwarden, then attorney-general;* of whom, now he is no more, it is but justice to say, that of all the law officers and official servants of the crown I ever had communication with, the most kind-hearted, clement, and honourable, was one whose manners and whose name conveyed a very different reputation. I know that he had been solicited to take some harsh measures as to the barristers who attended Jackson's funeral; and though he might have been justified in doing so, he said, "that both the honour of his profession and the feelings of his own mind prevented him from giving publicity to, or stamping as a crime, what he was sure in its nature could only be inadvertency."

* He was at that time Mr. Wolfe. An information *ex officio* had been filed against a printer in Cork for a seditious newspaper: it turned out that the two counsellors Sheares were the real editors. They begged of me to mediate with the attorney-general. He had always a strong feeling for the honour and character of his profession, and forgave all parties on conditions which I all but *vouched for*, but to which they certainly did not adhere.—(*Author's note.*)

[Barrington is wrong; no obligation was entered into, but a condition which never occurred; and which I can't yet mention. This information I had from Cloncurry—somewhere about the suppression of the *Blacquiere Papers*. The late Captain Lewis of Prospect, Waterford, an old hero of Maida, whose son is now in the 65th, was quite aware that no bargain was entered into. It is very important that I should speak. Captain Coote of the Commissariat bore the message to Sir Jonah; and I think no honourable man will blame me for defending Sheares.]

SELF-DECAPITATION.

AMONGST my memorandums of singular incidents, I find one which even now affords me as much amusement as such a circumstance can possibly admit of; and as it is, at the same time, highly characteristic of the people amongst whom it occurred, in that view I relate it. A man *decapitating himself by mistake* is indeed a *blunder* of true Hibernian character.

[It shames me to have to tell that this serious preface is illustrated by an outrageous caricature of Paddy. Here it is. A peasant going to mow, with his scythe over his shoulder, has his attention arrested by a salmon which fancies that his tail is unseen because his head is stuck in the mud. "Ned, dear!" cries his companion, "is it not a pity we haven't a spear?" Whereupon Ned seizes the handle of his scythe, and, in a sudden attempt at using it as a spear, cuts off his own head and his companion's ear. So much for Buckingham! This, so like the adventurous experiments of Carleton, is followed by cottager's philosophic reflection, that it is mighty odd he is not hindered from *eating* oats, but kilt, shot, battered, and burnt, if he attempts to *drink* them. Will he not be a cruel rogue who will restore this chapter?]

FATHER O'LEARY.

I FREQUENTLY had an opportunity of meeting at my father-in-law's, Mr. Grogan's, where he often dined, a most worthy priest, Father O'Leary,* and have listened frequently with great zest to anecdotes which he used to tell with a quaint yet spirited humour quite unique. His manner, his air, his countenance, all bespoke wit, talent, and a good heart. I liked his company excessively, and have often regretted I did not cultivate his acquaintance more, or recollect his witticisms better. It was singular, but it was fact, that even before Father O'Leary opened his lips, a stranger would say, "That is an Irishman," and at the same time guess him to be a priest.

One anecdote in particular I remember. Coming from St. Omer, he told us, he stopped a few days to visit a brother priest in the town of Boulogne Sur Mer. Here he heard of a great curiosity which all the people were running to see—a curious bear that some fishermen had taken at sea out of a wreck; it had sense, and attempted to utter a sort of lingo which they called *patois*, but which nobody understood.

O'Leary gave his six sous to see the wonder, which was shown at the port by candle-light, and was a very odd kind of animal, no doubt. The bear had been taught a hundred tricks, all to be performed at the keeper's word of command. It was late in the evening when O'Leary saw him, and the bear seemed sulky; the

* Born near Dunmanway, County Cork, in 1729; died in 1802; and buried in the churchyard of Old St. Pancras, London. He was educated at the College of St. Maloe's, and resided there for four-and-twenty years. He became a pensioner of Government; but his pen does not appear to have been basely used. His life left no stain on his habit, while his genius was a credit to his profession. I have added this under the instruction of Mr. Fitzpatrick, in whose praise we cannot speak too much. He is the author of the *Sham Squire*.

keeper, however, with a short spike at the end of a pole, made him move about briskly. He marked on sand what o'clock it was, with his paw, and distinguished the men and women in a very comical way; in fact, our priest was quite diverted. The beast at length grew tired; the keeper hit him with the pole; he stirred a little, but continued quite sullen: his master coaxed him—no! he would not work! At length the brute of a keeper gave him two or three sharp pricks with the goad, when he roared out most tremendously, and rising on his hind legs, swore at his tormentor in very good native Irish. O'Leary waited no longer, but went immediately to the mayor, whom he informed that the blackguards of fishermen had sewed up a poor Irishman in a bearskin, and were showing him for six sous! This civic dignitary, who had himself seen the bear, would not believe our friend: at last O'Leary prevailed on him to accompany him to the room. On their arrival the bear was still upon duty; and O'Leary, stepping up to him, says, "*Gand e tha hawn, Pat?*" (How do you do, Pat?)—"*Slanger a manugouth*" (Pretty well, thank'ee), says the bear. The people were surprised to hear how plainly he spoke; but the mayor directly ordered him to be ripped up; and, after some opposition and a good deal of difficulty, Pat stepped forth, stark naked, out of the bearskin wherein he had been fourteen or fifteen days most cleverly stitched. The women made off, the men stood astonished, and the mayor ordered the keepers to be put in gaol unless they *satisfied* him; but that was presently done. The bear afterwards told O'Leary that he was very well fed, and did not care much about the clothing, only they worked him too hard. The fishermen had found him at sea on a hencoop, which had saved him from going to the bottom with a ship wherein he had a little venture of dried cod from Dungarvon, and which was bound from Waterford to Bilboa. He could not speak a word of any language but Irish, and had never been at sea before. The fishermen had brought him in, fed him well, and endeavoured to repay themselves by showing him as a curiosity.

O'Leary's mode of telling this story was quite admirable. I

never heard any anecdote (and I believe this one to have been true)* related with so much genuine drollery, which was enhanced by his not changing a muscle himself while every one of his hearers was in a paroxysm of laughter.

Another anecdote he used to tell with incomparable dramatic humour. By-the-by, all his stories were in some way national; and this gives me occasion to remark, that I think Ireland is at this moment nearly as little known on many parts of the Continent as it seems to have been then. I have myself heard it more than once spoken of as an *English town*.

At Nancy, where Father O'Leary was travelling, his native country happened to be mentioned, when one of the *société*, a quiet French farmer of Burgundy, asked in an unassuming tone, "If Ireland stood *encore?*" "*Encore!*" said an astonished John Bull, a courier coming from Germany, "*encore!* to be sure she does: we have her yet, I assure you, Monsieur." "Though neither very safe nor very sound," interposed an officer of the Irish brigade, who happened to be present, looking over significantly at O'Leary, and not very complacently at the courier.—"And pray, Monsieur," rejoined the John Bull to the Frenchman, "why *encore?*"—"Pardon, Monsieur," replied the Frenchman, "I heard it had been worn out *(fatigué)* long ago by the great number of people that were living in it!"

The fact is, the Frenchman had been told, and really understood, that Ireland was a large house where the English were wont to send their idle vagabonds, and from whence they were

* Sir Jonah affects excessive facility of belief, and often credits his readers with a little too much of that attribute. O'Leary was capable of such stories as the above; he saw an appetite for them, and fed it somewhat freely. His remains, by no means scanty, are droll and pleasant enough, but rarely witty in a strict sense. An excellent memoir of O'Leary and his vigorous writings, political and polemical, has been lately published by the Rev. Mr. Buckley of Cork.

As to the specimen of wit that follows in the text, "the less that's said about that the better!" as Father Prout replied to Dick Ronayne, when asked how the subscription for "the peal of bells for his *cathedral*" was getting on. The cathedral was the little parish chapel of far-famed Watergrasshill. The reference to this edifice piqued his reverence more than the *sick-list*, as he used to call it, of the subscribers to the parish bell.

drawn out again as they were wanted to fill the ranks of the army:—and (I speak from my own personal knowledge) in some interior parts of the Continent the existence of Ireland as a nation is totally unknown, or it is at best considered as about a match for Jersey, etc. On the sea-coasts they are better informed. This need not surprise us, when we have heard of a native of St. Helena, who never had been out of the island, who seriously asked an English officer "If there were many *landing-places* in *England?*"*

* In an agreeable conversation with an English gentleman, whom I met while stopping at the Bath Hotel, I made the remark that it was the misfortune of Old Ireland to be still as little known as New Ireland by her big sister. "For example," said I triumphantly, "the editor of one of your newspapers, the other day, diverted the Shannon from Limerick and made it flow through Belfast." "That was great diversion for you all," he answered; "you ought to thank him."

This section was concluded by the author with a sage *pensée* of Paddy on the tenacity of Lord Ventry's vital thread.—"I'm sure," cried the plebeian patrician, who devoutly wished for the solution of continuity, "I'm sure if God hadn't quite forgot his lordship, he would have taken him to himself many a day ago."

This has been otherwise expressed: "If the devil wanted a real rogue, he'd have had Dick Bailey long since." And again—"'Tis high time for Mick Walsh to go home; they're *heaping* up for him these forty years." In my youth I heard a dozen different developments of the idea, nearly all by demoniac agency.

DEATH OF LORD ROSSMORE.

I SHALL proceed to the little narrative thus copiously prefaced.* The circumstances will, I think, be admitted as of an extraordinary nature: they were not connected with the workings of imagination; depended not on the fancy of a single individual: the occurrence was, altogether, both in its character and in its possible application, far beyond the speculations of man. But let me endeavour to soften and prepare my mind for the strange recital by some more pleasing recollections connected with the principal subject of it.

* The preface alluded to is suppressed both for the author's sake and the reader's; but some few passages are retained, both to justify the editor's discretion and to put a stumbling-block in the way of any *dishonest* attempt at a faithful reprint. It consists of vapid reflections on Dr. Johnson's style, Boswell's life, and the belief in ghosts. The following gems are fair specimens:—

1. I feel my own fallibility poignantly when I avow that I condemn parts of his Lexicon. 2. The English language has been advancing in its own jog-trot way from the days of Bayley to those of Johnson. Words were then very intelligible, and women found no difficulty in pronouncing them. 3. The great lexicographer soon convinced the British people that they had been reading, writing, and spouting in a starved, contracted tongue. 4. There are so many able and idle gentlemen with pens stuck behind their ears ready for action, etc. 5. I am certain that when I became a doctor of laws I did not feel my morals in the least improved by the diploma. 6. Faith, grounded on the phenomena of nature, is the true foundation of morality and religion (what a comical theology!). 7. No human demonstration can cope with that presented by the face of nature.

As to the *Ghost Theory*, a few words may be profitably employed. The belief in ghosts is not superstitious, since it is Scriptural, as we know from the Old and the New Testament. It is not unphilosophical, since the existence of neither matter nor spirit is necessary to seeing, for seeing takes place in dreams and in disease; and so does hearing too. Although the possibility of ghosts, real existing ghosts, may be shown from Scripture, this is not the question I am considering now; but the reasonableness of believing in them which depends on seeing them—a matter quite independent of their actual existence. The popular belief is based on the credit given to those who declared they had seen them. A question now arises—

Immediately after the rebellion of 1798, the Countess Dowager of Mayo discovered a man concealed under her bed, and was so terrified that she instantly fled from her country residence in the most beautiful part of County Wicklow: she departed for Dublin, whence she immediately sailed for England, and never after returned. Her Ladyship directed her agent, Mr. Davis, immediately to dispose of her residence, demesne, and everything within the house and on the grounds, for whatever they might bring. All property in the disturbed districts being then of small comparative value, and there having been a battle fought at Mount Kennedy, near her house, a short time previous, I purchased the whole estate, as it stood, at a very moderate price, and on the ensuing day was put into possession of my new mansion. I found a house not large, but very neat and in good order, with a considerable quantity of furniture, some excellent wines, etc., and the lands in full produce. The demesne was not extensive,

can a real ghost be actually seen? Why, if it were not a real ghost it could not be seen. The error of the wiseacres is, they confound a ghost—or what is as good as a ghost for all useful purposes—the capacity of seeing one; the wiseacres, with the view of putting an end to what they call a superstition, confound the popular ghost with spirit, which, they say, cannot be seen with corporal eyes. The Divine Spirit, indeed, cannot, at least without a special manifestation, or under some veil. Of other spirits we cannot speak with any precision. We have no means of arriving at any knowledge of it except by poking at whatever may be readily conjectured to resemble it in some way. For instance, there is light. So subtle is it that it flows unimpeded through that pane of hard glass, cased by two surfaces of great density, and almost as hard as diamond. In a jiffy the penetrating subtlety can be baffled by smearing on a thin film of black paint. With all their velocity you can catch those rays; and with all their intactibility you can bend them, by interposing your magnifying-glass, which will concentrate them all at a point into an invisible flame. Again, you can, with a bit of glass, and in spite of the nimbleness and imponderableness of those rays, separate them into their constituent elements, and project them in definite files within the prismatic spectrum. Could not some one look after a lens or a prism to operate on spirit and reduce it to canonical obedience? Then there is electricity, which casts into the shade light itself, and all the powers of the air. There is a post-angel that flies through a thousand miles of metal in Jack Robinson's time. Here is a thing to which no form, colour, or conception has yet been given. There is nothing unreasonable or impious in supposing spirit has some relationship with those entities. Again, a fluid has been discovered, without the mediation of which the light of the sun would be utterly

but delightfully situated in a district which, I believe, for the union of rural beauties and mild uniformity of climate, few spots can excel.

I have already disclaimed all pretensions, as a writer, to the power of scenic description or imaginary landscape—though no person existing is more gratified than myself with the contemplation of splendid scenery: in saying this, however, I do not mean that savage sublimity of landscape—that majestic assemblage of stupendous mountain and roaring cataract—of colossal rocks and innumerable precipices—where nature appears to designate to the bear and the eagle, to the boar or chamois, those tracts which she originally created for their peculiar accommodation: to the enthusiastic sketcher and the high-wrought tourist I yield an exclusive right to those interesting regions, which are far too sublime for my ordinary pencil. I own that I prefer that luxurious scenery where the art and industry of man

inoperative. If this be not another step towards coming to an understanding with spirits and ghosts, why, it should make us always prepared to receive them with courage and composure.

But I must resist the lures of dissertation, and shortly declare what we may fancy as possible, without being absurd or superstitious. An actual ghost must have an actual form; therefore those born blind cannot see ghosts, so they need not be afraid. But others may, that is by ideal vision, or by the genuine apparition of spirit under the conditions of form. There is no absurdity in supposing that two or three spectra of the same individual, whether dead or alive, may be visible to persons in different places at the very same moment. This point seems to involve the question of ubiquity. I do not think it does; for it does not, by any means amount to saying that the same *thing*, in a corporal sense, can be in two places at the same time. Finally, the possibility of a spiritual apparition is one thing; the belief in the fact is quite another. The former is not inconsistent with our intelligence, nor rendered improbable by any wise saws or expostulation as to its folly and futility: the latter must ever depend on the circumstances connected with the fact, or what is related as such. There are on record a few narratives of those so-called supernatural appearances, which it is not easy to disbelieve.

This little discussion on the *Ghost Theory* may make amends for the suppressed portions. The reader will not be displeased at finding it so slightly connected with the sequel; the phenomenon in which I neither pretend to explain, nor to believe. I have known a thing to be vouched for by fifty people, which I knew not to have taken place, and which, physically or metaphysically, could not have taken place.

go hand in hand with the embellishments of Nature, and where Providence, smiling, combines her *blessings* with her *beauties.*

Were I asked to exemplify my ideas of rural, animated, cheering landscape, I should say—"My friend, travel!—visit that narrow region which we call the *golden belt of Ireland;* explore every league from the metropolis to the Meeting of the Waters: journey which way you please, you will find the native myrtle and indigenous arbutus, glowing throughout the severest winter, and forming the ordinary cottage-fence."

The scenery of Wicklow is doubtless on a very minor scale, quite unable to compete with the grandeur and immensity of continental landscape; even to our own Killarney it is not comparable; but it possesses a genial glowing luxury, whereof more elevated scenery is often destitute. It is, besides, in the world. Its beauties seem *alive.* It blooms—it blossoms—the mellow climate extracts from every shrub a tribute of fragrance wherewith the atmosphere is saturated, and through such a medium does the refreshing rain descend to brighten the hues of the evergreens!

The site of my sylvan residence, Dunran, was nearly in the centre of the golden belt, about fifteen miles from the capital; but owing to the varied nature of the country, it appeared far more distant. Bounded by the beautiful glen of the Downs, at the foot of the magnificent Bellevue, and the more distant Sugar-loaf mountain called the Dargle, together with Tinnehinch, less celebrated for its unrivalled scenery than as the residence of Ireland's first patriot,* the dark deep glen, the black lake, and mystic vale of Lugelaw, contrasted quite magically with the highly-cultivated beauties of Dunran. In fine, I found myself enveloped by the hundred beauties of that enchanting district, which, though of one family, were rendered yet more attractive by the variety of their features; and had I not been tied to laborious duties, I should infallibly have sought refuge there altogether from the cares of the world.

* Henry Grattan. It must be owned that Jonah's landscape pencil was not a very flowing one.

One of the greatest pleasures I enjoyed whilst resident at Dunrau, was the near abode of the late Lord Rossmore, at that time commander-in-chief in Ireland. His Lordship knew my father, and, from my commencement in public life, had been my friend, and a sincere one. He was a Scotsman born, but had come to Ireland when very young, as page to the Lord-Lieutenant. He had married an heiress; had purchased the estate of Mount Kennedy; built a noble mansion; laid out some of the finest gardens in Ireland; and, in fact, improved the demesne as far as taste, skill, and money could accomplish. He was what may be called a remarkably fine old man, quite the gentleman, and when at Mount Kennedy quite the *country* gentleman. He lived in a style few people can attain to. His table, supplied by his own farms, was fit for the Viceroy himself, yet was ever spread for his neighbours. In a word, no man ever kept a more even hand in society than Lord Rossmore, and no man was ever better repaid by universal esteem. Had his connections possessed his understanding, and practised his habits, they would probably have found more friends when they wanted them.

This intimacy at Mount Kennedy gave rise to an occurrence the most extraordinary and inexplicable of my whole existence—an occurrence which for many years occupied my thoughts and wrought on my imagination. Lord Rossmore was advanced in years, but I never heard of his having had a single day's indisposition. He bore, in his green old age, the appearance of robust health. During the viceroyalty of Earl Hardwick, Lady Barrington, at a drawing-room at Dublin Castle, met Lord Rossmore. He had been making up one of his weekly parties for Mount Kennedy, to commence the next day, and had sent down orders for every preparation to be made. The Lord-Lieutenant was to be of the company.

"My little farmer," said he to Lady Barrington, addressing her by a pet name, "when you go home, tell Sir Jonah that no business is to prevent him from bringing you down to dine with me to-morrow. I will have no *ifs* in the matter—so tell him

that come he *must!*" She promised positively, and on her return informed me of her engagement, to which I at once agreed. We retired to our chamber about twelve; and towards two in the morning I was awakened by a sound of a very extraordinary nature. I listened. It occurred first at short intervals; it resembled neither a voice nor an instrument; it was softer than any voice and wilder than any music, and seemed to float in the air. I don't know wherefore, but my heart beat forcibly. The sound became still more plaintive, till it almost died away in the air; when a sudden change, as if excited by a pang, altered its tone. It seemed *descending.* I felt every nerve tremble. It was not a *natural* sound, nor could I make out the point from whence it came.

At length I awakened Lady Barrington, who heard it as well as myself. She suggested that it might be an Eolian harp, but to that instrument it bore no similitude. It was altogether a different *character of sound.* My wife at first appeared less affected than I; but subsequently she was more so.

We now went to a large window in our bed-room, which looked directly upon a small garden underneath. The sound seemed then obviously to *ascend* from a grass-plot immediately below our window. It continued. Lady Barrington requested that I would call up her maid, which I did, and she was evidently more affected than either of us. The sounds lasted for more than half-an-hour. At last a deep, heavy, throbbing sigh seemed to issue from the spot, and was shortly succeeded by a sharp but low cry, and by the distinct exclamation, thrice repeated, of "Rossmore—Rossmore—Rossmore!" I will not attempt to describe my own feelings; indeed I cannot. The maid fled in terror from the window, and it was with difficulty I prevailed on Lady Barrington to return to bed. In about a minute after the sound died gradually away, until all was silent.

Lady Barrington, who is not so superstitious as I, attributed this circumstance to a hundred different causes, and made me promise that I would not mention it next day at Mount Kennedy, since we should be thereby rendered laughing-stocks.

At length, wearied with speculations, we fell into a sound slumber.

About seven the next morning a strong rap at my chamber-door awakened me. The recollection of the past night's adventure rushed instantly upon my mind, and rendered me very unfit to be taken suddenly on any subject. It was light. I went to the door, when my faithful servant, Lawler, exclaimed, on the other side, "O Lord, sir!" "What is the matter?" said I hurriedly. "Oh, sir!" ejaculated he, "Lord Rossmore's footman was running past the door in great haste, and told me in passing that my Lord, after coming from the Castle, had gone to bed in perfect health, but that about half after two this morning, his own man, hearing a noise in his master's bed (he slept in the same room), went to him, and found him in the agonies of death; and before he could alarm the other servants, all was over!"

I conjecture nothing. I only relate the incident as unequivocally matter of fact. Lord Rossmore was absolutely dying at the moment I heard his name pronounced. Let sceptics draw their own conclusions; perhaps natural causes *may* be assigned; but *I* am totally unequal to the task.

Atheism may ridicule me; orthodoxy may despise me; bigotry may lecture me; fanaticism might burn me; yet in my very faith I would seek consolation. It is, in my mind, better to believe too much than too little; and that is the only theological crime of which I can be fairly accused.

MEMORANDA CRITICA.

It is remarkable that the state of the Irish people, in its various gradations of habit and society, has been best illustrated by two female authors—the one of more imaginative, the other of purer narrative, powers; but each in her respective line possessing very considerable merit.

Though a fiction, not free from numerous inaccuracies, inappropriate dialogue, and forced incident, it is impossible to peruse the "Wild Irish Girl" of Lady Morgan without deep interest, or to dispute its claims as a production of true national feeling as well as literary talent.

That tale was the first and is perhaps the best of all her writings. Compared with her "Ida of Athens," it strikingly exhibits the author's falling off from the unsophisticated dictates of nature to the less refined conceptions induced by what she herself styles fashionable society.

To persons unacquainted with Ireland, the "Wild Irish Girl" may appear an ordinary tale of romance and fancy; but to such as understand the ancient history of that people, it may be considered as a delightful legend. The authoress might perhaps have had somewhat in view the last descendant of the Irish princes, who did not altogether forget the station of his forefathers.

O'Sullivan, lineally descended from the princes of Beare, not many years since vegetated on a retired spot of his hereditary dominions; and though overwhelmed by poverty and deprivation, kept up in his mind a visionary dignity. Surveying from his wretched cottage that enchanting territory over which his ancestors had reigned for centuries, I have been told he never ceased to recollect his royal descent.

He was a man of gigantic stature and strength; of uncouth, yet authoritative mien—not shaming his pretensions by his presence. He was frequently visited by those who went to view Glengariff, and I have conversed with many who have seen him; but at a period when familiar intercourse has been introduced between actual princes and their subjects, tending undoubtedly to diminish in the latter the sense of "that divinity which doth hedge a king," the poor descendant of the renowned O'Sullivan had little reason to expect much commiseration from modern sensibility.

The frequent and strange revolutions of the world within the last forty years—the radical alterations in all the material habits of society—announced the commencement of a new era; and the ascendency of commerce over rank, and of avarice over everything, completed the regeneration. But, above all, the loosening of those ties which bound kindred and families in one common interest to uphold their race and name; the extinction of that spirit of chivalry which sustained those ties, and the common prostitution of the heraldic honours of antiquity, have steeled the human mind against the lofty and noble pretensions of birth and rank; and whilst we superficially decry the principles of *equality*, we are travelling towards them by the shortest and most dangerous road that degeneracy and meanness can point out.

I confess myself to be a determined enemy at once to political and social equality*—in the exercise of justice alone should the principle exist; in any other sense it never did and never can for any length of time.

Miss Edgeworth's "Castle Rackrent" and "Fashionable Tales" are incomparable in depicting truly several traits of the rather modern Irish character. They are perhaps on one point

* This seems to be a strongly-expressed sentiment; but the meaning is—nothing. Social equality never existed, and I believe was never looked for but once by those fraternal *citoyens* who saw it only in the operations of the guillotine. Political equality has not yet been very clearly defined; but in a moderate sense it has been advocated by very decided Conservatives. I am persuaded that Barrington's mind is not exactly portrayed in this place.

somewhat overcharged; but, for the most part, may be said to exceed Lady Morgan's Irish novels. The fiction is less perceptible in them. They have a greater air of reality—of what I have myself often and often observed and noted in full progress and actual execution throughout my native country. The landlord, the agent, and the attorney of "Castle Rackrent" are neither fictitious nor even uncommon characters. And the changes of landed property in the county where I was born, owed, in nine cases out of ten, their origin, progress, and catastrophe to incidents in nowise differing from those so accurately painted in Miss Edgeworth's narrative.

Though moderate fortunes have frequently and fairly been realised by agents; yet, to be on the sure side of comfort and security, a country gentleman who wishes to send down his estate in tolerably good order to his family should always be his own receiver, and compromise any claim rather than employ an attorney to arrange it.

I recollect to have seen in Queen's County a Mr. Clerk, who had been a working carpenter, and when making a bench for the session justices at the court-house, was laughed at for taking peculiar pains in planing and smoothing the seat of it. He smilingly observed that he did so to make it easy for himself, as he was resolved he would never die till he had a right to sit thereupon. And he kept his word. He was an industrious man, and became an agent. Honest, respectable, and kind-hearted, he succeeded in all his efforts to accumulate an independence. He did accumulate it, and uprightly. His character kept pace with the increase of his property, and he lived to sit as a magistrate on that very bench that he sawed and planed.

I will not quit the subject without saying a word about another of Lady Morgan's works—"Florence Macarthy," which, "errors excepted," possesses an immensity of talent in the delineation of the genuine Irish character. The different judges no one can mistake; but the Crawleys are superlative, and suffice to bring before my vision, in their full colouring, and almost without a variation, persons and incidents whom and

which I have many a time encountered. Nothing is exaggerated as to them; and Crawley himself is the perfect and plain model of the combined agent, attorney, and magistrate. No people under heaven could be so easily tranquillised and governed as the Irish; but that desirable end is alone attainable by the personal endeavours of a liberal, humane, and resident aristocracy.

A third writer on Ireland I allude to with more pride on some points, and with less pleasure on others; because, though dubbed, *par excellence*, "The bard of Ireland," I have not yet seen many literary productions of his, especially on national subjects, that have afforded me an unalloyed feeling of gratification.

He must not be displeased with the observations of perhaps a truer friend than those who have led him to forget himself. His "Captain Rock," coming at the time it did and under the sanction of his name, is the most exceptionable publication,* in all its bearings as to Ireland, that I have yet seen. Doctor Beattie says, in his *Apology for Religion*, "if it does no good, it can do no harm:" but, on the contrary, if "Captain Rock" does no harm, it certainly does no good.

Had it been addressed to, or calculated for, the better orders, the book would have been less noxious: but it is *not* calculated to instruct those whose influence, example, or residence could either amend or reform the abuses which the author certainly exaggerates. It is *not* calculated to remedy the great and true cause of Irish ruin—the absenteeism of the great landed proprietors: so much the reverse, it is directly adapted to increase and confirm the real grievance, by scaring every landlord who retains a sense of personal danger from returning to a country where "Captain Rock" is *proclaimed* by the "Bard of Ireland" to be an *immortal Sovereign*.†

* It is a fine mixture of gaiety and good sense, an excellent model of pure English, and of easy, yet nervous, style. Sir Jonah was an indifferent critic in prose and verse. Of the latter more ridiculous specimens could not easily be given than those which incommoded the previous editions of his *Personal Sketches*, and which, consequently have been unhesitatingly excluded from this.

† I much doubt whether *Captain Rock* was understood by our author, or read by him at all, except, perhaps, partially. The letters of *Rock* first appeared in a

Perhaps I write warmly myself; I write not, however, for distracted cottagers, but for proprietors and legislators; and I have endeavoured honestly to express my unalterable conviction that it is by encouraging, conciliating, re-attaching, and recalling the higher, and not by confusing and inflaming the lower orders of society, that Ireland can be renovated.

Most undoubtedly Mr. Thomas Moore and Lady Morgan are among the most distinguished modern writers of our country: indeed, I know of none, except Miss Edgeworth, who has a right to compete with either, in his or her respective department.

But I can never repeat too often that I am *not a critic*, although I choose to speak my mind strongly and freely. I hope neither my friend Moore nor her Ladyship will be displeased at my stating thus candidly my opinion of their *public* characters: they would perhaps scout me as an adulator were I to tell them what I thought of their *private* ones.

In concluding my rambling estimate* of the merits of these two justly celebrated authors, let me bear in mind that they are of different sexes, and recollect the peculiar attributes of either.

Both of them are alike unsparing in their use of the bold language of liberty; but Lady Morgan has improved her ideas of freedom by *contrasts* on the European continent; whilst Thomas Moore has *not* improved his by the *exemplification* of freedom in America. Lady Morgan has succeeded in adulterating her refinement; Thomas Moore has unsuccessfully endeavoured to refine his grossness: she has abundant *talent;* he

twopenny serial, published in London in 1826, as well as I can remember. It had a wide circulation in Munster, and its influence was emollient instead of irritating. The "Rockites" or "Whiteboys" were set agoing by that inextinguishable firebrand who robbed the Galway mail in 1812— Roger O'Connor, who baptized his tools from the initials of his name R. O. C. The serious reference to the *Immortal Sovereign* is stupidly founded on a bit of Moore's harmless jocularity. It is hard to account for Jonah's splenetic disposition towards the author of the *Melodies*. Fergus, the ill-starred chartist, was son of Roger.

* I rely on the reader's good sense and taste for my meed of approbation in having curbed Sir Jonah's useless rambles, with a view of enhancing his interesting ones.

has abundant *genius;* and whatsoever distinction those terms admit of indicates, in my mind, their *relative* merit.*

* This contrast of the merits of Lady Morgan and Moore is a perfect freak of nature. Between them there was nothing in common, except that they were both authors. We may as well compare the bow of a fiddle and the beau of a drawing-room.

To retrace the paragraph, Moore made no attempt to refine his grossness; he relinquished it altogether. I am utterly ignorant of what is meant by the adulteration of Lady Morgan's refinement, or what her refinement consisted of or in. A thick fog envelopes "the improvement of the ideas of freedom;" but we can make a guess at it. Much in the same way we come to understand the exemplification of freedom in America, and how little Moore was improved by it. If Sir Jonah alludes to the "Epistle to Lord Viscount Forbes from Washington," he is quite intelligible, and should have accompanied the allusion with a tone of satisfaction.

That Moore's earliest political impressions bore strong traces of a republican or democratic stamp is undeniable, but how far those impressions were modified by his visit to America is not fully discernible in that excellent poem. He complains only of the practical errors observed by him in the government of America; of such errors, too, as are the general attendants and most conspicuous plagues of monarchy; and, consequently, instead of concluding that his ideas of freedom were not improved, we should rather think that his opinions underwent some wise modifications. Perhaps it was in America he found out for the first time that democracy and aristocracy, as pure abstract principles, are both essentially wrong. Or perhaps his notions may have only ripened in America; ripened into the conviction—let the people govern themselves, and there will soon be an end of liberty; let the aristocracy govern others, and there will be a speedy end of justice.

I shall here present the passage on which those observations rest; and the reader will gladly accept them in lieu of the jingling trash I have withdrawn. I may add that the *Epistle to Forbes* belongs to a more dignified and difficult class of composition than almost any other in Moore. There are but two or three examples of the kind in his works; but they afford sufficient evidence that he possessed a genius equal to much loftier themes than he was wont to apply himself to.

FROM MOORE'S EPISTLE TO LORD FORBES.

Already in this free, this virtuous state,
Which Frenchmen tell us was ordained by fate
To show the world what high perfection springs
From rabble senators and merchant kings—
Even here already patriots learn to steal
Their private perquisites from public weal,
And, guardians of the country's sacred fire,
Like Afric's priests, they let the flame for hire!
Those vaunted demagogues, who nobly rose

I knew them both before they had acquired any celebrity and after they had attained to much. I esteemed them then, and have no reason to disesteem them now: it is on their own account that I wish some of the compositions of both had never appeared; and I really believe, upon due consideration, they will themselves be of my way of thinking.

I recollect Moore being one night at my house in Merrion Square, during the spring of his celebrity, touching the pianoforte, in his own unique way, to "Rosa," his favourite amatory sonnet: his head leant back; now throwing up his ecstatic eyes to heaven, as if to invoke refinement; then casting them softly sideways, and breathing out his chromatics to elevate, as the ladies said, their souls above the world, but at the same moment convincing them that they were completely mortal.

A Mrs. Kelly, a lady then *d'âge mûr*, moving in the best society of Ireland, sat on a chair behind Moore. I watched her profile. Her lips quavered in unison with the piano, a sort of amiable convulsion now and then raising the upper from the under lip, composed a smile less pleasing than expressive; her eye softened, glazed; and, half melting, she whispered to herself the following words, which I, standing at the back of her chair,

> From England's debtors to be England's foes;
> Who could their monarch in their purse forget,
> And break allegiance but to cancel debt,
> Have proved at length the mineral's tempting hue,
> Which makes a patriot, can unmake him too.
> O Freedom, Freedom! how I hate thy cant:
> Not Eastern bombast, not the savage rant
> Of purpled madmen, were they numbered all
> From Roman Nero down to Russian Paul,
> Could grate upon my ear so mean, so base,
> As the dark jargon of that factious race,
> Who, poor of heart and prodigal of words,
> Born to be slaves and struggling to be lords,
> But pant for license, while they spurn control
> And shout for rights, with rapine in their soul!

Lest those sentiments should be misinterpreted, I refer the reader to a very explicit commentary on them in Moore's equally vigorous poem *Corruption*.

could not avoid hearing:—"Dear, dear!" lisped Mrs. Kelly, "Moore, this is not *for the good of my soul!*"*

I greatly admire the national, indeed patriotic, idea of collecting and publishing the Irish Melodies; and it were to be wished that some of them had less the appearance of having been written *per annum.*†

Sir John Stevenson, that celebrated warbler, has melodised a good many of these; but he certainly has also *melo-dramatised* a considerable portion of them. I think our rants and plaxxties would have answered just as well without either symphonies or chromatics, and that the plaintive national music of Ireland does not reach the heart a moment the sooner for passing through a mob of scientific variations. Tawdry and modern upholstery would not be very appropriate to the ancient tower of an Irish chieftain; and some of Sir John's proceedings, in melodising simplicity, remind me of the Rev. Mark Hare, who whitewashed the great rock of Cashel, to give it a *genteel* appearance against the visitation.

As I do not attempt (I suppose I ought to say *presume*) to be a literary, so am I far less a musical critic, but I know what pleases myself, and in *that* species of criticism‡ I cannot be expected to yield to anybody.

As to my own authorship, I had business more important than writing books in my early life; but now, in my old days, it is my greatest amusement, and nothing would give me more satisfaction than hearing the free remarks of the critics on my productions.

* This rich sally was buried alive in a codicil of seven lines, which were retained in the second edition, *revised and improved*, according to the title-page!

† This is a jocular allusion to the arrangement between Power, the publisher of the *Melodies*, and their author. In Barrington's estimation, Moore's annuity, arising from the published parts, had an injurious influence on his poetical efforts. I have no doubt it had quite a different tendency. In the second edition the text is here altered, but the original note absurdly retained.

‡ What pleases one's-self, pleases, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, one utterly unqualified to give an opinion, except for the benefit of individuals as happily situated as himself. Few pretend to be connoisseurs in painting, but every one decides boldly on poetry and music. Ears, however, are generally better screwed on than the heads that wear them.

MEMORANDA POETICA.

THERE cannot be a juster aphorism than "Poeta nascitur, non fit;" the paucity of those literary productions which deserve the epithet of poetry, compared with the thousand volumes of what rhyming authors call poems, forms a conclusive illustration.

A true *poet* lives for ever, a *poetaster* just till another relieves him in the circulating libraries, or on the toilets of young ladies —used to keep them awake at night, and send them to sleep in the morning.

There may possibly be three degrees of excellence in true poetry, but certainly no more. A fourth-rate *poet* must be, in my idea, a mere forger of rhymes, a manufacturer of versification. But, if he minds his prosody, and writes in a style either vastly interesting, immensely tender, or delightfully luxurious, he will probably find readers amongst the fair sex from fifteen to forty-five.

Major Roche, an Irishman, who in 1815 printed and published at Paris a full and true hexameter account* of the great battle of Waterloo, with his own portrait emblazoned in the front and the Duke of Wellington's in the rear, must certainly be held to exceed in ingenuity all the poets and poetasters, great and small, of the present generation.

The alphabetical printed list of subscribers to his work set forth the name of every emperor, king, prince, nobleman, general, minister, and diplomatist—Russian, Prussian, Austrian, German, Dutch, English, Irish, Don Cossack, etc. etc. Such an imperial,

* Sir Jonah, had he lived, would have been surprised to see that hexameterised prose has become quite popular. This is taking hexameter in the classic sense; but further on it will be seen that the term is used to designate our iambic pentameter, or what is commonly known as the English heroic verse.

royal, and everyway magnificent list, was never before, nor ever will be again, appended to any poem, civil, political, military, religious, or scientific; and as the major thought very truly that a book so patronised and garnished must be worth at least fifty times as much as any other poem of the same dimensions, he stated that "a few copies *might still* be procured at *two guineas* each." He succeeded admirably, and I believe got more money at Paris than any one of the army did at Waterloo.

His introduction of the Duke of Wellington was well worth the money. He described his Grace as Mars on horseback! riding helter-skelter, and charging fiercely over everything in his headlong course;—friends and foes, men, women, and children, having no chance of remaining perpendicular if they crossed his way;—his horse's hoofs striking flames of fire even out of the regimental buttons of the dead bodies which he galloped over! whilst swords, muskets, spears, and cuirasses, pounded down by trampling steed, formed as it were a turnpike-road whereupon he seemed to fly in his endeavours to catch Buonaparte.

I really think Major Roche's idea of making Lord Wellington Mars was a much better one than that of making him Achilles, as they have done at Hyde Park Corner. Paris found out the weak point of Achilles and finished him, but Mars is immortal; and though Diomed knocked him down, neither his carcass nor character is a jot the worse.

The state of the feelings and propensities of men is regulated by the amount of their years; ladies, in general, stick to their text longest. In early youth poetry flows from natural sensations; and at this period verses in general have much modesty, much feeling, and a visible struggle to keep in with refinement*

In the next degree of age, which runs quite close upon the former, the scene nevertheless sadly alters. We then see plain

* The transition, in this paragraph, does not owe its abruptness to the omission of a few which preceded it in previous editions, and which were equally drowsy and injudicious. In such "Sketches" as these, transitions of the kind are to be expected.

amatory sonnets turning poor *refinement* out of company, and showing that it was not so very pure as we had reason to suppose. Next comes that stage wherein sensualists, wits, ballad-singers, gourmands, and most kinds of poetasters, male and female, give their varieties. This is rather a lasting stage, and gently glides into and combines with the final one, filled by satirists, psalmists, epigrammatists, and other specimens of antiquity and ill-nature. But I fancy this latter must be a very unproductive line of versification for the writer, as few ladies ever read such things till after they begin to wear spectacles. Few persons like to see themselves caricatured; and the moment a lady is convinced that she ceases to be an object of love, she fancies that, as matter of course, she at once becomes an object of ridicule; so that she takes care to run no chance of reading to her own mortification, till she feels that it is time to commence devotee.

Oh! that delicious dream of life, when age is too far distant to be seen, and childhood fast receding from our vision—when Nature pauses briefly between refinement and sensuality—first imparting to our wondering senses what we are and what we shall be, before she consigns us to the dangerous guardianship of chance and of our passions!

That is the crisis when lasting traits of character begin to bud and expatiate, and every effort should *then* be made to crop and prune, and train the young shoots, whilst yet they retain their ductile qualities.

During that period the youth is far too chary to avow a passion which he does not fully comprehend, satisfied with making known his feelings by delicate allusions, and thus contriving to disclose the principle without mentioning its existence. All sorts of pretty sentimentalities are employed to this end; shepherds and shepherdesses are pressed into the service, as are likewise tropes of Arcadian happiness and simplicity, with abundance of metaphorical roses with thorns to them—perfumes and flowers.

A particular friend of mine, who, when a young man, had a

great propensity to fall in love and make verses, often told me his whole progress in both. He entertained me one morning by showing me certain of his own effusions which tickled my curiosity.

Before he left school he wrote the following lines on a Miss Lyddy St. John, who was herself a poetess of fourteen :—

I.

What sylph that flits athwart the air,
Or hovers round its favourite fair,
Can paint such charms to fancy's eye,
Or feebly trace
The unconscious grace
Of her for whom I sigh ?

II.

As silver flakes of falling snow,
Tell the pure sphere from whence they flow,
So the chaste beauties of her eye
Faintly impart
The chaster heart
Of her for whom I sigh.*

Lyddy, however, objected to the last line of each stanza, as she did not understand what he meant by sighing for her; and he not being able to solve the question, she seemed to entertain rather a contempt for his intellects, and palpably gave the preference to one of his schoolfellows—a bolder boy.

In the next stage towards maturity the poet and lover began to know better what he was about; and determined to pay a visit to the fair one, and try if any lucky circumstance might give him a delicate opportunity of disclosing his sentiments and sufferings.

He unfortunately found that the innocent cause of his torment had gone on a tour, and that his interview must be adjourned *sine die;* however, he explored the garden, sat down in all the arbours, walked pensively over the flower-plats; peeped into her chamber-window, which was on the ground-floor, and embroidered with honeysuckles and jessamine; his very soul swelled with thoughts of love and rural retirement;

* Retained for the instruction and encouragement of the "young idea."

and thus his heart, as it were, burst open, and let out a gush of poetry, which he immediately committed to writing in the garb of a lamentation for the fair one's absence, and forced under the window-frame of her bed-chamber; after which he disconsolately departed, though somewhat relieved by this effort of his Muse. The words ran thus:—

LAMENTATION OF CRONEROE FOR THE ABSENCE OF ITS SYLVAN NYMPH.

I.

Ah! where has she wander'd? ah, where has she stray'd?
What clime now possesses our lost sylvan maid?—
No myrtle now blossoms; no tulip will blow;
And the lively arbutus now fades at Croneroe.

II.

No glowing carnation now waves round her seat;
Nor crocus, nor cowslip, weaves turf for her feet;
And the woodbine's soft tendrils, once train'd by her hand,
Now wild round her arbour distractedly stand.

III.

Her golden-clothed fishes now deaden their hue;
The birds cease to warble—the wood-dove to coo;
The cypress spreads wide, and the willow droops low,
And the noon's brightest ray can't enliven Croneroe.

IV.

In the low-winding glen, all embosom'd in green,
Where the thrush courts her muse, and the blackbird is seen,
The rill as it flows, limpid, silent, and slow,
Trickles down the grey rock as the tears of Croneroe.

V.

Then return, sylvan maid, and the flowers will all spring,
And the wood-dove will coo, and the linnet will sing;
The gold-fish will sparkle, the silver streams flow,
And the noon-ray shine bright thro' the glen of Croneroe.*

Nothing very interesting occurred for above two months to

* What could Croly and Wordsworth say to this? Is it not a description of nature—unaffected and unrestrained, and as true as the needle to the pole? But the disciples of the subjective school would finish the faithful picture by investing every leaf, tendril, and tint with an encyclopædia of sentiment and philosophy as appropriate as the *Meditations* to the *Broomstick*.

our amorous lyrist, when he began to tire of waiting for the nymph of Croneroe, and grew fond of one of his own cousins, without being able to give any very particular reason for it, further than that he was becoming more and more enlightened in the ways of the world. But this family flame soon burnt itself out; and he next fell into a sort of furious passion for a fine, strong, ruddy, country girl, the parson's daughter; she was a capital housekeeper, and the parson himself a jolly hunting fellow. At his house there was a good table, and a hearty style of joking; which advantages, together with a walk in the shrubbery, a syllabub under the cow, and a romp in the hay-making field, soon sent poor refinement about its business. The poet became absolutely mortal, and began to write common hexameters.* However, before he was confirmed in his mortality, he happened one day to mention a *sylph* to his new sweetheart; she merely replied that she *never saw one*, and asked her mamma privately what it was, who desired her never to mention *such a word* again.

But by the time he set out for Oxford he had got tolerably well quit of all his ethereal visions, celestials, and snowdrops; and to convince his love what an admiration he had for sensible, *substantial* beauty, like hers, he wrote the following lines on a blank leaf of her prayer-book, which she had left in his way, as if suspecting his intention :—

I.

Refinement 's a very nice thing in its way,
And so is platonic regard;
Melting sympathy too—as the highfliers say—
Is the only true theme for a bard.
Then give them love's phantoms and flights for their pains;
But grant me, ye gods! flesh and blood and blue veins,
And dear Dolly—dear Dolly Haynes.

II.

I like that full fire and expression of eyes,
Where love's true material presides;

* Pentameters of a short and a long syllable in each foot.

With a glance now and then to the jellies and pies,
To ensure us good living besides.
Ye refiners, take angels and sylphs for your pains;
But grant me, ye gods! flesh and blood and blue veins,
And dear Dolly—dear Dolly Haynes.

I should not omit mentioning here an incident which at the time extremely amused me. A friend of mine, a barrister, whose extravagant ideas of refinement have frequently proved a source of great entertainment to me, was also a most enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Thomas Moore's writings, prose and verse. I had read over to him the foregoing rather "of the earth, earthy" composition, to which he listened with a shrug of the shoulders and a contraction of the upper lip; and I was desirous of drawing out his opinion thereon by adverting to his own favourite bard.

"Here," said I, "we have a fine illustration of the natural progress from refinement to sensuality—the amalgamation of which principles is so beautifully depicted by Mr. Thomas Moore in his 'Loves of the Angels.'"

"Your observation is just," replied my friend; "I cannot conceive why those elegant amours have been so much carped at—since their only object is to prove that flesh and blood is in very high estimation even with the spirituals."

"What a triumph to mortality!" replied I.*

The poet and lover was soon fixed at the university, where he shortly made fast acquaintance with a couple of hot young Irishmen, who lost no time in easing him of the dregs of his sentimentality, and convinced him clearly that no rational man should ever be in love except when he is drunk, in which case it signifies little whom he falls in love with. Thus our youth soon forgot the parsonage, and grew enamoured of the bottle; but having some lees of poetry still remaining within him, the classics and the wine soon set them a fermenting; and he now wrote drinking-songs, hunting-songs, boating-songs, satires on

* The balance of this dialogue was duller still; quite a sufficient reason for its suppression, without any reference to the bad taste of it. What immediately succeeds is barely tolerable.

the shopkeepers' daughters, and lampoons on the fellows of Jesus and Brazennose Colleges; answered letters in verse, and, in a word, turned out what the lads called a *genius*.

The reverend private tutor of these young Irishmen wrote one day a letter to our poet in verse, inviting him to "meet at dinner a few fellow-countrymen just arrived." The tutor was a hard-going old parson, fond of wine and versification, who had been sent over from Ireland by the father of the two young men above alluded to, with direction to "take care that the lads did not fall into English morals, which would disqualify them ever after from living in their own *proper* country and *natural society*." These instructions the tutor faithfully acted up to; and the young poet very much amused the whole party by his humour and turn for rhyming; and was compelled to swear that he would pay them a *visit*, for a couple of years, at Belturbet in Ireland, where they would show him what living was. Their father was himself dotingly fond of poetry and the bagpipes, and was induced to send them to Oxford only to please their mother's brother, who was, most unfortunately, an Englishman.

My friend's reply to the parson's invitation was also in verse, and ran as follows:—it was not amiss for a young tipster, and smacked, in some degree, both of Oxford and "Belturbet."

When parsons and poets their functions unite,
And court the old Muses to sing "an invite,"
The profane and the sacred connected we find,
And are sure of a banquet to every man's mind.
Though on Pegasus mounted, to Bacchus we fly,
Yet we'll quaff just like Christians;—our priest tells us why:
"'Tis moist hospitality banishes sin,
'Tis the wine-open'd heart lets benevolence in."
There—no longer—canting grace cools our spicy ragout,
Whilst the impatient champagne bristles up all *mousseu*;
Our eyes darting toward heaven, we cry—"Come, goblets give!
This old pagan cream teaches Christians to live!"
Thus the pastor and flock will soon empty the bowl,
And its spirit divide 'twixt the head and the soul.
Though the Jove of our banquet no eagle can boast,
We'll have plenty of "kites" flying all round our host:

Midst loud peals of humour, undaunted we'll sit,
And for flashes of lightning have flashes of wit:
Should his Reverence perceive that our spirits are laid,
Then hot-pepper'd devils he'll call to his aid,
And, all Christians surpassing, old Tantalus see!
The more liquor he quaffs, still the drier he'll be!
But two modes of death sinful mortals should know,
Break their necks from Parnassus, or drown in Bordeaux;
And to which of those deaths I am doom'd from on high,
I'm sure of a parson, who'll teach me to die.
Then who can refuse to accept of a dinner,
Where the host is from Erin—a priest—saint—and sinner?*

In fact, this same friend of mine, of whose poetry, or rather versification, I have thus given samples to the reader, is a very peculiar personage: bred to a profession which he never followed, with ample means and no occupation, he has arrived at a ripe age without much increasing his stock of wisdom, or at all diminishing that of his peculiarity. He told me he found his standard relief against *ennui* was invoking the Muses, which, by ransacking his ideas and puzzling his genius, operated as a stimulus to his brain, and prevented that stagnation of the fluids which our ablest nosologists say is so often the inducement to suicide. My friend argues that the inexhaustible variety of passions, propensities, sentiments, and so forth, inherent to the human frame, and which poets, like noblemen's fools in days of yore, have a license for daubing with any colours they think proper, affords to the language of poetry a vast superiority over that of prose; which latter being in its nature but a hum-drum concern, is generally expected to be reasonably correct, tolerably intelligible, and moderately decent; astringent qualifications which our modern poets appear to have conspired to disregard.

My friend, however, observed that he himself was not enabled to take other than a limited advantage of this license—inasmuch as he had been frequently jilted by the Muses, who never would do more than flirt with him; and hence, for want of a sufficient modicum of inspiration, he was necessitated to put

* A formidable effusion.

up with the ordinary subjects of verse—such as epigrams, satires, odes on natal days, epitaphs on lap-dogs and little children, translations of Greek songs that he never saw, and of Italian poetry that had never existed, etc. It was true, he went on to inform me, he had occasionally flown at higher game in the regions of poesy; but, somehow or other, no bookseller would publish his effusions: one said they were too flat; another that they were too elevated; a third characterised them as too wild for the critics; and a fourth pronounced them too tame for the ladies. At length, however, the true state of the matter was candidly developed by a very intelligent Presbyterian bookseller in the city, who told my friend that he was quite too late as to poetry, with which the shops were crammed and the public nauseated.

My friend was proceeding to detail further the admonitory conversation of this honest bibliopole, when I interrupted him by asking, naturally enough, how he could continue to derive any pleasure from a pursuit in which he admitted himself to have been so very unsuccessful? to which he adroitly replied, "On the very same principle that a bad shot may have just as much amusement as a capital sportsman; perhaps more,—one good hit being as gratifying to him as twenty to an undeviating slaughterer." I coincided in my friend's remark, adding, that the same sort of observation would apply to random jokers as well as rhymesters; and that I have more than once absolutely envied the inordinate happiness of a universal punster when he chanced to say anything that had a symptom of wit in it.

My friend then, gravely opening his portfolio, selected two of his productions, which he gave me permission to publish, particularly as one of them had been most abruptly rejected by an eminent newspaper, and the other by a magazine of considerable reputation.

The intended Magazine article ran as follows:—

THE HIGHLANDER.

A *sans culotte* from Caledonia's wilds,
Rasp'd into form by Nature's roughest files,

Hearing of savoury meats—of monies made—
Of unsmoked women—and of gaining trade;
Resolved, from sooty cot, to seek a town,
And to the lowlands boldly stump it down.
But then, alas! his garb would never do:—
The greasy kilt, bare loins, and tatter'd shoe:
Yet urged to better food and better fame,
He borrow'd breeches and assumed a name;
Then truck'd his kilt, garter'd his motley hose,
New nail'd his heels, and caped the peeping toes.
His freckled fist a swineherd's bludgeon wields,—
His tried companion through the sties and fields,
(Full many a jeering clown had felt its sway)
Now to a cane promoted, helps its master's way.
Full fifty bawbees Sandy had in store,
And piteous tales had raised him fifty more:
His knife, his pipe, and eke his baubee bank,
In Basil pouch hung dangling from his flank:
No empty wallet on his shoulder floats:
Hard eggs, soft cheese, tobacco, salt, and oats,
Cramm'd in one end, wagg'd o'er his brawny chest,
And what was once a blanket poised the rest;
Thus wealthy, victuall'd, proud, content, and gay,
Down Grampian's sterile steeps young Sandy wound his way.
Hail food! hail raiment! hail that happy lot
Which lured such genius from the smoky cot,
To mingle in the ranks of breeches'd men,
And coin a name and family again!*

Where famed St. Andrew's turrets tower on high;
Where learned doctors lecture, doze, and die;
Where Knowledge sleeps, and Science seeks repose,
And mouldering halls more mouldering heads disclose,—
Where Roman Virgil pipes in Celtic verse,
And Grecian Homer sings to gods in Erse;—
'Twas there that Sandy form'd his worldly creed,
Brush'd gowns, swept book-shelves, learn'd to shave and read:
From craft to craft his willing genius rose;
When cash was scarce he wisely wrought for clothes,
And thread-bare trophies, once the kirkmen's pride,
Mickle by mickle swell'd his wallet's side.

* So far, those verses, though not very polished, are animated and picturesque.

Well turn'd, well wash'd, the rags denied their age,
Whilst Sandy's granite visage aped the sage.
Here, great Lavater! here thy science stands
Confess'd, and proved by more than mortal hands.
Though o'er his features Nature's art we see,
Her deepest secrets are disclosed through thee.
The green-tinged eye, curl'd lip, and lowering brows,
Which malice harrows, and which treachery ploughs,
In deep-sunk furrows on his front we find,
Tilling the crops that thrive in Sandy's mind.
No soft sensations can that face impart;
No gratitude springs glowing from the heart;
As deadly night-shade creeping on the ground,
He tries to poison what he cannot wound.
Yet Sandy has a most consistent mind,
Too low to rise, too coarse to be refined,
Too rough to polish, and too loose to bind:
* * * * * *

The other trifle is a mere *jeu d'esprit*, and cannot be disagreeable to anybody, unless it may be taken amiss by some West Indian proprietor, whose probable touchiness at the introduction of the word slavery I do not feel called on to compassionate.

EPIGRAM.

Sir Sidney Smith and Miss Rumbold.

Says Sidney—"I'll put all white slavery down;
All Europe I'll summon to arms;"
But fair Rumbold replied—"I'll reverse the renown;
For all men shall be slaves to my charms."

If thus, lovely champion, that tongue and those eyes
Can set all mankind by the ears;
Go—fire off your glances, explode a few sighs,
And make captive the Dey of Algiers!
Thus you'll rival Sir Sidney in glory and gains;
He may conquer the tyrant—you'll lead him in chains.*

* The extract from the poem of *Boadicea*, which appeared in the previous editions, does not, as the newspapers say, suit our columns. *Requiescat in pace. Amen.*

THEATRICAL RECOLLECTIONS.

FROM my youth I was attached to theatrical representations, and have still a clear recollection of many of the eminent performers of my early days. My grandmother, with whom I resided for many years, had silver tickets of admission to Crow Street Theatre, whither I was very frequently sent.

The playhouses in Dublin were then lighted with tallow candles, stuck into tin circles hanging from the middle of the stage, which were every now and then snuffed by some performer; and two soldiers, with fixed bayonets, always stood like statues on each side the stage, close to the boxes, to keep the audience in order. The galleries were very noisy and very droll. The ladies and gentlemen in the boxes always went dressed out nearly as for court; the strictest etiquette and decorum were preserved in that circle; whilst the pit, as being full of critics and wise men, was particularly respected, except when the young gentlemen of the University occasionally forced themselves in to revenge some insult, real or imagined, to a member of their body; on which occasions all the ladies, well-dressed men, and peaceable people generally, decamped forthwith; and the young gentlemen as generally proceeded to beat or turn out the residue of the audience, and to break everything that came within their reach. These exploits were by no means uncommon; and the number and rank of the young culprits were so great, that the college would have been nearly depopulated, and many of the great families in Ireland enraged beyond measure, had the students been expelled or even rusticated.

I had the honour of being frequently present, and giving a helping hand to our encounters both in the playhouses and streets. We were in the habit of going about the latter on dark

nights, in coaches, flinging out halfpence, and breaking the windows of all the houses we rapidly drove by, to the astonishment and terror of the proprietors. At other times we used to convey gunpowder squibs into all the lamps in several streets at once, and by longer or shorter fusees contrive to have them all burst about the same time, breaking every lamp to shivers and leaving whole streets in utter darkness. Occasionally we threw large crackers into the china and glass-shops, and delighted to see the terrified shopkeepers trampling on their own porcelain and cut-glass, for fear of an explosion. By way of a treat we used sometimes to pay the watchmen to lend us their cloaks and rattles, by virtue whereof we broke into the low prohibited gambling-houses, knocked out the lights, drove the gamblers down stairs, and then gave all their stakes to the watchmen. The whole body of watchmen belonging to one parish (that of the Round Church) were our sworn friends, and would take our part against any other watchmen in Dublin. We made a permanent subscription, and paid each of these regularly seven shillings a-week for his patronage. I mention these trifles out of a thousand odd pranks as a part of my plan, to show, from a comparison of the past with the present state of society in the Irish metropolis, the extraordinary improvement which has taken place, in point of decorum, within the last half-century. The young gentlemen of the University then were in a state of great insubordination, not as to their learning, but their wild habits. Indeed, the singular feats of some of them would be scarcely credible now; and they were so linked together, that an offence to one was an offence to all. There were several noblemen's sons with their gold-laced, and elder sons of baronets with their silver-laced gowns, who used to accompany us, with their gowns turned inside out; yet our freaks arose merely from the fire and natural vivacity of uncontrolled youth; no calm deliberate vices, no low meannesses, were ever committed; that class of young men now termed dandies, we then called macaronies, and we made it a standing rule to thrash them whenever we got a fair opportunity. Such also as had been long tied to their "mother's

apron-strings" we made no small sport with when we got them clear inside the college. We called them milk-sops, and if they declined drinking as much wine as ordered, we always dosed them, as in duty bound, with tumblers of salt and water, till they came to their feeding, as we called it. Thus generally commenced a young man of fashion's novitiate about fifty years ago. However, our wildness, instead of increasing as we advanced in our college courses, certainly diminished, and often left behind it the elements of much talent and virtue. Indeed, I believe there were, to the full, as good scholars, and certainly to the full as high gentlemen, educated in the Dublin University then, as in this wiser and more cold-blooded era.

I remember, even before that period, seeing old Mr. Sheridan perform the part of *Cato* at one of the Dublin theatres. I do not recollect which; but I well recollect his dress, which consisted of bright armour under a fine laced scarlet cloak, and surmounted by a huge, white, bushy, well-powdered wig, over which was stuck his helmet. I wondered much how he could kill himself without stripping off the armour before he performed that operation! I also recollect him particularly playing *Alexander the Great*, and throwing the javelin at *Clytus*, whom happening to miss, he hit the cup-bearer, then played by one of the hack performers, a Mr. Jemmy Fotterel. Jemmy very naturally supposed that he was hit designedly, and that it was some new light of the great Mr. Sheridan to slay the cup-bearer in preference to his friend *Clytus*, and that therefore he ought to tumble down and make a painful end, according to dramatic custom. Immediately, therefore, on being struck, he reeled, and fell very naturally, considering it was his first death; but being determined on this unexpected opportunity to make an impression upon the audience, he began to roll about, kick, and flap the stage with his hands; falling next into strong convulsions, exhibiting every symptom of torture, and at length expiring with a groan so loud and so long that it paralysed even the people in the galleries, whilst the ladies, believing he was really killed, cried aloud.

Though then very young, I was myself so terrified in the pit that I never shall forget it. However, Jemmy Fotterel was, in the end, more applauded than any Clytus had ever been, and even the murderer himself could not help laughing heartily at the incident.

The actresses both of tragedy and genteel comedy formerly wore large hoops, and whenever they made a speech walked across the stage and changed sides with the performer who was to speak next, thus veering backwards and forwards, like a shuttlecock, during the entire performance. This custom partially prevailed in the continental theatres till very lately.

I recollect Mr. Barry, who was really a remarkably handsome man, and his lady (formerly Mrs. Dancer); also Mr. Digges, who used to play the *Ghost* in "Hamlet." One night in doubling that part with Polonius, Digges forgot, on appearing as the *Ghost*, previously to rub off the bright red paint with which his face had been daubed for the other character. A spirit with a large red nose and vermilioned cheeks was extremely novel and much applauded. There was also a famous actor who used to play the *Cock** that crew to call off the *Ghost* when Hamlet had done with him. This performer did his part so well that everybody used to say he was the best *Cock* that ever had been heard at Smock-alley, and six or eight other gentry of the dunghill species were generally brought behind the scenes, who, on hearing him, mistook him for a brother cock, and set up their pipes all together. And thus, by the infinity of crowing at the same moment, the hour was the better marked, and the *Ghost* glided back to the other world in the midst of a perfect chorus of cocks, to the no small admiration of the audience.

Of the distinguishing merits of the old actors, or indeed of many of the more modern ones, I profess myself but a very

* In Dublin there is great value set on this character. Such is the national hilarity, a really good *Cock* is heard with as much enthusiasm as would Garrick. A bad *Cock* meets no mercy. From one side of the gallery a critic cried out—"That's a d——d bad Cock!" "No he isn't," was answered from the opposite, "she's a hen!"

moderate judge. One thing, however, I am sure of, that, man or boy, I never admired tragedy, however well personated. Lofty feelings and strong passions may be admirably mimicked therein; but the ranting, whining, obviously premeditated starting, disciplined gesticulation, etc.—the committing of suicide in mellifluous blank verse, and rhyming when in the agonies of death—stretch away so far from nature, as to destroy all that illusion whereon the effect of dramatic exhibition in my mind entirely depends. Unless occasionally to witness some very celebrated new actor, I have not attended a tragedy these forty years; nor have I ever yet seen any tragedian on the British stage who made so decided an impression on my feelings as Mr. Kean, in some of his characters, has done. When I have seen other celebrated men enact the same parts, I have remained quite tranquil, however my judgment may have been satisfied. But he has made me shudder, and that, in my estimation, is the grand triumph of the actor's art. I have seldom sat out the last murder scene of any play except "Tom Thumb," or "Chrononhotonthologos," which certainly are no burlesques on some of our standard tragedies.

Kean's *Shylock*, and *Sir Giles Overreach* seemed to me neither more nor less than actual identification of those portraitures; so much so, in fact, that I told him myself, after seeing him perform the first-mentioned part, that I could have found in my heart to knock his brains out the moment he had finished his performance.

Two errors, however, that great actor has in a remarkable degree: some of his *pauses* are so long that he appears to have forgotten himself; and he *pats his breast* so often that it really reminds one of a nurse patting her infant to keep it from squalling: it is a pity he is not aware of these imperfections!

If, however, I have been always inclined to undervalue tragedy, on the other hand, all the comic performers of my time in Ireland I perfectly recollect.* I allude to the days of Ryder, O'Keefe, Wilks, Wilder, Vandermere, etc. etc. etc.

* As racy of the soil as any sentence in the volume. I can't find it in my heart to touch it but reverently.

The effect produced by even one actor, or one trivial incident, is sometimes surprising. The dramatic trifle called "Paul Pry" has had a greater run,* I believe, than any piece of the kind ever exhibited in London. I went to see it, and was greatly amused—not altogether by the piece, but by the ultra oddity of one performer. Put any handsome, or even human-looking person in Liston's place, and take away his umbrella, and Paul Pry would scarcely bring another audience. His countenance certainly presents the drollest set of stationary features I ever saw, and has the uncommon merit of being exquisitely comic *per se*, without the slightest distortion: no *artificial* grimace, indeed, could improve his *natural*. I remember O'Keefe, justly the delight of Dublin; and Ryder, the best *Sir John Brute, Ranger, Marplot, etc.*, in the world: the prologue of "Bucks, have at ye All!" was repeated by him four hundred and twenty-four times.† O'Keefe's *Tony Lumpkin*, Vandermere's *Skirmish*, Wilder's *Colonel Oldboy*, etc. etc., came as near nature as acting and mimicry could possibly approach. There was also a first edition of Liston as to drollery, on the Dublin stage, usually called "Old Sparkes." He was very tall, and of a very large size, with heavy-hanging jaws, gouty ankles, big paunch, and sluggish motion; but his comic face and natural drollery were irresistible. He was a most excellent actor in everything he could personate: his grotesque figure, however, rendered these parts but few. *Peachum*, in the "Beggar's Opera," *Caliban* (with *his own* additions), in "The Tempest," and all bulky, droll, low characters, he did to the greatest perfection. At one time, when the audiences of Smock-alley were beginning to flag, Old Sparkes told Ryder if he would bring out the after-piece of "The Padlock," and permit him to manage it, he would ensure him a succession of good nights. Ryder gave him his way, and the bills announced a first appearance in the part of Leonora: the *débutante* was reported to be a Spanish lady. The public curiosity was excited, and youth, beauty, and tremulous modesty

* How often performed is a peg for new editorship.

† Which brings his real merit justly into question.

were all anticipated; the house overflowed; impatience was unbounded; the play ended in confusion, and the overture of "The Padlock" was received with rapture. Leonora at length appeared; the clapping was like thunder, to give courage to the *débutante*, who had a handsome face, and was very beautifully dressed as a Spanish Donna, which it was supposed she really was. Her gigantic size, it is true, rather astonished the audience. However, they willingly took for granted that the Spaniards were an immense people, and it was observed that England must have had a great escape of the Spanish Armada, if the men were proportionably gigantic to the ladies. Her voice too was rather of the hoarsest, but that was accounted for by the sudden change of climate: at last Leonora began her song of "Sweet Robin"—

> Say, little foolish fluttering thing,
> Whither, ah! whither would you wing?

and at the same moment Leonora's mask falling off, Old Sparkes stood confessed, with an immense gander which he brought from under his cloak, and which he had trained to stand on his hand and screech to his voice, and in chorus with himself. The whim took: the roar of laughter was quite inconceivable: he had also got Mungo played by a *real* black: and the whole was so extravagantly ludicrous, and so entirely to the taste of the Irish galleries at that time, that his "Sweet Robin" was encored, and the frequent repetition of the piece replenished poor Ryder's treasury for the residue of the season.

I think about that time Mr. John Johnstone was a dragoon. His mother was a very good sort of woman, whom I remember extremely well. Between fifty and sixty years ago she gave me a little book, entitled "The History of the Seven Champions of Christendom," which I have to this day. She used to call at my grandmother's, to sell run muslins, etc., which she carried about her hips in great wallets, passing them off for a hoop. She was called by the old women, in pleasantry, "Mull and Jacconot;" sold great bargains, and was a universal favourite with the ladies. Young Johnstone was a remarkably genteel well-looking lad; he

used to bring presents of trout to my grandmother, which he caught in the great Canal then going on close to Dublin. He soon went into the army: but having a weakness in his legs, he procured a speedy discharge, and acquired eminence on the Irish stage.

I never happened to encounter Mr. Johnstone in private society till we met at dinner at Lord Barrymore's, in 1812, where Colonel Bloomfield, my friend Mr. Richard Martin, now justly called *Humanity Martin*, and others, were assembled. I was glad to meet the distinguished comedian, and mentioned some circumstances to him which proved the extent of my memory. He sang that night as sweetly as ever I heard him on the stage, and that is saying much.

Mr. Johnstone was a truly excellent performer of the more refined species of Irish characters;* but Nature had not given him enough of that original shoulder-twist, and what they call the "potheen-twang," which so strongly characterise the genuine national *vis comica* of the lower orders of Irish. In this respect, perhaps, Owenson was superior to him, of whom the reader will find a more detailed account in a future page.

No modern comedy, in my mind, equals those of the old writers. The former are altogether devoid of that high-bred, witty playfulness of dialogue so conspicuous in the works of the latter. Gaudy spectacle, common-place claptraps, and bad puns, together with forced or mongrel sentiment, have been substituted to "make the unskilful laugh," and to the manifest sorrow of the "judicious." Perhaps so much the better:—as, although there are now most excellent scene-painters and fire-workers, the London stage appears to be almost destitute of competent performers in the parts of genuine comedy, and the present London audiences seem to prefer gunpowder, resin, brimstone, musketry, burning castles, and dancing ponies, to any human or Christian entertainments, evidently despising all those high-finished comic characters, which satisfy the understanding, and owe nothing to the scenery.

* Many exquisite specimens of which have been painted by the patriotic Carleton.

There is another species of theatrical representation extant in France—namely, scriptural pieces; half burlesque, half melodrame. These are undoubtedly among the drollest things imaginable; mixing up in one unconnected mass, tragedy, comedy, and farce, painting, music, scenery, dress and undress, decency and indecency!*

I have seen many admirable comedians on the Continent. Nothing can possibly exceed Mademoiselle Mars, for instance, in many characters; but the French are all actors and actresses from their cradles; and a great number of performers, even at the minor theatres, seem to me to forget that they are playing, and at times nearly make the audience forget it too! Their spectacle is admirably good; their dancing excellent, and their dresses beautiful. Their orchestras are well filled, in every sense of the word, and the level of musical composition not so low as some of Mr. Bishop's effusions. Their singing, however, is execrable; their tragedy rant; but their prose comedy very nature itself!

In short, the French beyond doubt exceed all other people in the world with regard to theatrical matters; and as every man, woman, and child in Paris is equally attached to *spectacle*, every house is full, every company encouraged, all tastes find some gratification. An Englishman can scarcely quit a Parisian theatre, without having seen himself or some of his family *capitally* represented: the *Anglais* supply certainly an inexhaustible source of French mimicry; and as we cannot help it, do what we will, our countrymen now begin to practise the good sense of

* "Samson pulling down the hall of the Philistines" is the very finest piece of spectacle that can be conceived!—"Susannah and the Elders" is rather too naked a concern for the English ladies to look at, unless through their fans: transparent ones have lately been invented, to save the expense of blushes at the theatres, etc. But the most whimsical of their scriptural dramas is the exhibition of Noah as a shipbuilder, preparatory to the deluge. He is assisted by large gangs of angels working as his *journeymen*, whose great solicitude is to keep their wings clear out of the way of their hatchets, etc. At length the whole of them *strike* and turn out for wages, till the arrival of a body of *gens d'armes* immediately brings them to order, by whom they are threatened to be sent back to heaven if they do not behave themselves!—(*Author's note.*)

laughing at it themselves! John Bull thinks that roast beef is the finest dish in the whole world, and that the finest fellow in Europé is the man that eats it: on both points the Frenchman begs leave, *tout à fait*, to differ with John; and nothing can be sillier than to oppose opinions with a positive people in their own country, and who never yet, right or wrong, gave up an argument.

END OF VOL. I.

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